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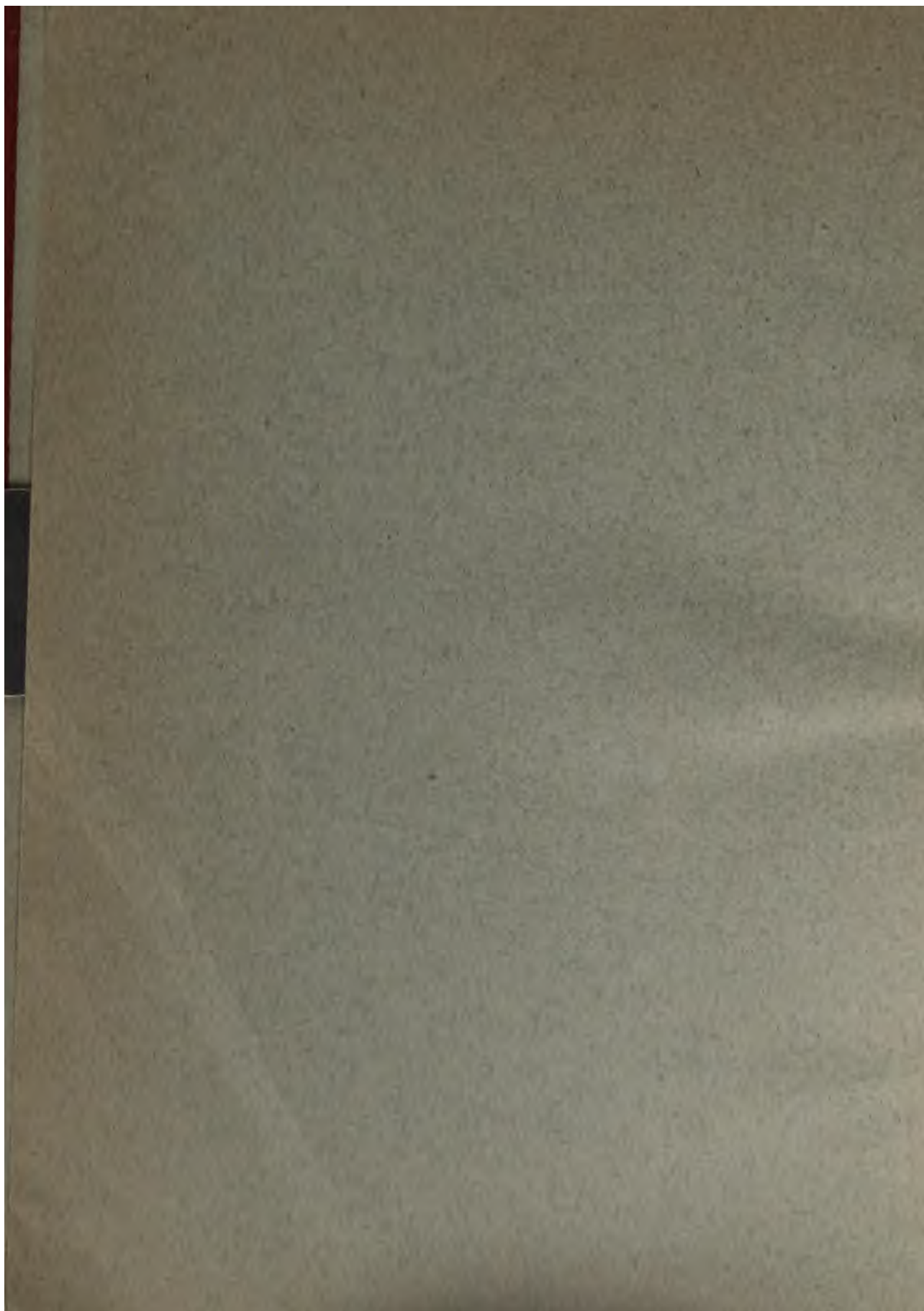
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**THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY**

**WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES**

EXTRA NUMBERS 13-16

VOL. IV

**WILLIAM ABBATT
410 EAST 32D STREET, NEW YORK
1911**

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Numbers—No. 13-16

SOME OF THE <i>RIGHT FLANKERS</i>	- -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL ELBERT	- -	
		<i>Charles C. Jones, Jr.</i> 7
THE <i>RIGHT FLANKER</i>	- - - - -	<i>Anon</i> 45
THE AMERICAN TARS IN TRIPOLITAN SLAVERY	- - - - -	<i>William Ray</i> 255
THE NARRATIVE OF JONATHAN RATH- BUN, ETC.	- - - - -	551
THE DARTMOOR MASSACRE	- - -	<i>I. H. W.</i> 609
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ISRAEL R. POTTER	- - - - -	<i>By Himself</i> 619

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32D STREET, ∴ ∴ NEW YORK
1911

m.

INDEX TO VOLUME IV

Aitkin, James	661-2	Ewen, William	164
<i>Argus</i> , brig	368	Eyre, Colonel.....	569 <i>et seq.</i>
Arnold, Benedict	591	Few, Col. William.....	185
<i>Asia</i> , vessel	580	Franklin, Benjamin	654-55
Aspinwall, Thomas	689	<i>Franklin</i> , brig	484
Avery, Capt. Elijah.....	570 <i>et seq.</i>	George III.	636
Avery, Ensign Ebenezer.....	564	Griswold, Fort	570 <i>et seq.</i>
Ayres, Colonel.....	556 <i>et seq.</i>	Gwinnett, Button	167
Bailey, Mrs. Anna Warner.....	594	Habersham, Joseph	164
Bainbridge, Capt.	315 <i>et seq.</i>	Halsey, Capt. Elias H.....	558-570
Barron, Commodore	392	Hempstead, Stephen	580
Bellamy, Thomas E.....	670	Herttell, Thomas	599
Bridges, James	652	Houston, John	164
Bromfield, Capt.	572 <i>et seq.</i>	Howe, Gen. Robert.....	170
Bromfield, Stephen	560	Hunt, Lieut. Theodore.....	315
Bullock, Archibald	164	<i>John Adams</i> , ship.....	322
Bunker Hill	626-29	Johnson, Dr. Joseph.....	182
Burke, Col. Martin.....	197	Jones, Lieut. Richard B.....	315
Campbell, Col. Archibald.....	175	Jones, Noble W.....	164
Cathcart, James L.....	442	ILLUSTRATIONS:	
Chase, Ebenezer	591	Gateway of Old War Prison,	
<i>Chesapeake</i> , ship	218	Dartmoor	No. 15
Clay, Joseph	164	Portrait of James Aitkin....	No. 16
Clarke, Col. Elijah.....	185	Some of the <i>Right Flankers</i> ..	
<i>Constellation</i> , ship	391	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Cowdery, Dr. Jonathan....	380 <i>et seq.</i>	Latham, Capt. Edward.....	559
Cox, Lieut. John H.....	324	Latham, Capt. William.....	555
Dale, Commodore	473	Laurence, Henry	662
Day, Col. Hannibal.....	209	Ledyard, Capt. Youngs.....	562, 574
Decatur, Commodore.....	370 <i>et seq.</i>	Ledyard, Col. William.....	555 <i>et seq.</i>
D'Estaing, Count	181	Ledyard, Ebenezer	564
Eaton, William.....	459 <i>et seq.</i>	Lee, Gen. Charles.....	167
Edgcomb, Samuel, Jr.....	561	Lincoln, Gen. Benjamin.....	180
Elbert, Gen. Samuel.....	163 <i>et seq.</i>	Macdonough, Com. Thomas.....	324
Eldridge, Ensign Charles....	561, 573	McIntosh, Gen. Lachlan.....	168
<i>Enterprise</i> , schooner	368	Miffin, General	566, 577
<i>Essex</i> , U. S. frigate.....	313	Montgomery, Major	556 <i>et seq.</i>

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------|---|--------------------|
| Moore, Capt. Nathan..... | 562, 574 | Smith, Lewis | 553 |
| <i>Nautilus</i> , schooner | 368 | Stanton, Lieut. Enoch..... | 560 |
| <i>New York</i> , frigate..... | 322 | Staunton, Capt. Amos...557,570 <i>et seq.</i> | |
| Osborn, Lieut. Wm. S..... | 315 | Sterrett, Lieut. Andrew..... | 475 |
| <i>Philadelphia</i> , U. S. frigate.289 <i>et seq.</i> | | <i>Syren</i> , brig | 368 |
| Porter, Lieut. David..... | 315 <i>et seq.</i> | Telfair, Edward | 164 |
| Potter, Israel R..... | 619 <i>et seq.</i> | Tooke, J. Horne..... | 652 |
| Preble, Commodore..... | 368 <i>et seq.</i> | Treutlen, John Adam..... | 169 |
| <i>President</i> , ship | 391 | Trumbull, Fort..... | 556 <i>et seq.</i> |
| Prevost, Gen. Augustine..... | 175 | Twiggs, Gen. John..... | 185 |
| Putnam, Israel | 627-29 | Valenzin, David | 517 |
| Rae, Miss Elizabeth..... | 164 | Vial, John | 689 |
| Ray, William..... | 251 <i>et seq.</i> | <i>Vixen</i> , brig | 322 |
| Renshaw, Capt. James..... | 324 | <i>Vulture</i> , sloop | 592 |
| Richards, Capt. P..... | 583 | Walton, George | 164 |
| <i>Scarborough</i> , ship | 166 | Washington, Fort | 580 |
| <i>Scourge</i> , schooner | 368 | Washington, General | 595 |
| Seymour, Capt. William..... | 584 | <i>Washington</i> , vessel | 631 |
| Shapley, Capt. Adam..... | 556 | Williams, Capt. John..... | 570, 557 |
| Shaw, Capt. Nathaniel..... | 566, 577 | Woodcock, Charles | 651 |
| Sizer, Rosanna | 598 | Wright, Gov. (Georgia)..... | 166 |

MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL ELBERT

Franklin
Major Gen. C.S.A.
Louisiana.
Alcee Dupre Lieut. A.D.C.

Louisiana.
John A. Laguerre
A.D.C.

Louisiana.
Marshall P. Smith,
Lt. Col. Artillery C.S.A.

J. J. Flocum Capt. Co "A"
9th La. Cavalry,

W. Kemp Capt. 9th La. Cavalry

W. H. Lee
Brig. Gen.
2^d La. Cavalry,
Rt. & Tyler
Capt. 8th Va. Inf

Montgomery Browne
Capt. Artillery C.S.A.

John H. Peirce
Capt. Art. D.D. C.S.A.

W. H. Glaspell
1st Lt. C.S.A.

SOME OF THE RIGHT FLANKERS

THE LIFE AND SERVICE
OF THE
HONORABLE
MAJOR GEN. SAMUEL ELBERT
OF GEORGIA

BY
CHARLES C. JONES, JR., LL.D.

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(Original Dedication)

TO THE
HONORABLE GENERAL HENRY R. JACKSON,
Of Savannah, Georgia,
PRESIDENT OF THE GEORGIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
This Sketch
IS CORDIALLY INSCRIBED.

NOTE

As in the case of Major John Habersham (see No. 7 of this series), I am happy to be able to re-publish a full and interesting account of one of the minor figures of our Revolution, from the pen of the same writer, the late Charles C. Jones, Jr., of Augusta, Georgia.

EDITOR.

MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL ELBERT

Responding to the flattering invitation extended by this Society,¹ I come to-night to recall the image of one who a century ago was the honored chief magistrate of this commonwealth—who acted a conspicuous part in our colonial struggle for independence—who was numbered among the earliest and the most zealous “Sons of Liberty”—whose reputation, both civil and military, was free from all alloy—who bore himself on every occasion as a courageous man and a worthy citizen—who sleeps in an unmarked grave within cannon-range of this Hall in which we are now assembled to render tribute to his virtues—and of whom, so far as our information extends, we possess no portrait² save such as his own brave hand has painted on the historic canvas.

To the Continental Army Georgia furnished only two officers who attained the rank of Brigadier-General. They were Lachlan McIntosh and Samuel Elbert. Both were excellent soldiers, sterling patriots, and influential citizens. Their services alike in peace and in war were held in high repute. It is of the latter of them that we would speak.

Born in the province of South Carolina seven years after Oglethorpe had planted his colony upon Yamacraw Bluff, and of English parentage, his youth was spent in the parish of Prince William, where his father, a Baptist clergyman, had charge of a congre-

¹ The address was delivered in Hodgson Hall, the home of the Georgia Historical Society, Savannah.

² There is no portrait of Colonel Samuel Elbert in existence. (Mr. O. T. Ashmore, Corr. Secy. of the Georgia Hist. Socy., to the Editor.)

gation. Of the early life of Samuel Elbert but little is known. While still a lad he was deprived by death of both his parents. In quest of employment he repaired to Savannah, in Georgia, where his steady habits, energy, honesty and upright conduct soon commended him to general favor. There, entering upon a commercial life, by his integrity and devotion to business he won the confidence and secured preferment at the hands of those with whom he was associated. For several years antecedent to the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he was recognized as a leading and prosperous merchant in the commercial metropolis of the province. With the Indians his trade relations were extensive. His marriage with Miss Elizabeth Rae confirmed his social position and influence. While still a young man he manifested a decided taste for military affairs; and during the later years of Governor Wright's administration held a captain's commission in a company of Grenadiers.

Savannah was then the capital of Georgia, and the home of considerable wealth and refinement. The only town which aspired to a rivalry with it for the trade of the colony was Sunbury, situated near the mouth of Midway River. When the disagreements between England and her American colonies became serious, and public sentiment was divided, Captain Elbert promptly enrolled himself among the "Sons of Liberty." Of the Council of Safety which convened on the 22nd of June, 1775, and was composed of such influential patriots as Noble W. Jones, Archibald Bulloch, John Houstoun, William Ewen, Joseph Clay, Edward Telfair, George Walton and Joseph Habersham, he was an efficient member. By the action of this body was Georgia placed in correspondence with the Continental Congress and with the Councils of Safety of the other revolting provinces. Then was a union flag defiantly hoisted upon a liberty pole. Then were thirteen patriotic toasts proposed, and responded to by salutes from two field-pieces and by martial music. Then were resolutions adopted pledging Georgia to the common cause of American liberty.

To the Provincial Congress, which assembled in Savannah on the 4th of July in the same year, Captain Elbert was a delegate. This was Georgia's first secession convention. It committed the province to positive sympathy and confederated alliance with the twelve sister American colonies; practically annulled within her limits the operation of the objectionable acts of Parliament; questioned the supremacy of British rule, and inaugurated measures intended to accomplish the independence of the plantation and its erection into the dignity of a State. By that Congress was Samuel Elbert chosen a member of the Council of Safety charged with the conduct of public affairs and empowered to provide for the common defense. The organization of the militia enlisted the liveliest interest, and the most potent measures at command were adopted by this Council to enroll, officer, and equip the arms-bearing population of the province.¹ All vessels which would engage to import war materials were declared exempt from the penalties of the non-importation agreement, and Samuel Elbert, Edward Telfair, and Joseph Habersham were appointed a committee to supply Georgia with arms and ammunition. They were authorized to contract for the purchase of four hundred muskets with bayonets, twenty thousand pounds of gunpowder, and sixty thousand pounds of cannon-balls, bullets, bar-lead, grape and swan shot. The battalion raised under the resolution of the Continental Congress for the protection of Georgia was organized on the 7th of January, 1776, by the enrollment of eight companies, fully officered, and by the appointment of Lachlan McIntosh as Colonel, Samuel Elbert as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Joseph Habersham as Major. From this time until the conclusion of the Revolutionary War Colonel Elbert was actively engaged in the military service of the struggling confederacy.

¹ A committee, consisting of Stephen Drayton, Samuel Elbert, Dr. Nathan Brownson, and Peter Tarlin, was raised and commissioned to prepare a report upon the militia of the province, with such suggestions as might be deemed proper for its efficient organization.

On the 19th of May, 1776, Major Joseph Habersham married Miss Isabella Rae,—a sister-in-law of Colonel Elbert. This cemented a friendship already existing between that officer and Major Habersham's younger brother—Lieutenant John Habersham—who was soon announced as Brigade-Major of the Georgia forces upon the Continental establishment. During their joint service in Georgia these officers were at all times associated upon terms of the closest intimacy, and together shared the common peril.

The first passage at arms in Georgia between the King's soldiers and the rebels occurred at Savannah, early in March, 1776. Only a little while before, Governor Wright, escaping from confinement, sought and found refuge on board the armed ship *Scarborough*—Captain Barclay,—lying in Tybee roadstead. Influenced by the representations of the fugitive governor, and anxious to procure supplies for their troops, Captain Barclay and Major Grant resolved to obtain by force what their negotiations had failed to secure. Many vessels laden with rice were then at anchor near the Savannah wharves and along the opposite side of the river. So unsettled was the political situation that they were forbidden by the Council of Safety to proceed to sea. Purposing the capture of these vessels and their cargoes, Captain Barclay—attended by his fleet, and accompanied by Majors Maitland and Grant in command of between two and three hundred light infantry and marines conveyed in two transport ships—ascended the Savannah River and actually took possession of some of them. Without recounting the details of the affair, suffice it to say that the designs of the enemy were thwarted mainly through the vigilance of Colonel McIntosh, supported by Lieutenant-Colonel Elbert and Major Habersham. In obedience to orders issued by the Council of Safety, many of these rice-laden vessels were burnt, and the enemy was kept at bay by a battery of three four-pounder guns planted on Yamacraw Bluff and by a force of three hundred men there embodied.

St. Augustine,—the chief town of Florida—with its garrison of British troops, Indians, and Loyalists, was a thorn in the side of Georgia. Thence were projected marauding parties which time and again invaded the southern portions of the province, robbing and murdering the inhabitants. After the successful defense of the fort on Sullivan's Island, General Charles Lee conceived the idea of subjugating East Florida. To that end he ordered a concentration of the forces of South Carolina and Georgia. Their advance, however, was countermanded at Sunbury.

Colonel Lachlan McIntosh's promotion to the grade of Brigadier-General and his assignment to the command of all the Georgia troops serving on the Continental establishment, gave great offense to Button Gwinnett, who had been an avowed candidate for that position. Elected on the 4th of March, 1777, by the Council of Safety, President and Commander-in-Chief of Georgia, to serve as such until a governor could be regularly chosen in accordance with constitutional provisions, he determined to signalize his administration by an expedition against St. Augustine. The project was pleasing to the public, and an ambitious desire to overrun East Florida and annex it to Georgia took firm possession of the breast of the acting governor. Instead of entrusting the command of this expedition to General McIntosh, who, as the ranking military officer of the forces present for the protection of Georgia, was in all fairness and in accordance with established usage entitled to expect and to claim it, Gwinnett, wishing to mortify his successful competitor for the honor of which we have spoken, and manifestly intending to heap an affront upon him, publicly announced that he would in person direct the army of occupation. General McIntosh was not permitted even to accompany the expedition. Saw-pit Bluff—twelve miles from the mouth of the river St. John—was designated as the place, and the 12th of May as the time, for the rendezvous of the forces which were to participate

in the contemplated subjugation of East Florida. Colonel Baker, with the Georgia militia, was directed to march by land, while Colonel Elbert was ordered to conduct the Continental troops by water to the point indicated. Near Nassau River the former officer was met and routed by Colonels Brown and McGirth. Colonel Elbert was sore perplexed upon finding that he was placed in command of the Continental forces detailed for this expedition, to the exclusion of General McIntosh, who as his superior officer was entitled to that distinction. He was also concerned at the abnormal situation consequent upon orders promulgated by President Gwinnett, by which he was required to report directly to and receive his instructions from the President and Council. On the 24th of April he addressed an official communication¹ to General McIntosh, advising him of the disagreeable and unsatisfactory plight in which he found himself, and expressing his regrets that his orders did not come through his commanding general. He even ventured to call the attention of the President and Council to this irregularity. Gwinnett, however, controlled that body: and being of an imperious will and implacable in his hate, continued to supplant General McIntosh and to subject him to at least apparent humiliation.

Having advanced as far south as the north end of Amelia Island, —having there been informed of the defeat of Colonel Baker—finding the enemy in force and on the alert—perceiving that a hot sun and exposure were causing much sickness in his command—well knowing that his provisions were being rapidly consumed and seeing small prospect of forcing the coast-guard and obtaining a fresh supply from the country adjacent to the mouth of the St. John—and advised that war-vessels were standing on and off waiting to intercept his galleys should they attempt to approach the point of rendezvous, Colonel Elbert wisely resolved to give over

¹ See MS. Order Book of Colonel Elbert.

his purpose and retire to Frederica. Thence he returned to Savannah. Thus ended an expedition conceived in ambition and jealousy, planned without due consideration, marred in its execution and utterly without benefit in its results.

Gwinnett was a candidate for the office of Governor of Georgia. John Adam Treutlen opposed him, and was elected by a handsome majority. McIntosh was numbered among his ardent supporters. He did not hesitate openly to avow his gratification at Treutlen's success. In fact he publicly denounced Gwinnett in unmeasured terms. The quarrel between these gentlemen culminated on the 15th of May, when Gwinnett challenged McIntosh to mortal combat. They met the next morning at sunrise within the present limits of the city of Savannah. Pistol shots were exchanged at the short distance of twelve feet. Both were wounded in the thigh,—McIntosh dangerously, and Gwinnett fatally. The former was confined to his couch for some time, and the latter, after lingering for twelve days, died of his hurt. So intense was the excitement caused by this duel and the death of Gwinnett that General McIntosh, after indictment, trial and acquittal, acting under the advice of friends, left Georgia for a season. Repairing to the headquarters of General Washington, he was by him assigned to duty in the western districts of Virginia and Pennsylvania.

Upon the departure of General McIntosh Colonel Elbert succeeded to the command of the Continental forces in Georgia. His headquarters were at Savannah, although he was frequently on the southern frontier of the State, which was harassed by incursions of the enemy issuing from Florida. Recruiting officers experienced much difficulty in filling the ranks of companies attached to the battalions authorized by Congress. The bounty and pay allowed by the general government for a year's service did not equal the sum offered by a militiaman for a substitute to take his place for only three months. Many, disposed to enter the army, preferred enlistment for a short term with the militia, where they

could act pretty much as they pleased and remain near their homes, to being mustered into the regular service for a period of three years, when they would be subjected to strict discipline and find themselves liable to duty in distant fields. The paper currency, too, which at first was accepted at par in defrayal of all expenses, was now rapidly depreciating in value.

In April, 1778, General Robert Howe, then in command of the Southern Department and having his headquarters at Savannah, was informed that General Prevost was about to set out from Florida to invade Georgia. To repel this anticipated incursion and thereafter to move forward for the subjugation of East Florida, Governor Houstoun and General Howe resolved upon the immediate mobilization of the military strength of the State. Of the Georgia militia the governor proposed to take personal command. When summoned to the field they did not aggregate more than three hundred and fifty men, and many of them were poorly armed and badly disciplined. The Continental forces within the limits of the State, numbering about five hundred and fifty, were to be led by Colonel Elbert. They were to be supplemented by two hundred and fifty Continental infantrymen and thirty artillerists with two field-pieces, drawn from South Carolina and commanded by Colonel Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. The Carolina militia, under Colonels Bull and Williamson, were ordered to rendezvous at Purrysburg, on the Savannah River. Fort Howe, on the Altamaha, was selected as the place of concentration.

On the 14th of April Colonel Elbert reached that point with his command. The next day, learning that several of the enemy's vessels were lying at and near Frederica, he detailed three hundred men, exclusive of officers, with fifty rounds of ammunition and six days' rations apiece, and with no baggage except their blankets, and a detachment of artillerists with two field-pieces, to proceed to Darien, and there, going on board the galleys, to advance to Pike's Bluff, distant rather more than a mile from Fred-

erica.¹ This expedition the colonel conducted in person. What subsequently transpired may best be told in the language of Colonel Elbert, who in a letter to General Howe communicated the following interesting details of a gallant exploit:—

“FREDERICA, *April 19th, 1778.*

DEAR GENERAL,—I have the happiness to inform you, that about 10 o'clock this forenoon the brigantine *Hinchinbrooke*, the sloop *Rebecca* and a prize brig, all struck the British tyrant's colors and surrendered to the American Arms.

Having received intelligence that the above vessels were at this place, I put about three hundred men, by detachment from the troops under my command at Fort Howe, on board the three galleys,—the *Washington*, Captain Hardy,—the *Lee*, Captain Braddock,—and the *Bulloch*, Captain Hatcher;—and a detachment of artillery with two field-pieces, under Captain Young, I put on board a boat. With this little army we embarked at Darien, and last evening effected a landing at a bluff about a mile below the town, leaving Colonel White on board the *Lee*, Captain Melvin on board the *Washington*, and Lieutenant Petty on board the *Bulloch*, each with a sufficient party of troops. Immediately on landing I dispatched Lieutenant-Colonel Rae and Major Roberts, with about one hundred men, who marched directly up to the town and

¹ The following is the order in detail:—

“HEAD QUARTERS FORT HOWE.

15th April, 1778.

A Detachment of three Field Officers, 6 Captains, Eighteen Subalterns, twenty four Sergts, two Fifers, 6 Drummers, and Three Hundred rank and file by Detail from the line, also a Detachment of Artillery with two field pieces, to be in readiness to march early to-morrow;—each man with 50 rounds of Ammunition and 6 Days Provisions. This Party are to carry no Baggage except Blankets.

By order of the Colonel Commanding

JOHN HABERSHAM, *Brigade Major.*”

See MS. Order Book of Colonel Elbert.

made prisoners three marines and two sailors belonging to the *Hinchinbrooke*.

It being late, the galleys did not engage until this morning. You must imagine what my feelings were to see our three little men-of-war going on to the attack of these three vessels who have spread terror on our coast, and who were drawn up in order of battle: but the weight of our metal soon damped the courage of these heroes, who soon took to their boats, and, as many as could, abandoned the vessels with everything on board, of which we immediately took possession. What is extraordinary, we have not one man hurt. Captain Ellis, of the *Hinchinbrooke*, is drowned, and Captain Mowbray, of the *Rebecca*, made his escape. As soon as I see Colonel White, who has not yet come to us with his prizes,¹ I shall consult with him, the three other officers, and the commanding officers of the galleys, on the expediency of attacking the *Galatea*, now lying at Jekyll." [Island].

Seeing the preparations made for her capture, the *Galatea* took counsel of her fears and departed. This gallant exploit inspired the troops, and was hailed by General Howe as a good omen of the success which he believed would crown his demonstration against Florida.² The stores acquired with these vessels were most opportune.

¹ These prizes, by direction of Colonel Elbert, were conducted to Sunbury for safe-keeping, and were there placed in charge of Major John Jones.

See MS. Order Book of Colonel Elbert.

² On the 13th of May, 1778, at Fort Howe, General Howe published the following complimentary order:—

"The General thinks proper to express in public orders how highly he approves the conduct of Colonel Elbert in the late Expedition against the Enemy at Frederica, and with equal pleasure applauds the spirited behaviour of the Officers and Men both of the Galleys and of the Army who were upon that Command. This he would certainly have done earlier, but his absence from the Army, and the hurry he has been in since his arrival, deprived him until now of that satisfaction."

See MS. Order Book of Colonel Elbert.

Informed of the presence of the American forces at Fort Howe, General Prevost paused in his movement, and busied himself with repairing his defensive works on the rivers St. Mary and St. John, with mounting guns at Fort Tonyn, and with maturing plans for the protection of East Florida. Neither at St. Mary nor at Fort Tonyn, however, did General Howe encounter any serious resistance from the enemy. Prevost prudently withdrew his forces from his advanced posts, and covered the approaches to St. Augustine. From their position on Alligator Creek Colonel Clarke gallantly but vainly attempted the dislodgment of the English regulars and Loyalists. It was evidently the intention of the British general to offer no determined opposition until he had enticed the Americans as far as the river St. John.¹ There he hoped to turn upon them and inflict severe loss, if not utter annihilation. Howe's command was by this time in a wretched and despondent plight. A malarial region, intense heat, bad water, insufficient shelter and salt meat so impaired the health of his troops that the hospital returns showed one half the men upon the sick-list. Many had been left at Fort Howe, incapacitated by disease. Through lack of forage thirty-five horses had perished and those which remained

¹ Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Habersham, who was then serving with Colonel Elbert, writing from the "Camp on the South side of Satilla River," under date 17th June, 1778, says: "We are now, a part of us, on the south side of Satilla, within 15 miles of Fort Tonyn. . . . Genl Howe with the Carolina Brigade will be here this evening, and the Governor with the Militia was on last Tuesday at Read's Bluff, so that I hope we shall very shortly be able to give a good account of Col Brown and his Scout, unless he should prudently make his escape to his good Friends the Red Coats, who, I fancy, will hardly risk a Battle on this side of St. Johns. . . . Colonel Elbert is hearty. He frets a little on account of Howe's and the Governor's tardiness."

From Fort Tonyn, on the 5th of July, 1778, he writes: "The Governor and the Militia are to join us to-day. I hope the Captain and Major General will lay their heads together so that we may go on or return, for I am tired of staying here."

To the courtesy of William Neyle Habersham, Esqr., of Savannah, am I indebted for access to the original letters from which the above extracts are made.

were so enfeebled that they were incapable of transporting the cannon, ammunition, provisions, and baggage of the army. The soldiers were in large measure dispirited and distracted. The command was rent by factions, and there was no leading spirit to mould its discordant elements into a harmonious and an efficient whole. Governor Houstoun, remembering the powers conferred by his executive council, refused, with his militia, to receive orders from General Howe. Colonel Williamson's troops would not yield obedience to a Continental officer, and Commodore Bowen insisted that the naval forces were distinct from and independent of the land service. Thus was the General compelled to rely mainly upon the Continental troops of Colonels Elbert and Pinckney. Had a masterly mind been present, quickly would these ridiculous and unpatriotic factions have been consolidated; rapidly, by stern orders and enforced obedience would the army in all its parts have been unified and brought into efficient subjection. But there was no potent voice to evoke order out of confusion,—no iron will to dominate over the emergency. General Howe simply accepted the situation as he found it, and discouraged by perplexing delays, appalled by the sickness of the troops, embarrassed by the want of coöperation among subordinates, the lack of stores and the inefficiency of the transportation department, and uncertain as to the future, convened a council of war at Fort Tonym on the 11th of July, to pass upon the expediency, if not the necessity, of abandoning the expedition. That council having resolved that its further prosecution was impracticable, the troops were, on the 14th of July, 1778, ordered to return to their former stations.¹ Thus for the third time was the hope of the reduction of St. Augustine and

¹ The following is the order published by General Howe upon the termination of the campaign:—

"CAMP AT FORT TONYN, 14th July, 1778.

Parole, Savannah.

The General leaves the Army to day. He parts with it with reluctance and

the dispersion of the British forces in East Florida relinquished. The most that can be said in favor of this campaign, with its lamentable lack of preparation, want of management, disagreement between commanders, surprising mistakes, inexcusable delays, vexatious disappointments and fruitless expenditure of men and munitions, is that it retarded the inroads of the enemy. This suspension of hostilities however was of short duration.

In the fall of 1778 Lord George Germain resolved to transfer the theatre of active warfare from the Northern to the Southern provinces. His hopes were fixed upon the early conquest of Georgia and South Carolina. For the accomplishment of this purpose General Augustine Prevost—then in command of East Florida—was instructed to invade Georgia from the south: and, having captured Sunbury,—a seaport of considerable wealth and importance—he was ordered to move upon Savannah. Colonel Archibald Campbell, sailing with a formidable force from New York, was to supplement this demonstration by a direct attack upon the commercial metropolis of Georgia. Thus caught between

from no other motive than to make those provisions at proper places necessary to its accommodation. He embraces this opportunity to testify how highly he approves the Conduct both of Officers and Men whom he had the honour to command. The readiness with which the Officers received orders, and the punctuality with which they executed them, gave pleasure to the General, and did honour to themselves. The cheerfulness with which the Men supported a long and fatiguing march under a variety of unavoidable yet distressing circumstances, gives them an undoubted claim to the characters of Good Soldiers, and is a happy presage of the service they will in future render to the Glorious Cause in which they are engaged. Commandants of Brigades will take care that this order be made known both to Officers and Men.

N. EVELEIGH, Col: & D. A. G."

See MS. Order Book of Colonel Elbert.

The above order was evidently intended for the troops serving upon the Continental establishment. It could scarcely, in all fairness, have been addressed to the militia and the naval forces.

the upper and the nether millstone, it was believed that Georgia would speedily and surely be ground down into absolute submission to British dominion. The two detachments sent forward by General Prevost,—one by sea, conducted by Lieutenant-Colonel Fuser and ordered to reduce Sunbury, the other led by Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Prevost, penetrating by land and commissioned to devastate the lower portions of Georgia,—after forming a junction at Sunbury, were directed to take the town of Savannah in reverse, thus coöperating with Colonel Campbell who was expected at the same time to attack from the north. Through a want of concert in action these Florida columns failed of their objective. Opposed by Colonels Baker and White and General James Screven, and resisted by Lieutenant-Colonel John McIntosh, commanding Fort Morris at Sunbury—all acting under the orders of Colonel Elbert, who had taken post at the Great Ogeechee crossing and fortified that position with the intention of delivering battle there if the enemy succeeded in penetrating so far—Prevost and Fuser, failing to effect the contemplated junction, abandoned the siege of Sunbury, and retreating upon Florida, did not unite with Campbell in his attack upon Savannah.

By the 27th of December, 1778, the fleet transporting the expeditionary force under the command of that capable officer had crossed the bar and lay at anchor near the mouth of the Savannah River. General Howe hastily concentrated all his available forces for the defense of the capital of Georgia. At day-break on the morning of the 29th, the first division of the British army—composed of all the light infantry, the New York Volunteers and the first battalion of the 71st regiment, and led by Lieutenant-Colonel Maitland—effected a landing in front of Girardeau's plantation. Thence a narrow causeway about eight hundred yards long and with a ditch on each side, led through the swamp and rice-fields to Girardeau's residence, which stood upon a bluff some thirty feet above the level of the river delta.. Rushing forward

the enemy quickly succeeded in dislodging the small American party, under Captain Smith, which had been detailed to hold this position, and scaling the bluff gained possession of the high ground. This accomplished, the approach to Savannah was facile. Ignoring the strategic importance of this locality, and disregarding the earnest entreaty of Colonel Elbert that Brewton Hill—or Girardeau's Bluff as it was then called—should be fortified and defended to the last extremity, General Howe contented himself with posting only forty men there, and disposing his army in the vicinity of Savannah awaited the advance of Colonel Campbell. The British outnumbered the American forces. General Howe formed his line of battle across the road leading from Brewton Hill and Thunderbolt to Savannah, at a point about eight hundred yards distant from the gate opening into Governor Wright's plantation. One brigade—consisting chiefly of the regiments of Colonels Huger and Thompson, and commanded by the former—was stationed on the right. The other brigade—composed of portions of the first, second, third and fourth battalions of Georgia Continentals, and under the command of Colonel Elbert—was posted on the left, its right resting upon the road and its left extending to the rice-fields of Governor Wright. Behind the left wing of this brigade was the fort on the Savannah River bluff. The town of Savannah, encircling which were the remains of an old and abandoned line of intrenchments, was in the rear of the army. A few field-pieces were disposed at advantageous points. Although informed by Colonel George Walton, who with one hundred Georgia militia was posted on the South Common behind the right of the American line, that there was a private way through the swamp, by means of which the enemy could pass from the high grounds adjacent to Brewton Hill and gain his rear, and although urged by him to have this approach properly guarded, General Howe neglected to attend to the matter, and thus committed another fatal error in the conduct of this important affair.

No position more apt for defense could have been selected in the entire neighbourhood than the bluff at Girardeau's plantation.¹ A regiment there embodied, with a few pieces of field artillery advantageously distributed along the brow, would have utterly shattered the advancing column of the enemy moving along a narrow rice-dam nearly half a mile in length, and with marish and impracticable grounds on either hand. The disparity between the contending forces rendered it all the more obligatory upon the American general to have taken advantage of this locality. It was the key to Savannah. Repulsed from this landing place and defeated in the effort to obtain a base of operations here, the acquisition of Savannah would have proved to Colonel Campbell a difficult problem. Colonel Elbert realized this fact, and pressed it upon the attention of General Howe. He offered with his command to hold Girardeau's bluff against all comers. We marvel at the apathy and the negligence exhibited by the commander of the American forces.

It lies not within the compass of this hour to recount the incidents of an engagement which quickly culminated in the capture of the capital of Georgia, the loss of valuable stores and the defeat of the Revolutionists. Attacked in front and rear the patriots soon gave way. When the retreat was sounded a panic ensued and the Americans fled, as best they could and in a confused manner, through the town. Before the retiring army gained the head of the causeway over Musgrove's swamp,² west of Savannah,—the

¹ Judge Charlton, in his *Life of Major-General James Jackson*, (Augusta, Georgia, 1809,) says: "The eye of a military man would at once have seen the importance of the Hill at the extremity of the causeway: it was the Thermopylæ of Savannah." p. 18.

² This swamp, at a later date constituting a part of the Springfield plantation, and now so thoroughly drained, was then boggy, filled with brambles, and an almost impenetrable morass. It was here, on the morning of the 9th of October, 1779, that the assaulting columns, led by Count D'Estaing, encountered insuperable obstacles and frightful loss.

only pass by which a retreat was practicable,—the enemy secured a position to interrupt the crossing. By extraordinary exertions Colonel Roberts kept the British in check until the centre of the army made its escape. The American right flank, being between two fires, suffered severely. The Georgia militia, under Colonel Walton, who, shot through the thigh, fell from his horse and was made a prisoner, were wholly killed, wounded or captured. The left, under the command of Colonel Elbert, continued the conflict with such pertinacity and gallantry that a retreat by the causeway became impracticable. That officer, therefore, attempted to lead his troops through the rice-fields lying between the Springfield causeway and the Savannah River. In doing so he encountered a heavy fire from the enemy who had taken possession of the causeway and of the adjacent high grounds of Ewensburg. Reaching Musgrove Creek, Colonel Elbert found it filled with water, for the tide was high. Consequently, only those of his command who could swim succeeded in crossing; and this they did with the loss of their arms and accoutrements. The others were either drowned or captured. Being an expert swimmer, Colonel Elbert made his escape, and retreated with the remnant of the army into South Carolina. Southern Georgia, bereft of her defenders, was quickly overrun by the enemy, who exacted tribute the most stringent.

Sunbury having fallen, and his arrangements for the occupation of all important posts along the right bank of the lower Savannah having been completed, Colonel Campbell resolved to push a column into the interior and finish the subjugation of the State by the capture of Augusta and the intimidation of the adjacent region. In his advance he was confronted by Colonels Elbert, John Twiggs, and Benjamin and William Few. They were not strong enough, however, to defend the crossing at Brier Creek. Disappointed in the assistance which they expected to receive from Colonels Williamson and Clarke, they retired slowly, skirmishing with Colonel Campbell's column as it moved upon Augusta. Upon

its appearance before that town, the Americans there posted retreated across the Savannah River, and Augusta, without a struggle, passed into possession of the King's troops. This advanced position Colonel Campbell did not deem it prudent to hold, except for a little while. Warned by the rapidly increasing forces which General Benjamin Lincoln, newly arrived, was concentrating at Purrysburg and Black Swamp, he concluded to retire upon Ebenezer and Savannah. During this retrograde movement he was pursued by General John Ashe, with twenty-three hundred men, as far as Brier Creek. There this North Carolina general halted, and encamped in the angle formed by that stream and the Savannah river. With this command Colonel Elbert was present.

At a council of war convened by General Lincoln at General Rutherford's headquarters at Williamson's plantation in Black Swamp, on the 1st of March, 1779, it was resolved that all available troops should be rapidly concentrated at General Ashe's camp, preparatory to an early and onward march for the recovery of Georgia. That officer announced his position as secure, and stated that his only need was a detachment of artillerists with one or two field-pieces. This want was recognized by General Lincoln, who ordered Major Grimké, with two light guns and a requisite number of cannoneers, to proceed to his assistance.

Advised of General Lincoln's intentions, Colonel Campbell determined by a quick and unexpected blow to defeat the contemplated concentration of the American forces, and to frustrate this plan for circumscribing the King's troops in their occupation of Georgia soil. He resolved at once to dislodge General Ashe. Major McPherson, with the first battalion of the 71st regiment, some irregulars, and two field-pieces, and Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost, with the second battalion of the same regiment, Sir James Baird's corps of light infantry, three grenadier companies of the 60th regiment, Captain Tawes' troop of light dragoons, and about one hundred and fifty men of the Florida rangers and militia, were de-

tailed for this service. Well did they perform the duty to which they were assigned. The command of General Ashe had been so much reduced by details that on the day of the engagement it did not exceed eight hundred men present for duty. Many of these were poorly armed and inadequately supplied with ammunition. The lack of circumspection and the want of preparation which characterized the conduct of the commander of the Americans on this occasion excite our surprise and merit severe criticism. The enemy had reached his vicinity before he was assured of any hostile approach. Hastily forming line of battle in three divisions,—the right under Colonel Young, the centre under General Bryant, and the left, consisting of sixty Continental troops, one hundred and fifty Georgia militia, and a field-piece, under the command of Colonel Elbert assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel John McIntosh and Major John Habersham,—General Ashe advanced to a position about a quarter of a mile in front of his encampment and there awaited the enemy's attack. His left rested upon Brier Creek, and his right extended to within eight hundred yards of the Savannah River swamp. When within one hundred and fifty yards of the Americans, and at four o'clock on the afternoon, Colonel Prevost opened the engagement with his artillery and pressed forward. Ashe's centre, which was thrown a little in advance, did not withstand the shock even for a few moments. It broke and fled in wild confusion. The right also, so soon as it was pressed, followed suit. The left alone remained, and under the valorous leadership of Colonel Elbert fought so stubbornly that Prevost found it necessary to order up his reserves to support his right, which was confronted by this small but gallant body. Notwithstanding the great disparity in the numbers engaged, Elbert prolonged the conflict until nearly every man of his command was either killed, wounded or captured. The fugitives from the American centre and right sought shelter in the deep swamp bordering upon the Savannah River. Such of them as escaped the pursuit of the en-

emy and could swim, crossed to the Carolina shore. Many were drowned in the attempt. Colonel Elbert,—whom Colonel Prevost in his report designates as one of the best officers in the rebel army—twenty-seven other officers and two hundred privates were taken prisoners. One hundred and fifty Americans were killed upon the field and in the adjacent swamps, exclusive of such as were drowned in attempting to save themselves from slaughter by plunging into a deep and rapid river. Seven pieces of field artillery, a considerable quantity of ammunition, provisions, and baggage, and one thousand small arms fell into the hands of the victors. The multitude slain would seemingly claim credence for the report that in their pursuit of the fugitive Americans Sir James Baird cried aloud to his light infantry: “Every man of you that takes a prisoner shall lose his ration of rum.” When overtaken in the Savannah River swamp, not a few of the militia were cruelly bayoneted by the exultant British soldiery.

Never was encampment more injudiciously located or more insecurely guarded. Never was command held in worse plight for action. The only ray of light, mid the gloom of the whole affair, was shed by the gallantry of Colonel Elbert and his followers. This defeat at Brier Creek disconcerted General Lincoln’s plans and, in connection with General Howe’s misfortune at Savannah, materially prolonged the struggle in this department. The tradition lives that Colonel Elbert, even when surrounded by the enemy, continued to offer the stoutest resistance. Finally he was struck down. A soldier was on the point of dispatching him with uplifted bayonet, when he gave the Masonic sign of distress. It was perceived by an officer, who intervened just in time to save the life of the brave Colonel.

Doctor Joseph Johnson¹ says that while a prisoner in the Brit-

¹ “Traditions and Reminiscences, chiefly of the American Revolution in the South,” etc., p. 475. Charleston. 1851.

ish camp Colonel Elbert was treated with great respect and kindness. Offers of promotion, honors and rewards were extended, and persuasions used to seduce him from the American cause. His patriotism was proof against them all. These allurements having been repeatedly declined, an attempt was made, through the intervention of two Indians, to take his life. In his mercantile transactions Colonel Elbert had dealt largely with the Creeks and Cherokees, and his personal acquaintance with them was by no means limited. As the captain of a grenadier company, during Governor Wright's administration, he had escorted a deputation of chiefs to their homes in the Creek country. Discovering the purpose of the savages, he gave a signal which he had formerly used among them. They recognized it at once, and lowering their guns, the hired assassins came forward and extended their hands in token of amity. This dastardly attempt is not chargeable to the officers of the British army. From them Colonel Elbert, during his captivity, was the recipient only of courtesy and manly consideration. It is believed that it was suggested by lawless mauraunders and loyalists infesting the region, in the punishment of whose acts of atrocity Colonel Elbert had been most active.¹

When he was exchanged in June, 1781, so thoroughly was his former command dispersed, and so completely were Georgia and South Carolina under the control of the enemy, that he waited upon the commander-in-chief and tendered his services. They were accepted by General Washington, who assigned him to duty. At the siege of Yorktown he was entrusted with the command of "the grand deposit of arms and military stores, a post of

¹ During the siege of Savannah in September and October, 1779, as we learn from a letter written by Colonel Joseph Habersham, dated "Col Wylly's Tent near Savannah, 28th September 1779," and now in the possession of William Neyle Habersham, Esqr., Colonel Elbert was held a captive within the British lines. Painful must have been his emotions, finding himself still a prisoner, and incapable of uniting with his compatriots in the brave effort to liberate his home from British dominion.

great trust and honor." Here, as elsewhere he merited and received the commendation of all. With General Lafayette he contracted a firm friendship. One of his sons he named in compliment to the distinguished marquis. Colonel Elbert continued in the military service of the United Colonies until the close of the Revolutionary War. He was, as we have seen, appointed to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in February, 1776. On the 16th of September in the same year he was advanced to the grade of Colonel in the Continental army; and on the 3d of November, 1783, he received his commission as Brigadier-General. Subsequently he was complimented by the State of Georgia with the position of Major-General of militia.

When upon the conclusion of peace the patriot army was disbanded, General Elbert returned to Savannah and resumed his commercial pursuits. In July, 1785, by an almost unanimous vote, he was elected Governor of Georgia. In the discharge of the duties of this high station he manifested the same ability, energy, diligence, good judgment, decision of character and exalted manhood which had characterized him in other positions. Between the rivers Satilla and St. Mary a band of freebooters had established themselves. There they accumulated negroes, horses, and cattle which they had stolen from the honest and patriotic citizens of Georgia. They were a pest to the neighbourhood, defied the laws, and plundered the adjacent territory. One of the first official acts of Governor Elbert was to commission Colonel John Baker, with a sufficient force, to capture and disperse these villains, and restore the property in their possession to its rightful owners. His efforts were also directed to the pacification of the Indians who, on the northern confines of the State, "incited by disaffected and mercenary persons," were committing depredations and disturbing the peace of the region.

In acknowledgment of the universal respect and gratitude for his meritorious services to the youthful commonwealth and in the

cause of American freedom during the Revolutionary War, the General Assembly of Georgia complimented Count D'Estaing with a grant of twenty thousand acres of land, and invested him with "all the privileges, liberties, and immunities of a free citizen of the State." It was the pleasing duty of Governor Elbert, through Commissioner John McQueen, to communicate to the Count this expression of the public esteem. In returning his thanks this illustrious Frenchman said: "The mark of its satisfaction which the State of Georgia was pleased to give me after I had been wounded, was the most healing balm that could have been applied to my pains whenever they were most acute. Nothing could be more flattering than to be admitted as a proprietor in a State that has so much distinguished itself in supporting the common cause." It was his avowed purpose, with a portion of the proceeds of the sale of these lands, to erect, at the entrance of Paris, a monument "to the States," commemorative of "the glory of the King and those patriots who contributed to the epoch of liberty." The distractions in France which quickly supervened, his engagements as vice-admiral of the navy, and his tragic fate prevented the consummation of this memorable intention.

The gubernatorial career of General Elbert was honourable and prosperous.

Several times did he act as the representative of the State of Georgia in accommodating difficulties and negotiating treaties with the Creek and Cherokee Indians. Among the latter, that concluded at the Augusta Convention, held on the 31st of May, 1788, in which Georgia was represented by Governor Lyman Hall, General John Twiggs, Colonel Elijah Clarke, Colonel William Few, the Honorable Edward Telfair, and General Samuel Elbert, will be specially remembered. On that occasion eighteen of the leading chiefs and head warriors of the Cherokees were present. General Elbert's acquaintance with the Indian nations was, as we have seen, extensive, and his influence over them quite marked.

Alexander McGillivray was at one time a clerk in his counting-house.

Secure in the esteem and accompanied by the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, upon the expiration of his term of office as Governor of Georgia General Elbert was elected Sheriff of the county of Chatham.¹ Of this lucrative and responsible position was he the incumbent when overtaken by death at the early age of forty-eight years. As a soldier he was brave, active, and intelligent. Among his companions he was known as a dashing officer and a hard fighter. Never did he abandon a field which could be held by stubborn valor. Gentlemanly in deportment, handsome in person, erect and graceful in carriage, and gallant in bearing, he was magnetic in his intercourse and commanding in his influence. His social qualities were of an attractive character, and his intellectual and moral endowments of a high order. For military affairs he possessed a natural fondness and manifested uncommon aptitude. His reputation was above reproach. His benevolence was large, and his impulses were open, generous, patriotic, chivalrous and noble. He was one of those excellent and good men who, in the language of Emerson, "make the earth wholesome." By the entire community was his demise sincerely mourned, and the General Assembly of Georgia, in acknowledgment of his valuable public services and in perpetuation of his good fame, named in his honor one of the most fertile counties within the limits of this commonwealth. We conclude this sketch by reproducing from the *Georgia Gazette* the following contemporaneous notice of his death and burial:—

"Died last Saturday,² after a lingering sickness, aged 48 years,

¹ The office of Sheriff was at this time esteemed of prime dignity and moment. The tradition, inherited from the mother country, that the High Sheriff should be the best man of his county, had not then been either forgotten or ignored in the youthful commonwealth.

² November 1, 1788.

SAMUEL ELBERT, *Major General* of the Militia of this State, *Vice President* of the Society of Cincinnati, and *Sheriff* of the County of Chatham. His death was announced by the discharge of minute guns, and the colours of Fort Wayne and the vessels in the harbour being displayed half-mast high. An early and warm attachment to the cause of his country stimulated him to exert those natural talents he possessed for a military life throughout the late glorious and successful contest with ability and general approbation, for which he was promoted to the rank of *Brigadier General* in the *Army of the United States*.

In the year 1785, his country chose him, by their general suffrage, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the State, which office he executed with fidelity, and discharged its various duties with becoming attention and dignity. The appointments of Major General of the Militia, and Sheriff of this County, were further marks of the confidence of his country, whose interests he had always at heart, and whose appointments he received and executed with a grateful remembrance that his conduct through life had met the approbation of his fellow citizens. In private life he was among the first to promote useful and benevolent societies. As a Christian he bore his painful illness with patience and firmness, and looked forward to his great change with an awful and fixed hope of future happiness. As a most affectionate husband and parent, his widow and six children have great cause to lament his end, and society in general to regret the loss of a valuable member. His remains were attended on Sunday to Christ Church by the Ancient Society of Masons [of which he was the *Past Grand Master* in this State], with the members of the Cincinnati as mourners, accompanied by a great number of his fellow citizens whom the Rev. Mr. Lindsay addressed in a short but well adapted discourse on the solemn occasion. Minute guns were fired during the funeral, and every other honour was paid his memory by a respectable military procession composed of the

Artillery and other Militia Companies. The body was afterwards deposited at the family burial place on the Mount at Rae's Hall."¹

The Indian grave-mound near the confluence of Pipe-Maker's Creek and the Savannah River, which a later generation appropriated as a convenient place for modern sepulture, still stands, marking the spot where, nearly a century ago, the dust of a General in the army of the Revolution, of an honored citizen, and of a Governor of this commonwealth mingled with the ashes of the ancestors of the venerable Tomo-chi-chi. Although Rae's Hall has passed into the ownership of strangers, although his memorial stone has fallen, although soulless brambles and envious forest trees have obliterated all traces of the inhumation, the name of Samuel Elbert is enshrined in the annals of Georgia, and his memory will be cherished by all who are not unmindful of the lessons inculcated by a life of virtue, of valor, of probity, of benevolence, of patriotism, and of fidelity to trust reposed.

Thus, reviving these memories as they have been gleaned amid the lights and shadows of a remote and heroic past, and grouping them into a tribute expressive of our grateful appreciation of uncommon virtue and excellence, we offer this memorial of one who deserves high place in this Hall dedicated to the perpetuation of characters and events memorable in the history of this colony and commonwealth. Due preservation of and suitable meditation upon such recollections constitute no mean part of your mission, which, if worthily pursued, will insure to the general good, and encourage in the present a generous emulation of whatever dignified and ennobled the days that are gone.

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd a man may prophesy,

¹ *The Georgia Gazette*, No. 302. Savannah, Georgia. November 6, 1788.

MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL ELBERT

33

With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time.

—CHARLES C. JONES, JR.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES

I.

THE white population of Georgia, at the inception of the war of the Revolution, did not probably exceed twenty thousand, of all ages. Governor Wright,¹ on the 20th of December, 1778, reported to the Earl of Dartmouth that there were then inhabiting the province eighteen thousand whites and fifteen thousand blacks. During the continuance of the struggle Georgia contributed to the Continental army two thousand six hundred and seventy-nine men. Such, at least, is the best information which can be obtained.²

With regard to the militia, called from time to time into the field, Major-General James Jackson, who in subordinate capacities and as a major and lieutenant-colonel, was an active participant in the entire contest, furnishes this estimate. He says that during the year 1775, and until the spring of 1776, Georgia had one thousand militiamen in service. For the years 1776 and 1777 he computes the militia in active service at seven hundred and fifty, exclusive of two battalions of minutemen of seven hundred and fifty each, a state regiment of horse two hundred and fifty strong, and three additional troops of forty men each, under the command of a major. In 1778, besides the state corps, two thousand militiamen were in the field for nearly six months. During the years 1779, 1780, 1781, and 1782 he estimates the militia constantly in service at seven hundred and fifty men. Among these was not included his own Legion, formed by order of General Greene in 1781. When to these we add many partisans never borne upon the rolls of either the Continental or the State establishment, and who depended almost exclusively upon their own resources and exertions for arms, munitions, and subsistence, it will readily be perceived that the entire manhood of the Republican element must, at some time or other, have been actively enlisted in the warlike effort to win the independence of the confederated States. Georgia—the youngest of the thirteen colonies—certainly contributed her full quota of men and resources in the achievement of American liberty.

¹ Public Record Office, London, Am. & W. Ind., No. 235.

² Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, v. II. p. 631.

II.

The following is a roster of the FIRST REGIMENT OF CHATHAM COUNTY MILITIA, when Samuel Elbert was Major-General of the State forces¹;—

James Jackson, Colonel Commanding.
James Gunn, Lieutenant-Colonel.
Benjamin Fishbourne, Major.
Justus H. Scheuber, Adjutant.
Jacob Waldburg, Clerk of the Regiment.

LIGHT DRAGOONS.

First Lieutenant, Isaac Young.
Second Lieutenant, David Sarzedas.
Cornet, Isaac Lagardere.

ARTILLERY.

Captain, Edward Lloyd.
First Lieutenant, Thomas Elfe.
Second Lieutenant, John Wanden.

LIGHT INFANTRY.

Captain, Benjamin Lloyd.
First Lieutenant, Elisha Elon.
Second Lieutenant, Benjamin Butler.

SAVANNAH.

Captain, Frederick Shick.
Lieutenant, Joseph Welscher.

SEA ISLANDS.

Captain, John Barnard.
First Lieutenant, Robert Barnard.
Second Lieutenant, Solomon Shad.

¹ See MS. Order Book of Colonel James Jackson.

WHITE BLUFF.

First Lieutenant, John King.
Second Lieutenant, Peter Theus.
Captain, Josiah Tattnall.

GREAT OGEECHEE.

Captain, Robert Holmes.
First Lieutenant, Edmund Adams.
Second Lieutenant, Simons Maxwell.

LITTLE OGEECHEE.

Captain, David Rees.
First Lieutenant, Benjamin Wilson.
Second Lieutenant, James Martin Gibbons.

CHEROKEE HILL.

Captain, — — —.
First Lieutenant, Thomas Palmer.
Second Lieutenant, — — —.

The town of Savannah then constituted "one militia district," and Captain Shick was designated as its commanding officer. Although the war had ended, rude alarms were not infrequent. Indian tribes beyond the Alatomaha, and at other points on the confines of the white settlements, were restless and inclined to indulge in depredations and murders. Upon the evacuation of Savannah three hundred runaway slaves, who had been enlisted by the British during their occupancy of the town, refused to return to the service of their owners. Styling themselves the "King of England's soldiers," and attracting to their companionship the disaffected of their own color, they established themselves in the fastnesses of the swamps on both sides of the Savannah River, whence they sallied forth by night for plunder and butchery, to the disquietude and annoyance of the adjacent inhabitants. One of their fortified camps on Bear Creek, in Effingham County, was, in May, 1786, carried by the First Regiment of the Chatham County Militia, assisted by troops from Beaufort, South Carolina. Although many of the marauders were either killed or captured with arms in their hands, numbers escaped, who, concealing themselves in tangled brakes, continued, as opportunity occurred, their work of theft and violence. The period was, in many quarters, fraught with anxiety and apprehension. Fears were entertained of a

servile insurrection. The office of a militiaman was then by no means a sinecure, and for several years after the cessation of hostilities between England and the United Colonies the duties of the companies composing the Chatham regiment were onerous. Gradually, however, domestic peace was confirmed. In the restoration of order and tranquillity the militia of Georgia rendered efficient service.

So great was the scarcity of powder in the possession of the military authorities in Savannah, that Colonel James Jackson, on the 22d of June, 1786, apologizes for an expenditure of one hundred pounds "at the funeral of that great and good man, General Greene." In his communication to the secretary of the Executive Council he inquires: "Will Council be so good as to let me know if they approve of my conduct, for I would rather pay for that powder myself than lay under a censure for it? It was thought here by all ranks of people the least [honor] that could be shown the remains of that hero by the State of Georgia."

THE RIGHT FLANKER

EDITOR'S PREFACE

So far as we know, this is the only instance of a manuscript newspaper conducted by Confederate officers, while confined in any of the Northern prisons during the Rebellion.

One such, the OLD FLAG, was originated by Union prisoners, at Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas. It, like the *Right Flanker*, was in pen and ink, and after its Editor's exchange and return North, was published in *facsimile*; but the *Right Flanker* was taken to England by its staff and there printed in book form (1865) probably the only instance of the kind.

It is now very scarce, only two copies having come to our notice, and as a memento of its time possesses much interest.

We regret that after forty-five years have passed it is impossible to identify more of the personages mentioned than the few concerning whom we have made notes.

Fort Lafayette, it should be noted, was—and is, though long disused—in the Narrows of New York Bay, and was then used entirely as a prison, with a highly miscellaneous population. The Colonel Burke referred to as its commander, was the late Lieutenant Colonel Martin Burke, Third Artillery, a veteran of the Mexican war, an interesting type of the "Old Army," in which he served with credit for forty-three years, receiving the brevets of colonel and brigadier-general.

“FORT-LA-FAYETTE LIFE”

1863-1864

IN EXTRACTS FROM

THE “RIGHT FLANKER,”

**A MANUSCRIPT SHEET CIRCULATING AMONG THE SOUTHERN
PRISONERS IN FORT-LA-FAYETTE, IN 1863-64**

*Dedicated to them generally, and especially to the Confederate
Officers whose autographs are here given, as among
them were contributors to the “Right Flanker”*

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FORT LAFAYETTE LIFE

THE PURPOSE IN STARTING THE "RIGHT FLANKER"—THE ANTECEDENTS OF THOSE WITH WHOM IT ORIGINATED

IN starting such a sheet as the *Right Flanker*, the purpose is to relieve the monotony of prison life, by calling into action the taste and faculties of those who are capable of contributing to its columns; instructing and amusing those who cannot, and to furnish to all who are to share the spice of excitement, which the risk of such a contraband undertaking affords, something of which, it is hoped, reference can be pleasantly made by them in after years.

It being concluded that all interested should be properly introduced to each other, it is mutually understood that the parties having the duties of the editorial staff to assume, have authority to do it as they think proper; and it occurs to them, that no plan will be more interesting than that of making each other correctly aware of their respective antecedents.

The commencement is with the oldest prisoner in the fort, the party who is to attend to the agricultural department of the *Right Flanker*.

A young Virginia farmer volunteered his services among the earliest, in the defence of his native soil, served his time out and returned home, to find the old homestead destroyed by the invaders; was denounced as a guerrilla for endeavouring to save a family relic; hunted by a detachment of some sixty Yankee soldiers, who surrounded the house in which he took refuge; with the

assistance of the ladies, kept the enemy at bay for some time but was finally captured, confined in the lower hold of a three-decked iron-clad for two months, in mid-summer, heavily ironed both hand and foot; his arrival in New York chronicled as that of the most notorious character; and delivered in Fort Lafayette as the most savage rebel as yet inside its walls.

Next in order is an adventurer from his native place, Nova Scotia, to North Carolina; piloted on that coast as long as there was anything to do in that line; since then he may have tried the sailing qualities of a Baltimore-built pilot boat, in coming up with a Yankee craft in a way disagreeable to her skipper; still he was quietly located at a New York hotel, when he was ordered to care of Colonel Burke, until efforts could be made to find something against him. As he writes a good letter to Lord Lyons occasionally, in consequence of his not having been naturalized, he is to be known as the diplomatic head of the *Right Flanker*.

Then follows the party who is to be looked to as the nautical reporter—a young Confederate officer. He is, as all agree he should be, estimated as one, if not the most brave in our gallant little navy. Eight months in Fort Warren for being proof against the temptation of money and place to forswear his allegiance to his native South, did not prevent him from taking, as it were, his life in his hand; and the indignities and suffering which he has had to bear from his captors since *he was found under the bottom of the Ironside*,¹ would be considered as nothing, if he could look back to the result, had he got just eighteen inches further down under that celebrated vessel.

Then we have a true representative of the jolly boatmen of the Alabama; he does not despair of again giving the familiar notice of his approach (the shrill note of the steam whistle) to the little

¹ The flagship *New Ironsides* at Charleston, S. C., Oct. 6, 1863. The officer was Lieut. W. T. Glassell.

family on its banks; he is here the victim of a Pennsylvanian, who was navigator of a blockade runner, but who got off by paying the captors of her to substitute for him a person who had never been on the water, except as a pilot on the Alabama river. He is evidently thinking of his man when he comes to that part of his favourite song which says,—

"The Sixteenth Louisiana charged them with a yell,
Bagged the Bucktail Rangers, and sent them all to —."

Another case of Yankee victimising is in a Georgian, to whom a New Yorker by adoption but Yankee by birth, having held the position of a confidential friend in the South, and who came from there with him, was intrusted with the care of a considerable amount of money. After reaching New York the result was, that not only did the Yankee practice the 'cute trick (it is not usual to use a harsher term in Yankeedom in respect of operations of the kind) of holding on to all the money, but reporting that it was intended for purchasing contraband of war, had him, who had often befriended him in Georgia, locked up here.

The appointed local item reporter with a blockade runner, in which he had considerable property, fell into the clutches of a Federal cruiser when homeward bound to the place which according to the New York papers has been, since the war commenced, "totally destroyed" at least three times, but still a pile of bricks reminds the Yankees so much of *Sumter* that, as yet, they cannot witness the ruins of the hated city. He hears that the invaders have left him without a home, but he has the satisfaction of remembering that he had his share of the glory of being one of the few who lessened their numbers so rapidly at Secessionville.¹

The Chess reporting is confided to the most quiet of the inmates of cell No. 3, who, if he had not conceived the idea of putting the

¹ S. C., June 11, 1863; a Union defeat.

machinery of a lumber-mill (which was of no use in consequence of the blockade) near Mobile into a schooner of his, would not be among us.

The Land-o'-Cakes is represented amongst us by a person who assumes the place of musical contributor. It is to be hoped that he will do justice to the romance which he attaches to his own case—from the numerous escapes he made while fighting among the rebels, to fall into the Yankee trap while in the enjoyment of ladies' society when on his way home from Dixie. In vain he tells Lord Lyons that he was passing through the Federal territory in no other than the character of an honourably discharged Confederate officer; but to no purpose: Mr. Seward has to be believed first, and it suits him to have him held as a spy.

The idea of a person who, until the breaking out of hostilities—whose whole interest lay in fast boats and large loads of cotton on the Mississippi and the Alabama—represents some half-a-dozen among the readers of the *Right Flanker*; the remainder of the number who are present is made up by a person who on account of his father having fought under the *old* Napoleon, has faith that as soon as his case is plainly represented, the younger one will take it up, the result of which will be not only his immediate release, but the winning of a bet from his English-born shipmate, who at the time of the capture of the blockade runner in which they were together, backed his opinion that the British Lion was no more afraid than the French Eagle of the Yankee scare-crow.

A silver-haired person, whose offence was the feeding of the furnaces of a blockade runner, but who rejoices in not having been guilty of doing more than declaring his intention to formally renounce his allegiance to the country which gave him birth. A Yankee who had been acting as an officer of a British steamer, seized when on the point of leaving New York on suspicion of being intended for the blockade business, and another under military

arrest, for complicity, as sergeant of a quartermaster, in defrauding the United States, completes the present party in Fort Lafayette, with the exception of one who is in close confinement on the charge of having been at the head of the rioters in New York a short time since; what is to be known of him is, that his case is the result of the taste which has too often induced young men to prefer the imaginary pleasure of life in the commercial metropolis, to the real ones of Southern hospitality. He is a Virginian.

The fine October weather continues; still, on account of the quarters allotted us having become too crowded, the heat at night is very trying in a close cell. In the eating line we get along pretty well—more than half of us rebels having means enough in the hands of the adjutant of the fort to procure something additional to soldiers' fare for ourselves and the others; and the friends of the loyal citizens—which term covers all brought here (no matter for what) who do not strictly come under the head of actual rebels or their sympathisers—are at liberty to supply them.

ARRIVAL OF FOUR PRISONERS FROM NEW YORK—THEIR ANTECEDENTS—WHAT THEY HAVE REALLY DONE, AND WHAT THE PAPERS SAY THEY HAVE DONE—WHAT SOME OF THEM THINK OF OUR CAUSE IN NEW YORK—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CONFEDERATE AND A NEW YORK PEACE DEMOCRAT: THE LATTER BELIEVES IN GOVERNOR SEYMOUR, THE FORMER HAS NO CONFIDENCE IN EITHER HIM OR FERNANDO WOOD—TREATMENT OF PRISONERS OCTOBER, 1863.

THIS week has brought quite an addition, and according to appearance an important one, to our number, as much on account of the evidence afforded of the probable course of things at the North, as on account of one of the parties having had, as a friend of the Southern cause, continual experience in

New York since the breaking out of hostilities. He is accompanied by another Marylander, of his own feelings, a New Jersey and a New York citizen, both of whom intimate that they prefer being looked upon as Peace Democrats. They shall be estimated as such; at the same time, as the idea current among us is that all who are not for us are against us, they cannot expect to be considered as having taken the higher order.

The newspapers which we are allowed to purchase (any but those advocating the war or Administration are prohibited) give all kinds of versions to their cases, more particularly as to the principal one of our Maryland friends; one of them (the papers) having it that he was in the habit of making Republican speeches while acting the part of a rebel emissary; another has him a dealer in torpedoes; a third a confidential travelling agent for Mr. Vallandigham while in Dixie; while a fourth would have him held to a strict account for having had in his office some boxes which, from their weight, must have contained something contraband. All agree as to the importance of his captured correspondence, and promise their readers rich developments. One editor, no doubt wishing to be ahead of all competitors, tells his patrons that the arrest proved to be of much greater importance than at first supposed, although, after having made enquiries at the Marshal's office, he failed to elicit anything new in regard to them.

The true particulars are noted as follows: A Yankee, who had been in the confidence of parties in Baltimore as a Virginian in the Potomac blockade business, became a Washington War Department Detective Officer, from which department he was supplied with funds for the purpose of making purchases of articles—contraband of war—from his former friends in Baltimore, and then got an introduction through them to their New York confidants, with the avowed purpose of getting assistance in procuring passage from thence to Richmond with articles much needed by the authorities there.

The plan, unfortunately for our Maryland friend, worked but too well. As soon as he had sufficiently committed himself, and the contraband articles were in his charge, the United States Secretary of War issued an order for his arrest, and instructed the officer making the arrest to deliberately deceive his prisoner by an assurance that he was merely required for an hour at a Provost Marshal's office; and he did not undeceive him until he had got him outside the limits of the city of New York.

The other Marylander comes compromised as master of the vessel which it is charged was to have taken the supposed Confederate to Virginia.

Our greyheaded room-mate was engaged by the detective to negotiate the purchase, from his New Jersey friend, of some patent fuse, also for the use of the Confederate Government. As the ideas of these gentlemen are of interest, as evidence of what is going on in this part of the Lincoln dominion, they are noted. The principal of our Maryland friends, from having held the position of a confidential Southern sympathiser from the first, and from the fact that it has been but a few weeks since he was last threatened, has more to complain of from the means resorted to in making the arrest, than from the arrest itself. He has been, as it might be said, inside the scenes ever since the exposing of a name on the *face* of a card, instead of the one upon its back, in all probability decided the fate of Fortress Monroe at the commencement of the war. It is his belief that outside of the few in New York who contend that *Southern Independence should be a right, not a concession*, we have not any friends, unless they are to be considered as such who are in opposition to the present war-making power, merely for the purpose of trying to secure the advantage of place and power to carry it on themselves. The cases of two leading New York lawyers, who but a short time since would let the "wayward sisters" go in peace, is pretty strong proof that he

is right. Our greyheaded room-mate dissents from that view, and estimates that there are many thousands prepared unhesitatingly to make peace on the basis of Southern Independence; but he believes in Governor Seymour. Our Maryland friend has no confidence in either Seymour or Fernando Wood. Our New Jersey room-mate is, like most inventors, so completely absorbed in the idea of astonishing the rest of mankind, that with the exception of claiming to be considered as an old-time Democrat, he allows little to trouble him, but the possible result of his arrest on the fate of the "endless chain of Fire," as he calls his patent fuse. He was on the point of arranging to let the Government at Washington have its advantages, for the destruction of whole rebel armies at one time; but as he and the Federal General who was to have had a share of the profit, disagreed as to the amount he was to have, he became willing to dispose of the invention to any other party; and as it turned up, a War Department detective came along as another party. The chances are very unfavourable to his realizing anything from the project, which has been his study for several years. The detective was to have secured him in a quarter of a million dollars, if his (the detective's) plan for introducing the invention into the Southern Confederacy had succeeded. Our Jersey acquaintance considers that it was not his place to require an explanation from a purchaser of his fuse as to what was to be done with it, which was quite reasonable in our opinion, as we see that his State is perfectly careless as to the use to which her soldiers are put in the prosecution of the war. They don't object to be ordered to burn a house, or take a piano belonging to their former friends in the South.

On account of our Maryland friend having become acquainted with Colonel Burke some time since, while a visitor to a Baltimore friend of his, then in charge of the Colonel for giving currency to the report that General McClellan had retreated to Harrison Landing, or from the fact that the daughters of both had been

school-mates in Maryland, or perhaps from the Colonel and himself being of the same religious persuasion,¹ the Colonel appears inclined to prefer that our Maryland friend should be the person to treat with him on the part of the prisoners in general, to which we unanimously agree. Already, from representation by him, the Colonel has been induced to give orders for the fitting up of new quarters, to which it is intended to remove some of the prisoners from each cell, thereby adding to the general comfort; and Southern friends of his in New York have been written to by him in respect to the wants of several in the way of clothing.

THE EFFECT WHICH SENDING DOWN FOUR AT A TIME HAD AMONG THE FREE WHITES OF NEW YORK—DANGEROUS TO HAVE A LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON IN THE HOUSE, OR TO HAVE A PACKAGE DIRECTED TO FORT LAFAYETTE.

NOTHING of special interest to us occurred this week, except as regards the case of our Maryland friend. His friends in New York have given proof that they not only desire that he should want for nothing in their power to afford, under existing circumstances, but also of their readiness to meet the suggestions made by him as to the necessities of some of his fellow prisoners. His daughter was permitted by Col. Day,² in command of Fort Hamilton, to come over to this Fort; but Col. Burke would not allow her an interview with him, in the absence of a permit from higher authority. He however has learned something of the effect caused by his arrest. It appears to have extended from the case of those who have been in the habit of visiting his office, to the domestics in the family with whom he resided—the former having become afraid to enter the office, and the latter,

¹ The Colonel was a Catholic.

² Hannibal Day, Colonel Sixth U. S. Infantry—like Colonel Burke, a veteran of the old Army, in which he served from 1823 to 1863.

in the absence of the family, would not rest easy whilst the least evidence of his sympathies remained in the house. A life of Stonewall Jackson was carried to the hayloft; all the letters and papers found in his office have been sent to the War Department. There is an extensive field for speculation as to the effect of examination of the contents of the former, as they include correspondence from a variety of persons, extending to even letters from schoolgirls; but fortunately nothing has been found as proof of his connection with any one in the Rebel States, or of his having sent goods there. He has surprised the adjutant by taking advantage of the privilege to order such of the Administration papers as he prefers, in selecting an extreme Abolition sheet, the *Tribune*, for the reason as he gives, that the Editor is an open and consistent enemy, as such, and as a fanatic an advocate of the war; while his War Democratic contemporaries are quite as much for Southern subjugation, but from being less independent and consistent, are less honourable.

While on the subject of independence in New York, it is to be noted that the proprietor of three of the principal restaurants there objected to a package containing some game, being directed in his premises to a prisoner here.

CLOSE CONFINEMENT, FOR AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE—ADDITIONAL
RESTRICTIONS ON ACCOUNT OF AN OLD KNIFE—LADY FRIEND
VISITORS—RECOLLECTIONS OF BALTIMOREANS.

THE most interesting events of the week have been the removal from Cell No. 3 to close confinement, of our friend from Georgia, and the withdrawal from the prisoners who have been removed to new quarters, of the privilege of eating their rations in their cells. The first in consequence of a charge that he had attempted to procure a life-preserving suit in order to escape, and the latter in consequence of the Colonel, while excited about this, finding a knife which he suspected had been pur-

posely gapped to be used as a saw to cut the bars of one of the cell windows. They now have to eat where, when and as fast as the soldiers do, or get no garrison fare.

As any of us who are fortunate enough to hear at all from our home ties only get what can be communicated by the half-letter sheet, per flag of truce, we congratulate our Maryland friend on the success of his daughter in procuring a pass to visit him twice a week. Her appearance is appreciated not only on account of its serving to freshen the recollection of many of us of the time we were made to feel so much at home in the Monumental City, but also on account of her frequent visits to the Fort, pleasantly reminding us that we are not forgotten by the fair sex. While upon the subject of Baltimore and its ladies, it is to be noted that a friend there has contributed to our comfort already, and our young lady friend and her companion invariably think of *us all*, when bringing delicacies with them. "God bless old Maryland."

ARRIVAL OF A DISTINGUISHED CONFEDERATE OFFICER—BOUQUETS
TO PRISONERS—COLONEL BURKE AND A PRISONER ON THE WAR
—THE STRICT LIEUTENANT.

THE events which come under our heading of historic for this week are the addition to the inmates of Cell No. 3, of a gentleman in regard to whom we all most feelingly adopt the expression (of no doubt an honest Hibernian, and who may have been a rebel) that we are "most sorry and glad" to meet, a worthy representative of him whose name alone attracts the attention of those who can appreciate true patriotism and chivalry, wherever the cause of the South is known. Our Baltimore lady friends made their appearance as usual, and we are glad to find them report favourably as to the care of them by the boatmen and the considerate attention on the part of the officers, whose place

it has been to be present at their interviews with the object of their visits. We are not indebted to them only this week, as in the windows of both Cells 2 and 3 are displayed bouquets, marks of appreciation on the part of a lady residing in sight of the Fort, of the newly-arrived rebel general and the rebel naval officer within its walls. Since our Georgian friend's removal to close confinement, our Maryland friend has been in his place as caterer for No. 3 Mess, the consequence is that between the occasions he has to make on that account, to meet the officers at their quarters, and those he makes on account of his lady visitors, he has frequent opportunities of a friendly exchange of opinion with them (the officers). In the last, the Colonel thought Mr. Davis a very able and ambitious man, but he had now attempted to do too much. Our Maryland friend remarking that, *as yet, there were no signs of the rebellion being crushed*. As a matter of course, they (the officers) are of but one opinion as to the result of the struggle, doubtless if that was other than that numbers and money are bound to succeed, some of them would not have concluded to risk their lives in soldiering. So far, with the exception of one, the junior officers appear to correctly appreciate their duty in regard to prisoners. The Colonel, on account of age, is entitled to some allowance; but we have none for the young man, who takes pleasure in making it evident that he is expert in the duties of a jailer, more especially as we have reason to believe that he cannot have been long away from his native country, where jails and jailers are so dreaded. The idea of bouquets to rebels is mortifying to his feelings, and already he complains of the extra trouble from an examination of the contents of an increased number of packages for the prisoners, even though it is caused by the approach of the general feasting time—Thanksgiving.

PAROLES WITHDRAWN—MORE RESTRICTIONS ON PRISONERS—NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED PAPERS—FIGHTING AMONG THE CLOUDS—THE HERALD—RELIABLE SHEET—BENNETT, BARNUM, AND LINCOLN.

THE fine weather, and the extra enjoyment of the good things of life which Thanksgiving Day brought, made the week pass comparatively more pleasant. We have had an addition to the inmates of No. 3, in the person of a Confederate officer captured in hospital at the surrender of Vicksburg, paroled there, and brought to New York. The newspapers clamouring for retaliation on rebel prisoners in the North, for the supposed bad treatment of Union captives in the South, the commanding General ignored his parole and sent him down here. In more than this it is evident that there is going to be a tightening of the screws, as a sentinel has been posted between us and the former inmates of No. 2 and 3, who have been removed to the other side of the Fort, having come under the ban of the Colonel on account of the old knife with the gapped edge. Our Maryland friend can't persuade the Colonel that the position in which his (the Colonel's) cook found it, was not the consequence of an effort on the part of the prisoners to make it answer the purpose of a refined steel saw, although it would not require the judgment of a person more experienced in the use of steel than from all accounts he (the Colonel) is, to ascertain that the article which has so troubled him could not be successfully used in cutting a harder substance than the beef in Fort Lafayette.

Our Maryland lady friends made their accustomed visits. In addition to how much we read in the newspapers about Grant in the neighbourhood of Lookout Mountain, we are allowed to see efforts in illustrated prints to impress us with the idea of how Gen-

eral Hooker had been fighting among the clouds. Of course the rebels are represented as in the dissolving views, and as a coincidence, we presume, Bennett of the *Herald* feels warranted in departing from his policy of not attempting to prematurely offer an opinion as to events in the future, by coming squarely out in assuring his readers that the crushing of the rebellion by New Year is a settled thing. The readers no doubt imagine that it is the next New Year that he means. Nothing of the kind, for should it be ten years until the war ceases, and Bennett lives so long, we are willing to wager that following that event an article will be noticed in the *New York Herald*, taking credit for its foresight in predicting the close of hostilities at just that time. If we were New Yorkers we would of course say, "Give us Humbug," and of course that could not be done without Bennett and Barnum were included. As rebels, we prefer Bennett and Lincoln being together.

ORDERS FOR RETALIATION—PRISONERS RESTRICTED TO GARRISON FARE—REBELS WON'T COMPLAIN IF IT WILL SERVE TO SHOW THE EXTREMES TO WHICH A COERCIVE UNION GOVERNMENT IS REDUCED—AN ADDITION TO THE PRISONERS BY AN OFFICER IN THE BRITISH ARMY, FOR HAVING LETTERS FROM REBEL LADIES—VISIT TO A PRISONER BY A UNION FRIEND: THEY HAD BEEN BETTING ON THE CAPTURE OF RICHMOND BY M'CLELLAN, AND THE RECOGNITION OF THE CONFEDERACY BY ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THE gloomy weather of the week has accorded with our feelings, in consequence of (we presume) the clamouring by the New York editors for retaliation on rebel prisoners having had the effect of inducing the Washington authorities to order that we be deprived of the privilege to either purchase or receive any articles whatever from outside the Fort, with the exception of

writing materials, pipes, tobacco and cigars, which are allowed to be purchased on our account. Our Maryland friend and caterer for Mess No. 3, has had several interviews with the officers in regard to so unexpected a restriction, without being enabled to come to a conclusion other than that the influence of his Irish lieutenant, who has been so pointedly unfavourable to the prisoners in general, has induced Colonel Burke to make suggestions to the War Department which on account of the existing state of public feeling the Secretary of War was prompt to avail of.

The officers directly in charge of us have been good enough to induce their Colonel to ask additional instructions with regard to his orders, the only favourable result of which is that prisoners who have relatives (friends won't do) in New York are at liberty to have them furnish them with one change of under and over-clothes, and a pair of laced (not long-legs) boots. All other prisoners, whether with or without means to purchase, are obliged to accept the gratuity of the United States Government in furnishing them, the same as its own common soldiers. As soon as what remains of the abundance in the eating line from purchases on our own account at the village of Fort Hamilton, and donations by New York sympathisers, is consumed, our recourse will have to be solely to tough beef, dry bread, beans, and bad coffee. But let it come, many of us have done marching and successful fighting on still shorter rations; and if the 50,000 friends which our grey-headed room-mate says are in New York ready to avenge any special indignity towards him, are merely gently admonished of the excesses to which their most benign Government is compelled to have recourse, we rebels shall be particular not to complain, although we know that Federal prisoners were never denied the use of their own funds in the South, or to receive whatever was sent them by friends.

Our Maryland lady friends have been down as usual, and were much disgusted to find us under the new restriction, but from

having found an old United States officer to receive them, and explain matters, they went home, in hopes of its being soon removed. We are of the opinion that except the Colonel and his Irish Lieutenant, the officers on duty would prefer that matters should go on as heretofore.

The week has brought no change in favour of our comfort; the old campaigners among us having been exercising their ingenuity in making garrison fare more palatable to those unaccustomed to roughing it. Result favourable to the Rebel cause, as there is more emphatic language to be heard against their Government by those who heretofore would occasionally suggest the possibility of a restoration of the Union.

Cell No. 2 has had an addition to the number of its inmates in the person of a Lieutenant in H.M. service, and a Confederate Captain; the former captured under orders from Secretary Seward, on board of a British vessel when on the point of leaving New York for Bermuda. Charge: associating with disloyal ladies in Baltimore, and having on his person letters from them to parties in Bermuda, to be forwarded to Richmond. The latter, one of a number of the citizens of the Confederacy who were on board of a lately captured blockade runner. Some half-a-dozen others taken in company with him have arrived in the portion of the Fort to which we are now denied access, consequently we can merely ascertain that the most of them are gentlemen from South Carolina and Virginia.

Our Maryland friend has had a Union friend, with whom he has been domiciled ever since the War commenced, to visit him. It is presumed that the fact of this gentleman being a member of one of the New York Militia regiments accounts for the protracted interview he was allowed to have with a prisoner here. Our roommate came back to his cell quite pleased, as the reference was principally to amusing occurrences, such as the betting between him

and his Union friend on the capture of Richmond by McClellan, the recognition of the Confederacy by England and France, and the time when he was threatened with Fort Lafayette for expressing the opinion that Mason and Slidell should not have been arrested, by a person who afterwards made a similar threat when he expressed the opinion that they should not have been given up without a fight. His Union friend brings him also an idea as to the reason for the absence of such replies as he had been expecting to the communications sent to his friends in New York in regard to his case. It appears that they are alarmed at receiving so explanatory letters from a Fort Lafayette prisoner, fearing that the officer of the post, whose place is to read them, is interested in getting as many persons as possible implicated. It is not so. The officers here would prefer that they should not be required to have charge of any prisoners.

Our Maryland lady friends have been down as usual, and from finding that there was no relaxation in the rules as to our treatment, have changed their views so as to relieve the conscience of one of them (the younger) in regard to being the means of putting a letter from a husband in the Fort into the hands of a Southern wife without the examination of a Federal officer.

WINTER WEATHER—GLOOMY FEELINGS BRIGHTENED BY THE *Chesapeake* AFFAIR, AND NEWS FROM THE *Alabama*—A REBEL, AN ENGLISH OFFICER, AND COLONEL BURKE AS TO SPECIAL PRIVILEGES—A CHAIR ALLOWED THE ENGLISH OFFICER.

WINTER weather has been fairly initiated this week; the night to us now is nearly fifteen hours, counting from lock-up time to the opening of the cell in the morning. During it we lose patience with every kind of games which it is in our power to engage in, and we cannot raise a laugh

at even the expatiation of the New York papers on the subject of whole brigades of rebels asking to be received within the Union lines on the Rapidan.

The capture of the *Chesapeake*,¹ and the late news of the doings of the *Alabama*, interest us; so does the speech of Fernando Wood in New Jersey. We wonder what his meaning was when he said: "Not another man or dollar for the prosecution of the war." Ben Wood of New York, Bayard of Delaware, and Harris of Maryland, are those *whom we estimate* as pointing to the Star of Peace.

The Confederate Captain brought here last week, having been reported by the New York papers as deserving of consideration on account of special kindness to Federal prisoners in Richmond, thought that he had better ascertain what effect such a character would have with Colonel Burke, by soliciting the privilege of procuring something in addition to the garrison fare. He failed in his purpose, as did the British officer in an effort on his part to impress the Colonel with an idea that he should not be treated as a common rebel. He has had H.M. Vice-Consul down from New York to intercede in his behalf, but without success, except as to allowing him a camp chair in his cell.

Our Maryland lady friends have not been deterred from their accustomed visits by the cold and stormy weather, and have succeeded in getting the privilege from some of the officers who are in the habit of being present at their interviews with our roommate, to bring him sufficient to constitute an ordinary lunch, to be taken during the interview.

¹ Before daylight on the morning of Dec. 7, 1863, while the steamship *Chesapeake*, Captain Willetts, was off Cape Cod, on her regular trip between New York and Portland, she was seized by John C. Braine, purporting to be a lieutenant of the Confederate navy, and fifteen men who had come aboard at New York as passengers.—Scharf's "History Confederate Navy," p. 812.

QUITE A NUMBER OF ADDITIONAL PRISONERS—RULES MORE STRICT
—A BRITISH SHIPMASTER CONFINED WITH NEGROES.

THIS week has brought quite an addition to the prisoners of the Fort. On our side we have a Virginia Confederate Captain from the old Capitol,¹ where he has been in solitary confinement for several months as a hostage for a Federal soldier reported to have been held as a hostage in Richmond. It now appears that it was all a mistake as to any Union soldier being ordered to be hung. (Had it been so ordered, it would have been done with despatch by the Confederate Government.) The addition to our neighbours in No. 2 is a young Georgia gentleman who was paroled from here some months since, and brought back under the late retaliatory orders from Washington. To the numbers in the other part of the Fort have been added a General and Staff of the Confederate Army just from New Orleans. The commander and officers of a Confederate blockade runner. The commander and officers of a British blockade runner, and an Irish merchant captured while passing through New York from Canada.

The rules are so strictly enforced as to keeping us in No. 2 and 3 separate from those in other quarters of the Fort, that we can only ascertain who they are by the knowledge our room-mates have of some of them personally, and the public reputation of those belonging to the Confederate service. The latter, from having been some time under Federal control in New Orleans, make less complaint of unexpected restrictions to which they have become subject, but the Englishmen take it quite hard, especially the Captain, on account of being denied the consideration due his station, to assign him quarters separate from a crew made up of (not the most select) different nations, among whom are negroes.

¹ The old Capitol prison, at Washington.

Our lady friends down as usual, and succeeded, by permission of the officer of the day, in supplying the inmates of No. 3 with sufficient fresh meat to enable them to say that Christmas brought them a variety in the eating line. The mutton chops were much appreciated on account alone of the labour and exposure occasioned the ladies in getting over the ice to the boat. We hope that Lieutenant S—n may never be so situated as to enjoy, as some of us did, a small share of the contents of that little basket. The appearance of several one-limbed Confederate officers endeavouring to get about over the ice-covered space allotted them for exercise, makes our feelings at the setting in of cold weather additionally disagreeable.

NEW YEAR—MORE PRISONERS—ANOTHER BRITISH OFFICER, AN ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO WASHINGTON, AND SECRETARY, CAPTURED BY ORDER OF MR. SEWARD—THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF THE MINISTER IN THE STATION HOUSE—SEVERAL NEW YORK MERCHANTS BROUGHT DOWN; THEY HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY AND EXPECT TO BE OUT SOON—OLD PRISONERS DON'T THINK THEY WILL.

THE commencement of 1864 has so added to the number of prisoners, that instead of about twenty two months ago, there must now be one hundred more. The latest additions have been another British officer, an Envoy Extraordinary from a Central American Republic to Washington, and his secretary, a Spanish gentleman. They are not on our side of the Fort, but we are authorised to note their cases as follows:—The Envoy came to New York to purchase arms for the use of his government, contracted with a manufacturer who was to ship them in packages of lard to Cuba (the exportation of them being prohibited). As soon as on board ship, the detective comes along, seizes the property, sends the owner, secretary and friend (the

British officer) to care of Colonel Burke, and the wife and daughter of the Foreign Minister to a police station-house, where they were kept some time.

In addition to the foregoing, we have the cases of two British subjects and one English naturalized New York merchant: charges—shipping goods to a British port under fraudulent bonds, that they should not be sent to the Confederacy; collusion with an officer of the Custom House in passing the bonds; clearance of coal for Sicily and having it landed at Nassau; and other contraband operations. They have means, and expect to get out at once. Old prisoners don't believe they can do it so easily. One of them (the old prisoners) wagers with a new comer that he won't be out in a week even if he has a couple of hundred thousand dollars at his back; it will take longer than that to ascertain how to work the wires.

THE ARRIVAL OF A FORMER NEW YORK HOTEL KEEPER, LATELY ENGAGED IN RAISING A REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS—AN ADMIRER OF LADIES PRESENTING FLAGS TO NEGROES INSTEAD OF WHITE MEN—PREVALENCE OF NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE: SERVICES OF A DENTIST DENIED—RUNNING THE BLOCKADE—BUTTER IN CELL No. 3.

WE have a former New York hotel-keeper, lately connected with a Federal Colonel in raising a regiment: charge—defrauding recruits of their bounty. None of the last three Englishmen come under the head of rebel sympathisers: they are favourable to the rebellion merely on account of the money they make out of it.

The late hotel-keeper acknowledges to be an admirer of the taste displayed within a few days by the leading wives and daughters of New York, in presenting a Negro Regiment with colours, and

otherwise paying them more marked attention than any white Regiment that has gone to the war; and one of the British subjects does not hesitate to say that he is an Abolitionist.

Weather very cold. Toothaches and neuralgia prevalent in Cell No. 3. Our Maryland friend and the ladies have done all in their power towards getting permission for them to send down a dentist to operate in the presence of an officer: which privilege was denied.

Since restriction as to food, our young lady friend evinces a taste for the contraband by having butter in small pieces for placing in her father's pockets whenever the officer of the day is not watching, and her father is eating his share of the contents of her little basket. Occasionally we get other palatable morsels in the same way. Lady friends of some of the prisoners, not knowing that doing so was forbidden, sent fowls and other eatables down for the New Year dinner. It was ordered that they be added to what was specially furnished on account of the Yankee anniversary for that meal, which was required to be partaken of at a general table with the soldiers. Most of us in Cells 2 and 3, as well as others, preferred to let our appetites sharpen, in accordance with the feeling in consequence of such an expedient to mortify us.

INTERESTING READING—CONTENTS OF A REBEL MAIL, WHICH AFFORDS THE FIRST IDEA TO SOME OF THE PRISONERS AS TO THE CAUSE OF THEIR ARREST—ONE OF MR. SEWARD'S DESPATCHES AMONG REBEL PRISONERS IN FORT LAFAYETTE AND BALTIMORE REBEL LADIES—MORE LADY VISITORS TO THE FORT—"THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG," AND "I LOVE OLD DIXIE, RIGHT OR WRONG," BY PRISONERS.

WE have quite interesting reading matter just now in the contents of a Rebel mail, as published in the newspapers, a portion of which explains the cause of the Irish merchant being sent down. There is no doubt of his being a sympathizer, and it looks very much like that he has a taste for the adventures of the blockade business.

We have been most absorbed in the contents of a copy of a despatch of Mr. Seward to Lord Lyons, received by our friend the British officer here, for associating with disloyal Baltimore ladies. It is quite a lengthy document, covering four pages of what it is to be presumed is his diplomatic post paper, as it is larger than any we have seen for a long time. According to the amount of writing it is a most formidable document, but all that appears as substance, is an evidence of the Secretary's desire to frighten our young friend, and for ever deter him from becoming a victim to the influence of the bewitching Rebel ladies of Baltimore. He is informed that before there is time for carrying into effect suitable measures for bringing to justice his Baltimore associates, his case cannot be further entertained; and that he (Mr. Seward) will have pleasure in finding that in the meantime Her Britannic Majesty has deemed an officer so guilty as unworthy to carry her commission.

We are not so much surprised at learning his views as to pun-

ishment for associating with Baltimore Rebel ladies, as Mr. Seward would doubtless be if he was aware that a complete copy of his despatch was subject to their criticism in a very few days after it was written. We trust that it reached them in time to serve a good purpose.

The holiday season appears to have brought an increase of lady visitors to the officers of the garrison, and occasionally some are included whose object evidently is to have it to say that they had ocular demonstration of the appearance Rebels in prison make, especially, we presume, young good-looking Generals.

Without denying the right of some of us to special admiration, the aggregate of gallantry is such that whenever either of the Generals are called for by the officer of the day, while there are ladies in the Fort, especially when the band is on the parapet, we all make ourselves visible. We cannot however appreciate the taste of having us brought out from our comfortable fire by "Dixie" from the band, to be immediately followed by "Yankee Doodle," and shall therefore continue to cultivate our voices by rendering "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "I love Old Dixie, right or wrong," for the benefit of our Yankee lady visitors.

EXCITEMENT IN CONSEQUENCE OF A VESSEL ATTEMPTING TO PASS
BEFORE BEING EXAMINED—MORE LOYAL CITIZENS BROUGHT
DOWN AS PRISONERS—ADDITIONAL RESTRICTIONS AS TO VISI-
TORS—THE BLOCKADE RUN WITH GREENBACKS FOR PRISON-
ERS—TRADING THEM WITH YANKEE SOLDIERS—SUCCESSFUL
STRATEGY IN GETTING NEW CLOTHES.

FOR the first time since the excitement about the supposed attempt to escape by our Georgia friend (who is still in close confinement), and the shock to the nerves to Colonel Burke, from finding the old knife with the gapped edge, we have had, what we have all been wishing for, another excitement in the Fort. It has

arisen from a report having reached the commander of the large number of United States armed vessels which have been engaged in blockading the harbour since the case of the *Chesapeake*, against vessels leaving, as she did, with rebels on board, that a steamer was attempting to get by the fleet and forts without submitting to search. The Revenue cutter at Staten Island signalised—in answer, all the Forts beat to quarters immediately. The guns of the vessels were run out double-shotted. Around us the excitement was intense, prisoners being driven in and locked up hours earlier than usual. We thought of Rebel rams, and all that kind of thing, but it was only a vessel, the captain of which was not aware of the new regulations of the port.

The second week of the new year has brought us hardly anything new. The weather continues extremely cold, which we regret more on account of our lady visitors than ourselves, as we have free access to a pile of good coal, and the cells are so crowded that the want of fresh air at night is most felt. The additional responsibilities to Colonel Burke, since our last, have been a custom-house officer and three other defrauders of the United States Government. The four worthy Unionists have been given select accommodation, in close confinement. The Visiting officer reports that they were captured when on the point of leaving the country. Charge—altering receipts, by substituting by figures greater for a less number of packages furnished by them as Naval contractors. In addition to them, the number in other parts of the Fort have been increased by parties who, under late laws as to defrauders of recruits, are termed “bounty jumpers,” which as understood here means those who procure substitutes and recruits, have them mustered into service and retain their money. The reports which reach us across the sentinel lines are, that one of the two who are here already had taken advantage of a sister-in-law, the other of a mother-in-law; and that there is one to come down, who by holding on to a bounty was cheating his grandmother.

The addition to the number of loyal citizen prisoners having increased the applications for ladies to visit their relatives in the Fort—and as there are (as it appears) more than the officers on duty can attend to and strictly carry out the rules in regard to them—the General in Chief Command has given orders to have withdrawn the privilege to our young Maryland friend to visit her father twice a week, so as to place her on a footing with the Yankee ladies who have husbands in confinement; the consequence being that under the new rules, our lady friends have to make applications anew each time they require permission to enter the Fort.

Rebellious as our lady friends had a good right to be heretofore, the new restrictions have left no grounds whatever for scruples; the consequence has been that through our young Maryland Confederate, the inmates of Nos. 2 and 3 have become possessed of means so that under an arrangement to give a Yankee soldier a dollar greenback in exchange for a pound of butter or sugar, and in proportion for other articles equally appreciated under existing circumstances, they are once more within reach of something better than what the most benign government on earth considers good enough for rebels.

Our pickets and scouts are out the moment the doors of our cells are open in the morning, to pick up whatever our Yankee guardians have thought proper to leave at appointed places during the night, as value for greenback money passed to them, while on duty in front of the cells the previous evening. We cannot complain if it occurs that the result of our outlay is to be seen in a staggering soldier—we do not complain whenever it has the additional effect of getting them in the guardhouse, but would of course, prefer that it should be the Libby prison instead.

Yankee garments are to be seen in wear, by those with the most limited wardrobes, when the orders came from Washington not to permit prisoners who had no relatives in New York to get anything

outside what the garrison furnished. The greater number of Southerners have felt little inconvenience in that respect. Our Maryland friends put in practice strategy which even in the course of the present war cannot have been thought of by any one else, by which some gentlemen were saved the mortification of valuing on the gratuity of enemies. It was strictly according to rule for a prisoner having relatives in New York to order for his use a change of under and over-clothes, stockings, and shoes, but the rule did not guard against the contingency of the articles being for the use of others, or of exchanges on account of misfits, in doing which an old wornout garment might be sent to make a package supposed to contain new articles returned to get fitting ones in their stead, and as it has turned out, our Maryland friend could not be fitted until after several trials.

MORE PRISONERS—FINANCIAL OPERATION BETWEEN A PRISONER AND THE UNITED STATES AUTHORITIES—THE (SUPPOSED) HEAD OF THE SOLDIER-DEFRAUDING FRATERNITY BROUGHT DOWN—HE IS THOROUGHLY UNION, AND ELECTED A MEMBER OF CONGRESS, WHO IS TO GET HIM OUT—INVITATION TO YANKEES FOUND IN THE SOUTH WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.

THERE is not much to give under the historic head this week. A couple of supposed rebel soldiers and two more bounty-jumpers have been added to the number in the other part of the Fort.

A bounty-jumper was taken to New York under an arrangement that his father was to endorse his note in favour of the United States for the sum of which he had defrauded the widow of his brother by not giving but a share of the money he had received as bounty for her son; but it appears that the old man thought better of it, and let his son be remanded to board at the expense of his

Government for a while longer. One of the jumpers brought down is really a character in himself, a Simon pure Yankee, with the New York polish, which we presume he must have got in the second-hand furniture line, as he reports such as his legitimate business. He is one of those always-smiling fellows, can't be made to notice the many attempts at amusement at his expense by his rebel room-mates, who appear to have no hesitation in showing that they appreciate him even less than the others of his tribe, which is on account of his evident desire to assume among them the character of a Union lecturer. He is confident of not only getting a release, but also a clearing-up of his character as soon as a certain Member of Congress—who he says is indebted to his influence for his election—is properly made aware of the particulars of his case. He is particularly interested in endeavouring to prove that the time must come, when the war is over, in which he can meet acquaintances in the South same as he did heretofore; and in moralising with our Virginian rebel-captain, presumed without fear of dissent on his part, that as he, as a Yankee, would not hesitate to invite the now rebel-captain to the hospitalities of his house when peace comes, neither would the captain think of the present time when once more in the enjoyment of peace. His smile was not in the least changed when he heard that, as his countrymen had left his rebel-captain acquaintance without a home, he could not possibly be invited to it when the war was over, but that it was certain that if ever he was known to be in his neighbourhood he would invite him to the limb of the first tree to which he could be hung. Still, at the close of the controversy, the Union-saver would not allow himself to believe that such feelings attached to more than isolated cases of those who are sacrificing life and property so lavishly for the avowed purpose of getting rid of the Yankee character for ever.

ARRIVAL OF A MILITARY COMMISSION FOR TRIAL OF PRISONERS—
—ADDITIONAL RESTRICTIONS—ORDERS FOR VISITORS TO BE
SEARCHED—OFFICERS OBJECT, ORDER WITHDRAWN—EX-
CITEMENT IN THE FORT—ANTICIPATED ATTEMPT TO RELEASE
PRISONERS—NEITHER CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS NOR EPISCOPAL
PRAYER BOOKS ALLOWED—PROCEEDINGS OF THE MILITARY
COMMISSION—HOW A NEW YORK SILVER-GREY DEMOCRAT
WANTED TO BET—WHAT A JERSEY DEMOCRAT WOULD BE
GLAD TO HEAR—DISCHARGE OF BRITISH SUBJECTS—THE
YANKEE POLICY AS TO BRITISH BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

OUR lady friends succeeded in getting a special permit, under which they made one visit this week instead of two as under the pass withdrawn. As the weather is now we are uneasy for their safety, as sometimes it is dangerous to attempt crossing from Fort Hamilton, on account of the drifting ice.

The last has been an unusually interesting week. The long looked for Military Commission arrived—made arrangements for an examination into the cases of all prisoners, with the exception of those known to be in the public service of the Confederate government, and are expected down on Monday to enter upon their duty.

The last time our lady friends came they were allowed to send, for the use of the prisoners in Cells No. 2 and 3, grace-hoops, hand-balls and some ballad music. On the day following their visit an order was issued to search all visitors to the Fort, and a report got currency that a general search of the prisoners' quarters was about to be started. The greenbacks in No. 2 were hid for a while in a rat-hole, and those belonging to No. 3 were for a time in a coal bucket. The *Right Flanker* was suitably looked after, and for two days we would trust none but our most experienced and re-

liable scouts to report as to what was transpiring. It is a great relief to find that the danger has not only passed, but that our Maryland lady friends were not the cause of raising the suspicion that something contraband had been going on. It was nevertheless feared at one time that we would have to dispense with their visits, as our Maryland friend properly objected to their being subjected to the indignity of being searched. It may have been on this account, or the fact that the junior officers declined to assist in carrying out such an order, that it was revoked, and a restriction adopted in its stead of limiting interviews between prisoners and those visiting them to strictly half an hour.

As prisoners will do, we have often speculated as to what unexpected occurrence we might possibly owe our delivery from Fort Lafayette. Confederate iron-clads, or rams from Europe, or an English or French blockading fleet were thought of, but the idea of such a thing as a premeditated attack on the Forts in the harbour by a force from New York never occurred to us. But it appears it must have to the authorities in New York and the officers here, as about nine o'clock last night we were delighted with the idea that something in the way of a real excitement had occurred. The whole garrison was beat to quarters, guns double-shotted, and pointed so as to cover every possible approach from the city or the Long Island shore. Howitzers covering the doors of the place where there were prisoners, &c. Some had it that the appearance of the much-dreaded rams had caused the excitement; others, that the long-talked of time when the Seymour men of New York would require him to make good his promise to protect them against the Lincoln despotism had arrived. But morning came for us to find that it was even a greater scare than the previous one, as at this time it all arose from the waving of handkerchiefs to some of the prisoners who happened to be in sight when a steamer passed that evening, having on board some lately released British sailors. The movement having been observed from some of the Forts, tele-

graphic notice went to head-quarters in New York, and from there Colonel Burke was ordered to prepare to repel an attack for the purpose of liberating his prisoners.

This week our Maryland friend was allowed but one interview, and that for only half an hour, with his daughter and her friend, and, having found the strict lieutenant, before alluded to, as officer of the day, they were compelled to take back a copy of a Democratic Catholic paper (*The Metropolitan Record*) to which our Maryland friend had been a subscriber for several years; and also an Episcopal Prayer Book, which they brought for a room-mate of his.

The Commissioners have entered upon their duties, but judging from their examination so far, it appears that it is to be nothing more nor less than a humbug got up for the purpose of closing the mouths of those in the United States who occasionally find fault with the locking up of people without an examination into the charges against them. The commencement has been with those captured as blockade-runners, the Commissioners knowing so little about their cases that they had to ask information from the prisoners themselves as to the name of the vessel they were on board of, and that of the one they were captured by. After being informed of which, the parties, if holding no position of importance, the question was, "Are you willing to take an oath of allegiance to the United States?" And in the cases of persons of position in the South, "Would you, in the event of the Federal army occupying the place where your family is, still adhere to the Confederate government?" In respect to the Union citizens, some of the questions have been, to our old grey-headed room-mate, "Have you ever wagered that General Lee would be in Washington by a certain time?" and to our Jersey room-mate, "Have you not been heard to say, on a railroad train, that you would be glad if the rebels would drive the whole Abolition crew out of Washington?"

Our Maryland friend has had but to acknowledge the genuineness of a communication in his name, made shortly after his arrest, to the Secretary of War, in which the ground was taken that as no charge against him more than sympathy with the cause of the South could be proven, the Government ought at least to allow him to leave the country.

The only one who has had thus far any reason to hope for result from his examination is the New York merchant who made the bet that he would not be detained here more than a week. It is nearly a month since the inmates of No. 3 had the benefit of fifty dollars in cigars from his loss of that bet, but we are duly glad that he has now a prospect. He has but a cough to complain of; and although rebel citizens were denied the services of a dentist a short time since, there is no reason why the Judge-Advocate of the Commission should not allow a Union citizen to get within reach of medical attendance by a removal to the city.

Two of the inmates of No. 3, finding in the course of their examination that the Commissioners had some knowledge of an attempted arrangement on their part by which they could have got away from the Deputy United States Marshal when being conveyed through New York previous to their being brought down here, felt justified in acknowledging that they would have been allowed to escape had they been willing to increase their offer of money. At first they thought that it was benefiting their cases to make the exposure, but after being called several times before the Judge-Advocate they have concluded that our room-mate, with the cough and a couple of hundred thousand dollars, is the only one who has the least chance of getting out just now.

The week has given us considerable that is new to talk over. Several British subjects have been released; but they were those alone who in justice should have been discharged before they were brought here, as the same evidence to their being neutrals was as

well known when they were in Ludlow Street Jail as it was when they were let go. However, it is entirely the business of their Government, if it allows the Yankee authorities to take their own time in deciding whom they are justified in holding. And it appears not to have come to the knowledge of the British Consul that the captains of Yankee blockaders do not hesitate to say that the purpose is to make all the Englishmen they capture serve at least a couple of months in prison, in order to deter them from engaging anew in the blockade trade.

REMOVAL OF CONFEDERATE OFFICERS TO ANOTHER FORT—TWO ESCAPE ON THE WAY—ANTICIPATED DEPARTURE OF TWO OTHERS FOR THEIR HOMES: ENTERTAINMENT IN THEIR HONOUR—EDITORIAL BANQUET OF THE "RIGHT FLANKER"—THE SENSATION OF THE DAY:—"BRAVES, WHO HAVE WITH STONEWALL BLED!" FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE officers comprising the staff of the General brought here some time since from New Orleans, and two other Confederate officers, were started under guard for Fort McHenry. The mail which brought information of the arrival of the staff officers at their place of destination, brought to us the welcome news that the plans of the other two to escape on the way had been entirely successful; one having relieved the guard of the care of him near the railway *dépôt* in Jersey City, and the other near the *dépôt* in Baltimore. Before starting there was something mentioned in respect to their giving parole of honour while on the train, but as it was decided by them not to come under an obligation of the kind, our friends are all right, if they can only properly disguise themselves and keep out of the way of detective officers.

The No. 3 party, who have got along so pleasantly together,

is to be further reduced shortly by the removal of two, the return of whom to their country and families will be hailed with the greatest pleasure, at the same time that the loss of their companionship will be regretted by all. We trust that their cases, and those of the two held so long as hostages for them, may be the last expedient of the kind during the war.

In view of their leaving, and the fact of our having been in possession of funds enough to give an entertainment, in conformity with the estimate in which they have been held by all as friends of the *Right Flanker* enterprise, and some Old Rye being at disposal, yesterday was availed of as an occasion suitable for our local-item reporter getting up an account of what had been in contemplation some time, but which has been delayed in hopes of our having it in our power to be better prepared for such an affair; a sensational account (*à la Herald*) of an Editorial Banquet in honour of the *Right Flanker*. The report of such a banquet appears in our local item column as follows:

"The Sensation of the Day,"
 The great Editorial Banquet of the *Right Flanker*.
 The Lafayette Bastile in a Blaze of Glory.
 Great Concentration of Patriotism.
 The Programme of the Only Way to End the War.
 The Emperor of China (the owner of the Anglo-Rebel Rams)
 to arbitrate.
 The Knights of the Golden Circle.
 Pass-word—"Cousin Sally Ann," &c., &c.

*Extract:—*The Great Editorial Banquet of the *Right Flanker* at the Lafayette Bastile.—This much-talked-of and long-expected entertainment came off yesterday with great *éclat*. The company present on the occasion included the most notable and fashionable of the sojourners at that celebrated establishment.

The sentimental, and other tastes, evidenced were such that we can say, after an experience derived from an attendance at all the reunions of a similar nature which have taken place in that abode of fashion, such a treat for the admirers of patriotism has never been equalled, and as might have been anticipated, ideas were called forth which could only be looked for in an assembly of the kind. The preparations for the gratification of epicurean taste were the result of the most careful attention on the part of the caterer, whose ability in that respect had been frequently tested by similar occasions. It was generally conceded that it was out of his power to have succeeded more admirably. As usual of late the tables were furnished exclusively from the productions for which the Bastile estate has so long been famous. In fact, it might be said that every want was supplied from the establishment itself, as it became necessary to procure elsewhere but one article in the liquor line.

The Chair was most appropriately filled, and at about four o'clock the festivities commenced by a suggestion from the chairman that it would be in good taste and appropriate to the occasion to preface the regular toasts with a suitable recognition of the esteem in which those present held such an illustrious personage, and he therefore proposed the health of His Majesty *the Emperor of China*. As might be anticipated, the mere mention of the name had the effect looked for, as such a means of awakening pleasant reminiscences of home, and the cheering only subsided to give way to the band which struck up "Carry me back to old Virginia."

The senior Editor furnished the first regular toast—"The '*Right Flanker*;' may its position be ever impregnable in connection with a centre, having a *Lee* in front and the memory of a *Jackson* in the rear, and may the left rest on *Southern Independence*," which brought out the most successful effort of the Musical Club in attendance in singing—

Braves who have with Stonewall bled
 Braves whom Lee hath ofttimes led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour,
 See the front of battle lower,
 See approach proud Lincoln's power,
 Chains and slavery.

Who would be a traitor knave?
 Who could fill a coward's grave?
 Who so base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee.

Who for Southern rights and laws
 Freedom's sword will bravely draw,
 Freeman stand or Freeman fall,
 Let him on with Lee.

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By our sires in dungeons chained,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.

Lay the base usurpers low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe,
 Liberty's in every blow,
 Let us do or die.

Then followed "The *Right Flanker*; its principles and its policy: undying faith in our glorious cause, and the advocacy of every effort for our liberty." *Music*—"The Bonnie Blue Flag."

"May peace be the source of as much glory as the war has been, and our poets rival our warriors." *Music*—"Juanita."

"The life-drama we are now enacting: may the curtain fall

and rise no more on the same performance." *Music*—"Annie Laurie."

"The Southern Army, a band of patriots struggling for liberty; they will never succumb to Northern tyranny." *Music*—"Stonewall Jackson's March."

"Raphael Semmes, the pioneer cruiser of the Confederate Navy: may he live to triumph on the ocean while the war lasts, and to enjoy the fruits of his labour when peace is established." *Music*—"A Life on the Ocean Wave."

"The day we celebrate, as distance in the landscape lends enchantment to the view; so, in other days and other climes, we'll gladly think of you." *Music*—"Home, Sweet Home."

After the announcement of the regular toasts, and the discussion of the merits of what was intended to promote a flow of soul, the next in order were volunteer toasts, which were as follows:—

"Our Chairman, the worthy son of one of the most famous in upholding the honour of the Old Dominion in the greatest rebellion of ancient or modern times." *Music*—"Hail to the Chief."

"The Hero in the nautical exploit which, more than any other, has proved what can be expected from a navy which in infancy has the last chance for life volunteered in its service." *Music*—"The Confederate March."

"The Representatives of the Heroes to whom is entrusted the defence of our soil, the confidence of such men as have been tested at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, is not to be shaken by the trials of Fort Lafayette." *Music*—"Beauregard's March."

"The Pioneers in the Foreign Trade of the Confederate States." *Music*—"Up with the Stars and Bars."

"The right kind of Allies for the Confederacy, such as are

present from the lands of the Shamrock and Thistle. To fight its cause with pen and sword is all the privilege they want." *Music*—"St. Patrick's Day," and "The Campbells are Coming."

"The Maryland Blue Eyes, which so frequently look down upon the evidence of the struggle in which her native State has so much interest—the present Captives in Fort Lafayette." *Music*—"Maryland, my Maryland."

"Sweethearts and Wives," and "Cousin Sally-Ann," were given at the conclusion; and at about five o'clock the company was broken up—the members (including the writer) returning to their respective homes to enjoy the pleasure of reflecting that had they not been in attendance they would have lost such an opportunity as cannot be expected to occur again.

A TRIFLING ARTICLE DENIED A PRISONER—NEWS FROM THE ESCAPED PRISONERS—ONE HAS A PLEASANT TIME IN WESTERN VIRGINIA, BALTIMORE, NEW YORK, AND BOSTON, BEFORE LEAVING FOR BERMUDA—LEAVING OF TWO PRISONERS FOR FORTRESS MONROE, TO BE EXCHANGED—THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE MILITARY COMMISSION CONCLUDED—THE ONLY RESULT THE TRANSFER OF A RICH UNION CITIZEN TO A NEW YORK JAIL.

NO one has been discharged yet in consequence of examination by the Military Commissioners. Our Maryland friend had an interview this week of just the half-hour with his daughter, and in consequence of the late strictness in other respects he was not allowed to receive a trifling article brought him as a birthday gift.

The principal subject of interest during the week has been the report from our friend the officer who escaped at the *dépôt* at Baltimore. When jokingly talking over the chances of escape, his room-mates suggested as a programme, to be followed in case

of success in getting away from the guard, first to assume the character of a preacher, on account of delicate appearance. Secondly, if some tracts should be within reach, to be sure and have a good supply to hand round among railway or steamer passengers. Not to omit having at all times in hand a good Abolition newspaper (the *New York Tribune*, if possible,) and campaign it so with passengers adjoining that the rebellion be crushed in not over thirty days, and that Jefferson Davis and all his followers come to the gallows as soon as possible afterwards. Then, so soon as out of danger, to insert a personal in the *Herald*, using certain cabalistic words which were on the walls of the cell, as we would be on the lookout. We are not aware of his having had recourse to the tracts, *Tribune*, speedy crushing of the rebellion, and hanging all the Rebels; but we have the personal in the *Herald*, from which it appears he went out from the Capes of Virginia in a British vessel.

The other lucky fellow, who escaped at the Jersey City *dépôt* not having been a room-mate of the editorial staff of the *Right Flanker*, failed to inform us exactly of the programme of his case: still *we know* that after relieving his keepers of all responsibility on his account, he passed quite a pleasant time in Western Virginia, Maryland, New York and Boston, before leaving for Halifax and Bermuda.

Next to the cases of our escaped friends, the two hostages have left for Fortress Monroe to be exchanged. We missed them from the spots occupied by them in our small quarters for several months of the (to us) long winter season. May all the happiness they wished for attend their arrival home.

The Military Commissioners appeared to have concluded their labours, and as we learn started for Fort Warren; the only result being the removal of our fellow-prisoner with the bad cough and the two hundred thousand dollars, to a jail in New York, from

which we hear that he is allowed to be absent nightly, by paying an officer to accompany him. We sincerely congratulate him. Prisoners may not feel for every one who is brought down here, at the same time it is invariably the case that all are glad to see any one regain liberty.

THE MILITARY COMMISSIONERS AND A CONFEDERATE ENGINEER;
THE LATTER CONTENDS THAT THERE IS A CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT, FOR WHICH HE IS MORE CLOSELY LOCKED UP—A
JAR OF OYSTERS DENIED A PRISONER.

THE last act performed by the Commissioners proved to be in accordance with our ideas as to the whole operation, on their part, being a farce. Among the number examined by them, some of whom were before them more than once, were several attached to the engine department of a captured blockade-runner. These were called up and offered their liberty provided they were willing to exercise their capacities in the service of the Government. On a proposition of the kind being made to the chief-engineer (a Baltimorean), the remark was made by him that he was already in Government employ, whereupon the officers concluded that they must have been trying a loyal citizen, and were about to order a discharge of the supposed injured party, until he informed them that it was the Confederate Government he alluded to, when he received an extra reprimand for the expression of the word Government, as applied by him, and was quickly remanded to his cell.

Our Maryland friend had a visit from his ladies (for the half hour) this week, also from a Holland friend of his, who, not knowing the rules of the Fort, brought for him a jar of pickled oysters. But strange as it to us appears, on account of our knowledge of the apparent preference which the Colonel has for him

(our Maryland room-mate), he would not allow him to receive the jar of oysters. Perhaps it is owing to the proprietor of the restaurant where the oysters were purchased, the same who some time since objected to a package of game for a prisoner here being directed to him in the place where he did not hesitate to receive the money for them.

A UNION PRISONER'S APPEAL FOR VEGETABLES—HIS RELATIVES FEAR THAT HIS MIND IS AFFECTED—HIS HOPE ON ACCOUNT OF ROTHSCHILDS' AGENT HANGING OUT THE OLD FLAG, AND HELPING TO CRUSH THE REBELLION—CONTROVERSIES BETWEEN NORTHERN CITIZENS AS TO THE STANDARD FOR SOCIETY—DIFFERENCE OF TREATMENT TO UNION AND REBEL PRISONERS.

THE interest which the past week has afforded outside, of local items and the ordinary contributions to our columns, has been in the case of our room-mate from New Jersey. For some time he, like many of us, has been suffering in health from the want of vegetable matter, and has frequently endeavoured to sufficiently impress the friends to whom he wrote with the idea that he could not possibly survive much longer under the present restrictions as to food. An unfavourable turn of feelings in mind, as well as body, induced him a few nights since to be influenced by a room-mate having a waggish taste, who suggested that an application to head-quarters for enough of vegetable matter *to smell*, instead of to eat, would be attended with success, and he therefore directed his lady friends to make such an application. As soon as they received a request from him for a "few small potatoes and an onion," they concluded that his mind had become affected, and, while under the excitement such an idea occasioned procured a permit, not for one alone as heretofore, but for three of them to visit him. The result of such a visit, under

such circumstances, can be more easily imagined than described. We are happy to say, however, that their alarm was uncalled for, as the only time our room-mate appeared at all unreasonable has been when in the expectation that in consequence of his brother-in-faith, the agent of the Rothschilds,¹ having always a large silk star-spangled banner displayed from a Fifth Avenue residence, and the fact of his having done so much in means towards crushing the rebellion, he (our Jersey room-mate) ought to receive favourable attention at the hands of the Government. Occasionally he and our New York Democratic room-mate would become excited in controversy in enlightening us rebels as to the standard of society in the Empire City: one contending that a great bridge-builder was at the head, as he had the most money; while the other granted that privilege to the man who could afford to present to the Government a steamer to catch the *Alabama*.² With these exceptions, we have found our Jersey room-mate always inclined to keep within discretionary limits, after making proper allowance for the latitude as the inventor of the "endless chains of fire" all must agree he is entitled to.

The late New York hotel-keeper, lastly (as we are given to understand) occupying a high position among the bounty-jumpers, having adopted the sick-strategy—as did our No. 3 rich Union room-mate, who is now under medical care in New York—has been allowed to order in delicacies from his lady relatives; while so strict are the rules in respect to us rebels and rebel-sympathisers, that of late our musket-carrying guardians can't operate at the rate of a pound of butter or a pound of sugar for a dollar of the green-backs which our young lady friend took so much risk in bringing us. She and her companion have been down as usual this week, and we are most happy to find that they give encouraging accounts as to efforts which are being made by the friends of the

¹ August Belmont?

² Commodore Vanderbilt.

special object of their visits towards having him turned over to the jurisdiction of a Civil Court in New York, it having been decided that he is not guilty of a military offence.

THE STRONG ARMS AND BRAVE HEARTS OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN
THE ONLY DEPENDENCE OF REBEL PRISONERS—ANTICIPATED
NECESSITY FOR DISCONTINUANCE OF THE "RIGHT FLANKER"
—REMOVAL OF SEVERAL PRISONERS FROM THE FORT, AND THE
EXISTING COPIES OF IT ENTRUSTED TO THEM—FINAL DIS-
CONTINUANCE OF IT—PUBLICATION OF FORT LAFAYETTE LIFE.

FINE March weather keeps us out of doors more than usual, and though allowed an increase of room to exercise in, we feel the confinement more unbearable than when the weather obliged us to stay more indoors. And as it is now settled that nothing favourable is to result from the examination by the Military Commission, we have nothing to look to but the holding out of our health and patience, and the strong arms and brave hearts of our fellow-countrymen.

Since four of the original inmates of No. 3, and three from No. 2, have been removed, the number of reliable Right Flankers have not only become considerably less, but in some instances the places of the friends of the enterprise are occupied by doubtful parties. It therefore becomes necessary to exercise unusual caution, in doing which the result of our efforts must naturally be lessened. This explanation is made for the information of the readers at the other side, who notice that their communications do not appear this week.

The only change among the prisoners has been in the removal of the captain and officers of a captured steamer to a jail in New York, to serve as witnesses in deciding whether a Government

transport which made the capture, or the regular cruiser which came up shortly afterwards, is entitled to the prize money.

Our lady friends down as usual, bringing the gratifying news that a friend from Washington reports that an order is out to remove our Maryland room-mate to the jurisdiction of a court in New York.

As the remaining Right Flankers are about to retire for the night, the officer of the day is in Cell No. 3, to report that early in the morning our Maryland room-mate, the three others arrested at the time he was, and our young friend who was brought here from the Capitol prison, are to be removed to head quarters. As their baggage includes some trunks well adapted for the purpose of secreting considerable bulk, and as there does not remain an effective force to get up another issue of the *Right Flanker*, it is determined that the occasion be availed of to remove the existing copies of it from Fort Lafayette. The idea, in part, in getting up such a sheet as the *Right Flanker*, having been for the purpose of interest to, and reference by, those who have been or may be inmates of Fort Lafayette, as well as to afford those who have not had an opportunity to judge correctly as to life in it, it is presumed not improbable that the interest of readers in the present extracts will be increased by an addition to explain the course in regard to persons liberated from there who have not a status under the cartel for exchange of prisoners between the United and Confederate States authorities.

It is therefore thought proper first to refer to the cases of the five who were left in charge of the last issues of the *Right Flanker*, which is done as briefly as possible to be correct and just. After removal from the charge of the officers in command of the Fort, the five prisoners alluded to were taken to the Major-General commanding the department. The one whose parole had been ignored when he was sent down was allowed the privilege of it

again; the other four were sent to a jail, subject to the United States civil authorities, from which, after some detention, they were released by entering into bonds for appearance before a United States Commissioner, who, after hearing all the evidence in possession of the Washington authorities, ordered a final release on the grounds (as near as understood) that, according to law, parties *merely agreeing to aid* another, who did not actually intend to commit an offence (and the Detective swore that he did not), were not amenable under any known statute. The result, of course, was taken advantage of as soon as possible by the released parties—the captain returning to the command of his vessel; the patent fuse manufacturer to look up the best customer for his invention, he being again at liberty (he had always been willing) to let the highest bidder have it.

The chief of the Silver-Grey Democrats (as he, in the Fort, termed the party of which he claimed to be the head), from appearances assumed the place of a martyr, although he had not a single friend or relative to make him a visit during an incarceration of five months; and the Marylander became free to renew his business as a merchant.

It is not known how the movements of three of the four finally resulted, but a special interest in the Marylander, on account of the peculiar result in his case, causes it to be noticed in "Fort Lafayette Life." Soon after getting his liberty, without coming under obligations to the United States Government, he was so unlucky as to become compromised again in efforts to save a friend from conscription into the Yankee service, making an immediate departure for neutral territory necessary.

Only those who have endured the trials and hardships of a prison life, can best appreciate the blessings of personal liberty. And therefore the meeting of exiles in a friendly country ¹ was the

¹ England.

occasion of congratulation and the source of much interest. Especially when, as in the present instance, several were of the editorial staff of the *Right Flanker*. Many of the exiles had been confined in various Federal prisons; some had just arrived from Fort Lafayette, and brought tidings of the remaining editorial corps yet within its gloomy cells.

One of them, a captain, had plunged boldly into the sea from its walls, upon a dark and stormy night, with a life-preserver around him which his friends had procured in a contraband manner, and having floated with the tide, landed on the beach some three miles distant from the Fort. Another, a contributor to the *Flanker*, had been released, after his long incarceration, as the Secretary of State and Her Majesty's representative had at length arrived at the conclusion that he was innocent of the charges made against him.

It was then determined to publish extracts from the *Right Flanker*, as affording a correct knowledge of prison life in the United States during the present war, and properly enlightening the public at large in regard to subjects of special interest to them.

THE END

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THE AMERICAN TARS IN TRIPOLITAN SLAVERY

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS AND CAPTURE OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE *PHILADELPHIA*; TREATMENT AND SUFFERINGS OF THE PRISONERS; DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE; MANNERS, CUSTOMS, &c, OF THE TRIPOLITANS; PUBLIC TRANSACTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES WITH THAT REGENCY, INCLUDING GEN. EATON'S EXPEDITION, INTERSPERSED WITH INTERESTING REMARKS, ANECDOTES, AND POETRY, ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

WRITTEN DURING UPWARDS OF NINETEEN MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT AND VASSALAGE AMONG THE TURKS

BY

WILLIAM RAY

TROY:

PRINTED BY OLIVER LYON

FOR THE AUTHOR

1808

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Horrors of Slavery:

OR, THE

AMERICAN TARS IN TRIPOLI.

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BY WILLIAM RAY.

"NATURE NE'ER MEANT TO FORM A SLAVE;

"HER BIRTH-RIGHT'S LIBERTY."

——SLAVERY! THOU ART A BITTER CUP.

STERNE.

TROY:
PRINTED BY OLIVER LYON,
FOR THE AUTHOR.

1808.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

We have great pleasure in offering to our subscribers this, the only edition since the original of 1808, of a very scarce item of Americana, descriptive of a captivity which, though just over a century ago, will read to most of them like a story of the Middle Ages. Yet it is strictly true, and one of its characters (Doctor Cowdery) died as late as 1852.

The author was one of those restless, versatile Americans, who remind us of him who was

Everything by starts and nothing long.

Not gifted with the doggedness necessary to achieve wealth and fame, his very name is unknown to all but the bibliophile; yet he deserved a better fate, as did his more noted contemporary, William Eaton. Both were natives of Connecticut; both had long experience of the Barbary pirates, and both were fated to die in obscurity.

William Ray was born in Salisbury, Conn., December 9, 1771. In 1781 his father removed to New York State, and in 1790 our hero began life as a school-teacher in Dover, Dutchess county. In 1792 he became a country storekeeper, but was ruined by the Embargo.

We are unable to learn anything definite of him for the next ten years, but in 1803 he was offered the editorship of a Philadelphia newspaper; from which circumstance we may reasonably infer that he had considerable talent. On the way to assume the new post he was taken sick, and when, after prolonged delay, he

reached Philadelphia, it was only to find that another had meanwhile been appointed in his stead.

In his disappointment and poverty he enlisted in the Navy as a private of the Marine Corps, and sailed on the frigate *Philadelphia*, commanded by Captain Bainbridge. His educational advantages soon secured him the berth of "ship's writer," where he probably escaped much of the disagreeable duties of an ordinary subordinate.

Among the *Philadelphia's* officers were some destined to renown—Biddle, Porter and Macdonough among them. It is worth noticing that the second, then only a lieutenant, was already noted for his cruel treatment of the sailors, a trait to be referred to years after when a captain, by one of his crew, Samuel Leech, whose *Voice from the Main Deck* forms one of the series of these "EXTRAS."

Ray's story of the long and rigorous imprisonment of the crew at Tripoli is the fullest and most interesting of the few similar narratives extant. His criticisms on the story of Dr. Cowdery, surgeon of the frigate, are extremely caustic; while his observations on subsequent events in Tripoli, leading up to Eaton's famous desert expedition and its frustration by the weakness of Barron and the intrigues of Lear, are equally interesting.

It will be noticed that his long-winded, pedantic phraseology and imagery, which has free rein throughout the earlier chapters, gradually changes until, in the actual narrative of his Tripolitan sufferings, he uses a very different and much simpler style.

The story of David Valenzin (Chapter XV) is one to make Americans blush for the treatment accorded an injured man, who, worn out by official red-tape and delay, and despairing of justice, finally committed suicide.

On the voyage home on the *Essex*, Ray was captain's clerk; and after leaving the navy, he went to Essex County, N. Y., in

1809, and tried storekeeping once more, only to fail again. In 1812 he established and edited the *Reveille*, the first newspaper in the county; but it soon died. There are preserved at Albany many letters from Ray to Governor Tompkins, applying for office; and on August 26, 1812, he secured the appointment of quartermaster of the Third Brigade of State troops, with the rank of Major. He seems to have been stationed at Plattsburg, but there is no mention of his participating in the battle there.

At the close of the war he removed successively to Whitesboro, Herkimer and Skaneateles, where he appears as a druggist. In 1816 he was editor of the *Onondaga Gazette*, at Onondaga Hill. Here he was a "magistrate"—probably justice of the peace (as he had been in Essex county), and a Commissioner of the Courts of Record; but in 1820 he seems to have been politically out of favor, for he lost his Commissionership. Soon afterwards he published at Auburn a volume of poems, some of considerable merit. Misfortune, however, followed him, the *Albany Argus* in noticing the publication, calling him "that favorite of genius and son of misfortune."

He died at Auburn in 1827. A second edition of the poems was published at New York in 1826. I have been unable to trace any of his posterity, other than his daughter Nancy, who died in 18—, at Syracuse.

EDITOR.

THE AMERICAN TARS IN TRIPOLITAN SLAVERY

EXORDIUM

WHAT has been always customary,
Legal becomes, and necessary;
And, 'mongst ten thousand stranger things,
When wonder from a volume rings,

Is that anxiety we show,
The writer of the book to know;
Whether he ignorant or wise is—
A *knave*, or *fool* with *virtuous* vices;
And hence the practice is to shew 'em
In biographic sketch, or proem:
Here follows, then, or Truth's a liar,
Some pat remarks, if you desire,
And leisure have to halt and read 'em,
If not, skip o'er, and never heed 'em.

That he was born, you well may know,
For any fool could tell you so;
Of whom, perhaps, you wish to hear,
The day, the month, the hour, the year:
All these we very well remember;
'Twas on the ninth day of December,
In seventeen hundred seventy-one,
Before the rising of the sun,
And just, if you'll believe the story,
As chaste, and blushing, fair Aurora
Burst the clasped arms of negro Night,
A RAY from darkness peep'd to light.

His father, wise, as most of men,
Found out that five and five made ten;

(But still he taught his docile son
 That one were three, and three were one)
 And prov'd of philosophic lore,
 The more we know, we know the more.
 That pain would pain, and pleasure please him—
 That fire would burn, and frost would freeze him;
 And though he could not name the causes
 Of planets' motions, and their pauses,
 He judg'd that *black* could not be *white*—
 Of course, that *darkness* must be *night*;
 Except when some eclipse befell us,
 Which by ephemeris he could tell us,
 All this he knew, by perfect rule,
 Although he never taught a school;
 Never, with all his stock of knowledge,
 Was graduated at a College,
 Where thousands take their learn'd degrees,
 In arts less useful far than these;
 And yet the son was counted rather
 More learn'd and skilful than his father.

Now busy *Fame* and staring *Wonder*
 Have nearly burst their orbs asunder,
 And *Curiosity* stands tip-toe,
 And *Slander's* dying, to let slip too,
 And asks what dung-hill of the earth,
 Was known by such a *crowing* birth?
 While some, yet none but silly asses,
 Will judge it to have been Parnassus.

In hopes it will not blast the fame of
 America, he boasts the name of
American.—"But," says the Yankee,
 "If you will tell me *where*, I'll thank 'e;
 "For since the *country* you have told, Sir,
 "What *place*, if I may be so bold, Sir?
 "For asking questions we are famous,

"And *strangers*, therefore, cannot blame us."
 O, not at all—what you demand, Sir,
 Prompt as a witness I shall answer.

Connecticut, to frogs once fatal,
 Is the same State he calls his natal;
 A State which other States surpasses,
 For pumpkins, johnny-cakes, molasses,
 Rogues, priests, attornies, quack-physicians,
 Blue laws, and black-coat politicians;
 Where many a father's son, aye, plenty,
 Is father of a son at twenty;
 And many a mother's maid has been
 A mother made at seventeen;
 And many more, at twenty-sev'n,
 Pray more for husbands than for heav'n;
 Where people live, while they have breath,
 And die, whene'er they meet with death.
 Of Litchfield County's mud and clay,
 Was form'd the flesh of WILLIAM RAY,
 And Salisbury the very place
 Where first he dar'd to shew his face:
 A county where the feds prevail,
 And Selleck Osborn pin'd in jail,
 To prove of *martyrdom* the fitness,
 By giving to the world a *Witness*
 That men may *Freedom* have, and lose her,
Court, and *wed Pow'r*, and then abuse her.

Early in life he went to school,
 To gather wisdom from a fool;
 Who, senseless dolt, no reason knew why
 One had a black, and one a blue eye;
 Why some than other men were taller,
 Had longer noses, or were smaller;
 Nor why so many sons of Adam
 Had not *black skins*, while others had 'em;

Nor whether that complexion sable
 Mark'd Cain, for killing brother Abel;
 Nor could he tell us, by *Addition*,
 How many quacks made one physician;
 How many pettifoggers, pliant,
 Made one true lawyer to his client;
 How many priests, that cant and whine,
 Made one good orthodox divine;
 How many pray'rs there must be giv'n,
 To send one hypocrite to heav'n;
 How many prudes, that fancy no man,
 Made one chaste, virtuous, honest woman;
 Nor could he tell with *all* his brains,
 Take pride from alms and what remains;
 Nor yet, although he knew *Subtraction*,
 Take *lust* from *love* and leave a fraction;
 Nor shew us, by *Multiplication*,
 How many scoundrels rule a nation,
 While many good men, by *Reduction*,
 Are brought to prison and destruction.

But he could shew, by *Rule of Three*,
 As *warfare* is to *butchery*,
 So heroes equal guilt exhibit,
 To cut-throats, dangling on a gibbet;
 And prove, from *Int'rest*, (which a fact is)
 The just in word are knaves in *Practice*:
 By *Barter* and by *Loss* and *Gain*,
 How fools *Exchange* their ease for pain.

Of *Ethicks* he knew not a little,
 For he could tell us to a tittle,
 Though the distinction very nice is,
 The *names* of virtues and of vices:
 That *Friendship* nothing meant but *pelf*,
 And *Social Love*—to *love one's Self*;
 That *Truth* was made—not to be spoken,

And vows of Honour—to be broken;
 That rigid *Justice* all detest,
 And *Mercy*, painful to the breast;
 That *Love of Country* meant the same
 As *Pride, Ambition, Pomp, and Fame*;
 That *Courage*, term it as you will,
 Was nought but fear that greater ill
 Would follow, if we took to flight,
 Than meet us, if we brav'd the fight;
 That *Honesty*, so much applauded,
 Had thousands of their rights defrauded;
 So hidden was, so marr'd and twisted,
 He could not tell where it existed.
 And to his knowledge pedagogic,
 He added all the pow'rs of *Logic*;
 For he could prove from reasons strong,
 That *wrong* was *right*, and *right* was *wrong*;
 That is, by Pope's "unerring light,"
 He show'd "Whatever is, is right;"
 And hence, by reasons full as strong,
 Whatever is not, is not wrong;
 And thus *probatum est* it stood,
 That there is neither bad nor good.—
 But halt—the muse flies quite too fast,
 And some important things have past.

Ere yet he reach'd septennial years,
 To raise his hopes, and calm his fears,
 Respecting what some zealots tell,
 How span-long infants roast in hell,
 Who into it were luckless hurl'd,
 Before they ever saw the world;
 'Twas found expedient he should know
 The terms of future bliss or woe.
 The first was infantile baptism,
 And then to learn his catechism,
 Dug from the Scriptures' deepest mines,

By Reverend Synod of Divines.
 In which they taught him to believe,
 The snake that courted granny Eve,
 Though like a *gentleman*, so civil,
 Was his "*grim majesty, the Devil*;"
 Who with his tongue took such a grapple,
 He coax'd her to accept an apple;
 Which she, like any well-bred woman,
 With her lov'd husband shar'd in common;
 And being left to free volition,
 Brought us into our curs'd condition.
 Yet God himself ordain'd the sin,
 Which could not otherwise have been;
 That God, from all eternity,
 By his immutable decree,
 Elected some of Adam's race,
 The minions of his partial grace;
 Inspir'd the Gospel to believe,
 Compell'd his mercy to receive;
 From crimes atrocious call'd, or driv'n,
 And dragg'd by violence to heav'n;
 While far the greater part remain
 Predestin'd to eternal pain;
 The objects of his wrath, created
 On purpose to be reprobated;
 Mock'd by an ineffectual call,
 And told that grace was offer'd all;
 Debar'd from ever *faith* receiving,
 And damn'd at last for *not believing*.
 Like one who spreads a free repast,
 And calls his servants all to taste,
 Admits a few to be his brothers,
 And bolts his door against the others,
 Then punishes, with ruthless hand,
 Those who obey'd not his command.

To bring such dogmas reconcil'd,
Would puzzle any *common child*;
He, therefore, while his faith was sprouting,
Began to doubt, and still is doubting;
But here he rests, here all his trust is,
That God both merciful and just is,
And will not plunge our souls in woe,
For crimes six thousand years ago.

In childhood, plumbs, and cakes, and toys,
These constituted half his joys;
And buckles, buttons, or a knife,
Were valued dearly as his life;
The mirror pond, the gurgling rill,
Whereon he built his little mill;
The sling, whence buzz'd the pebble missile,
The jews-harp, whirligig, and whistle:
But, lest we weary your attention,
With things too trifling *now* to mention,
With sweetest joys of life we'll class them,
And so in fond remembrance pass them,
And come to tell you how he acted,
As time and years his life protracted.

In youth, the tyranny of passions,
And versatility of fashions,
Though sober call'd, by some, and steady,
Made his head whirl till it was giddy;
For pleasure led him such a caper,
He thought he could not well escape her;
And *Happiness*, *Contentment's* daughter,
He fancied once that he had caught her;
But on a strict examination,
Lo! 'twas the termagant, *Vexation*!
That, like a Vixen, ever follow'd
Those pleasures not by temp'rance hallow'd;
That gaudy clothing, brilliant dances,

And *love*, which all the soul entrances,
 That vision of a vision, which is
 A phantom all the world bewitches,
 To follow in a certain train
 The path that often ends in pain,
 Was happiness: but, ah! we find
 'Tis seated only in the mind,
 By reason into truth conducted,
 And sound morality instructed;
 Arm'd with philosophy t' oppose
 Our passions, worst of all our foes.

At twenty-two he enter'd trade;
 But Fortune, that capricious jade,
 Soon as he mounted on her back,
 Fled frisking from the beaten track,
 Took to the woods, through thorn and brier,
 And left him sprawling in the mire.
 While creditors' voracious jaws,
 Cursing insolvents and their laws,
 Yawn'd, frothing like a beast that battles,
 To swallow all his goods and chattels;
 Each swearing he'd have what was his own,
 Or end the debtor's life in prison,
 In such a just and noble cause,
 They had the sanction of the laws;
 Which give us liberty to seize,
 And murder debtors, if we please;
 For when they nothing have to give,
 They should not any longer live:
 So erst the wisdom of the state,
 Hatch'd from some Dutchman's pond'rous pate,
 Ordain'd that each insolvent debtor,
 To live and pay his debts the better,
 Should, or might be, forthwith arrested,
 And creditors with right invested
 To seize his property, while any,

And when he'd not another penny,
 To take his body, sick or well,
 And drag it to a *worse* than hell;
 Depriv'd of all the joys of life,
 Perhaps a family and wife,
 Chameleon-like to feed on air,
 Or worse, on mis'ry and despair;
 Without the means or pow'r to pay,
 Much longer than the *judgment* day,
 Unless the three-fourth act he take,
 Or make his fortune with a break;
 If not, why let the rascal lie,
 What is it for a man to die,
 Who must discharge, sooner or later,
 The debt he owes to mother nature?
 And 'twill be own'd by any dunce,
 He'd better pay them all at once;
 For death's a debt we all must pay,
 Our life's expences to defray.

Such is the sample Candour draws,
 To shew the mildness of our laws,
 Which force men to abscond or fly,
 Turn swindlers, or in prison die;
 He, therefore, to avoid the times,
 Embark'd to visit foreign climes.

And by experience 'twill be found
 That man is man the world around;
 Whether in *England* we behold him,
 Fawning round tyrants that have sold him,
 Licking the hand that chains him down
 To *bleed* for *honour* and the crown;
 Or *Ireland*, where an opposition
 To chains and halters is sedition;
 (And 'tis confest that many need 'em,
 Who anarchy entitle freedom;)

Or whether farther we advance,
 And take a peep at reeking *France*;
 Where sanguinary Robespierre
 Serv'd priests as we do poultry here,
 And thought no more of cutting throats
 Of men and women, than of shoats;
 Where Bonaparte, with flag unfurl'd,
 Spreads carnage o'er the trembling world,
 And conquers kingdoms, states, and nations,
 Easier than lovers do their passions;
 Or *Spain*, where horrid inquisition
 Extorts the curse of superstition;
 Or *Portugal*, where priests from heav'n,
 To people are as one t' eleven;
 Whether a *Russian Czar* he shines,
 Or labours in Siberian mines;
 Or pass to *Asia*, if you can,
 Whose God's a corpulent old man;
 Or *Africa*, where men are barter'd
 For gewgaws, or for market quarter'd;
 On *Barb'ry's* coast, where dread Bashaws
 At pleasure make and break their laws;
 Where tyranny, with hungry zeal,
 Devours his thousands at a meal,
 Yet hopes to rise to heaven's high summit,
 Through intercession of Mahomet.

Or whether back again we come,
 And take a view of things at home;—
 At Georgia's southern point begin ye,
 And travel up through old Virginia;
 What's to be seen where people boast
 Of being friends to freedom most?

Behold the lordly planter stand,
 The lash still reeking in his hand,
 O'er the poor slave, whose only sin is

That his, alas! a sable skin is;
This gives the wretch, whose hide is white,
To flay him an undoubted right;
From country and his friends compel him,
To starve, to murder, or to sell him;
Whose treatment crueller and worse is,
Than that of cattle, swine, or horses;
And e'en they often say the slave
Has not, like them, a soul to save.

Are you republicans?—away!
'Tis blasphemy the word to say—
You talk of freedom?—out, for shame!
Your lips contaminate the name.
How dare you prate of public good,
Your hands besmear'd with human blood?
How dare you lift those hands to heav'n,
And ask, or hope to be forgiv'n?
How dare you breathe the wounded air,
That wafts to heav'n the negro's pray'r?
How dare you tread the conscious earth
That gave mankind an equal birth?
And while you thus inflict the rod,
How dare you say there is a God
That will, in justice, from the skies,
Hear and avenge his creatures' cries?
"Slaves to be sold," hark, what a sound!
Ye give America a wound,
A scar, a stigma of disgrace,
Which time nor you can e'er efface;
And prove, of nations yet unborn,
The curse, the hatred, and the scorn.

And eke, behold our legislators
Receiving bribes, and turning traitors;
Our judges, governors, and sages,
The Catilines of modern ages;

Our clergy, imps of superstition,
 Blowing the conk-shells of sedition;
 All, all is topsy-turvy whirl'd,
 And vice and folly curse the world;
 You therefore may pronounce an oath,
 Our author has a share of both;
 And he's a knave, or lost his senses,
 Who to perfection makes pretences.

Yet some there are to whom belong
 The raptures of the poet's song;
 Who fiery trials have withstood,
 And prov'd themselves both great and good.
 Amongst our worthies, count as one,
 The great, the peerless JEFFERSON.
 Illustrious Chief! whose wisdom shows
 The fountain clear, from whence it flows;
 Whose vast and philosophic mind,
 Embraces all the human kind—
 Holds to that faith which owns men brothers,
 And twenty gods allows to others.
 While Europe's threat'ning posture bore
 The sword of war, the cup of gore;
 Whose ships on ours made depredations,
 And broke the sacred laws of nations;
 At home, while discord, feuds, and treason,
 Late menac'd Freedom's life to seize on,
 His firmness, prudence, and his skill
 Keeps peace and safety with us still;
 Columbia triumphs o'er her foes,
 And smiles and blossoms like the rose.

But, tardy Muse, come, trudge along,
 And close the prefatory song.

Reader, lay prejudice aside,
 And let calm reason be your guide;

If in the following, then, you find
Things not so pleasing to your mind,
And think them false, why, disbelieve them;
Errors of weakness? then forgive them;
And let our suff'rings and abuses
For sev'ral *facts* make some excuses;
And when you're captur'd by a Turk,
Sit down, and write a better work.



HORRORS OF SLAVERY

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

In a government bottomed on the will of *all*, the life and liberty of every individual citizen becomes interesting to all.

JEFFERSON.

Who search for knowledge, mental food of man,
Roam the wide field, and gather all you can;
Sweet's the repast where reason guides the way,
But, ah! how bitter if from her we stray;
Here taste the product of that barb'rous clime,
Where truth is error—virtue is a crime.
No venal motive has the writer shown,
The Author's benefit is all your own.
Attend, peruse these pages, and you'll find
Just indignation thrill the patriot mind;
Mark the mean rascal, curse th' infernal train,
Who feast on pleasure at th' expence of pain.

ALTHOUGH much general, authentic and interesting information has been conveyed to the public, through the medium of many private and official communications from sundry gentlemen and officers of the United States' navy, relative to our hostile operations, our pacific transactions, or ultimate adjustment of differences with the power-humbled and recreant Regency of Tripoli; yet no one has given an accurate, full and circumstantial detail, of our capture and sufferings while under the domination of those predatory miscreants and ferocious barbarians.

(The original title of this work was *Horrors of Slavery, or the American Tars in Tripoli*. We have changed it on the title page to one more descriptive of the contents, but throughout the book will retain the original.—Ed.)

The most that has been written on the subject, or the most that has met with publicity, are the extracts from Dr. Cowdery's journal, at the conclusion of which, the public were promised with a larger and more particular relation, to be printed in a pamphlet, or small volume. But, as the Doctor has since relinquished the plan, and as the public anxiety is supposed to be in a measure excited by those cursory and imperfect remarks to enquire for a more full and consummate account of all that might be anticipated from those who endured the horrors of Turkish vassalage, it is thought the following will not be deemed preposterous, or prove unacceptable to such readers whose patriotic bosoms glow with the consecrated fire of American liberty, and whose sympathetic hearts and homogenous souls can participate in others' woes, and derive pleasure from the soft, but manly sensation.

In passing through the subsequent field of narrative, the writer will be guided by the undeviating footsteps of impartial, unprejudiced and undisguised truth; which will inevitably lead to the development of several unpleasing occurrences, standing as witnesses to prove that petty despotism is not confined alone to Barbary's execrated and piratical shores; but that base and oppressive treatment may be experienced from officers of the American, as well as the British and other navies; that our countrymen, as well as those of other nations, when invested with the robe and cockade of authority, can act the insolent tyrant, inflict tortures for petty offences, and often for no offences at all, and with a contemptible pride and brutal ferocity, that would disgrace the character of a savage despot, stamp an indelible stigma on the name of an American officer.

Born and educated in this unrivalled region of liberty and independence, far from the clanking of the tyrant's chain, secure from the lacerating scourges of his sanguinary myrmidons; remote from the view of slavery's pallid visage, or the sound of her grief-extorted groans; revering the constitution of our country as the

conservator of liberty, which expressly declares that her invaluable blessings are the equal and unalienable right of all mankind; and holding in the highest veneration the judicious administration of our mild and beneficent government, who could repress the impetuous impulse of his feelings? Who, that had an opportunity, could restrain his hand from portraying, or his tongue from uttering the indignation he has felt, at seeing a fellow-shipmate, who, perhaps, himself had suffered, fought and bled in the achievement or defence of freedom, for a very trifling unintentional trespass of, very probably, an inexplicable injunction, manacled, stripped, castigated, flayed, and mangled worse than the vilest Virginian slave, or the most atrocious felon?

Far from implicating the whole group of our navy-officers in this condign accusation, infuriate justice, while she points her fulgid sword at a great many with menacing abhorrence, acknowledges that a few deserve discrimination, and merit, by a just, generous, and humane disposition of authority, our unequivocal and unreserved applause.

It is very well known by every person of intelligence, that a more rigorous exercise of power is tolerated by the martial than the civil law; but why this is expedient, or at all admissible, the statesman and philosopher may determine; it is certain that it is made the pretext for that domineering haughtiness, unjustifiable severity, and despicable superiority assumed over the resist-less objects of their displeasure, by those who are possessed of ambition, power, or office of dictatorial command; while the British navy is referred to as the great and perfect paradigm of our emulous imitation.

It may appear really surprising that sailors, after so generally, and we may say universally complaining of the harsh and illiberal usage they meet with in our service, should so soon forget the smart of the lash, and enter again into a situation which they so seriously deprecate, and so solemnly promise to avoid; but the fact is, their

minds, actions and passions being long under restraint, like water, obstructed by a mound, when let loose overflows its channels, they lose themselves in the torrent of dissipation and lasciviousness, and are caught like fishes when the pond is drained; and like them, impatient to return to their congenial and favourite element, they plunge again into the vortex of the ocean, and entangle themselves with perplexities, from which they are unable to extricate their mind, until the tedious routine of another cruise.

The gen'rous tar, whose dauntless spirit braves
 War's blood-dy'd squadrons thund'ring on the waves,
 Facing grim death in all his hideous forms,
 By tempests blacken'd and array'd in storms,
 Mounts the high mast and danger's host defies,
 Midst billows, raging to assault the skies;
 Pierc'd by the wind and palsied by the cold,
 By hunger tortur'd, still his breast is bold;
 Who bleeds our freedom and our fame to save,
 What's his reward? the treatment of a slave.

These are not the chimerical rants of exaggerating fantasy, nor the vindictive effusions of invidious resentment for personal injuries; for I never received the least chastisement while I was in the service; but they are reflections which originate from a sympathetic source, and from an innate abhorrence of every species of oppression. No person will deny but that it is just and absolutely requisite to observe and maintain a strict discipline and proper subordination on board of a man of war; but this is no reasonable excuse for a cruel, vain and magisterial coxcomb of an officer, to display his diabolical disposition, by punishing men for frivolous faults or errors, with the austerity of a West-Indian slave-driver, and inhumanity of a Tripolitan or Algerine.

That this is the real truth, ask any seaman that has ever sailed in the States' service, and he will corroborate the assertion; or ask those tumid imps of tyranny themselves, and they cannot deny it. But if the seaman meets with unmerited insult and undeserved

punition, the fate of the luckless marine is still more unpropitious, and his perturbed life far more calamitous; for, by an inveterate antipathy, an implacable animosity between a sailor and a soldier, the latter is made the miserable object of incessant contumely and querulous abuse—reprehended or corrected for the omission of duties which are out of his power to perform; and, like the hapless infant, by the infamous savage Arnold, lashed to the bone for not understanding what he has never been taught, and never had an opportunity to learn. But without fear or affection for any of them, I shall pass, for the present, over many transactions which would brand with infamy the agents of them, and come to a more regular concatenation of exemplifying circumstances and co-operative remarks.



CHAPTER II

COMMENCEMENT OF SERVICE

——I am a soldier, older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions.
CASSIUS.

Our foes by earth and heav'n abhorr'd,
'Tis God-like to unsheath the sword.

PAINE.

Who's he that walks with such a swagger—
A cockade, uniform and dagger,
Holding this motto up to view,
"I am much better, sir, than you?"
Why, 'tis our officer—young Davy—*
A smart lieutenant of the navy;
Who's challeng'd—though they call him cruel,
Twice twenty bumpers to one duel,
And fought where clubs, nor cannon, rattle,
A score of watchmen in one battle;
Wounds he's receiv'd—in all his clothes,
And bled profusely—at the nose;
For which, grown bolder still and braver,
He basks in governmental favour.
And who is he with feather'd head,
A coat broad-fac'd with warlike red?
That blust'ring—tell me what it means?
Why, he's lieutenant of marines;
Whose duty 'tis to follow fashions,
To draw his pay and eat his rations;
T' enlist recruits for calls emergent,
To drill them, or to make his serjeant—
Defraud them out of half their pay,

* David Porter.

Then flog them, if a word they say;
For all the art of war consists
In pay-rolls and provision lists,
Well fill'd, which men are forc'd to sign—
This, this is martial discipline.

ON the 13th of June, 1803, I was pressed into the maritime service of the U. States:—I say pressed, for I was compelled by an irresistible, horrific band of complicated wants, commanded by imperious necessity, more formidable, and as rapacious as a British press-gang. But that a man should be reduced to this degrading alternative in a free and prosperous country, overflowing with all the good things of this life, where every honest employment meets with liberal and prompt encouragement, and prudent industry with due reward, may excite sensations of inquisitive surprise, in the breasts of those who are unacquainted with the dispositions of mankind to oppress the unfortunate, and who have never tasted the nauseous cup of adversity: but to those who have ever experienced the freakish vicissitudes of versatile Fortune, it will not appear incredible; but as a natural and inevitable succession of consequences, that a man driven from his family and friends by a ruthless horde of exorbitant, vindictive, and insatiable creditors; destitute of all pecuniary resources—of no mechanical occupation, or professional employment—unaccustomed and unable to perform manual labour—among suspicious and inhospitable strangers, more void of humanity than Turkish barbarians, should be brought to as great an extremity of abject misery, as to enter in a private capacity, as one of those whose “folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.”

I doubt not but that many a brave and patriotic veteran, who deemed it no disparagement to shoulder his musket and buckle on his knapsack, to repel the nefarious aggressions of our fell enemy, in the lowering days of our revolutionary contest, will feel a virtuous indignation pervade his war-worn breast, when he is informed

that it has now become almost as ignominious for an American to serve his country as a private voluntary soldier—to embark in defence of our insulted rights, or to guard our extending commerce from surreptitious depredations, as it would be to be sent to a corrigible penitentiary for felonious misdemeanors. And unless better encouragement were given, or sufficient inducements or honors held out to inspire emulation; were it not for the fascinating influence of specious flattery, with collusive promises of preferment, added to the bewildering, reason-destroying auxiliary of spirituous liquors, our barracks would be inhabited but by rats, and our ships of war, by pigmy officers, without men to command.

When hope forsakes us, and when fear alarms,
The well-fill'd bottle hath a thousand charms;
Eager 'tis drank; but woe to him that drains;
Increasing horrors, and augmented pains,
Take full possession of the sinking heart,
Tear ev'ry wound, and rankle ev'ry smart.
And when intoxication fires the brain,
The voice of sober reason pleads in vain;
Deaf to all counsel, blind to ev'ry rule,
The man of wisdom sinks beneath a fool;
He construes evil what is meant for good,
And strikes the hand out-stretch'd to give him food.

I need not tell those who are under the life-wasting, health-destroying dominion of this pestiferous beverage, that so transient, so fallacious is the mitigation of woe the intemperate use of it promises, that,

To ardent spirits when we fly,
To seek from pain relief;
It adds a groan to ev'ry sigh,
A pang to ev'ry grief.

But we must not decry the prevalence of a custom which is found to be so necessary and effective in procuring our navy to be manned, and our army to be supplied with those living engines of vengeful

carnage, and which produces a large proportion of the revenue that goes towards defraying the expences which they incur. Such is the logic made use of by those who wish to see our army and navy in a progressive state of terror and defence. And, indeed, under the existing circumstances of affairs, while such opprobrium is made the common appendage to the name of a soldier, or man of war's man, nothing but the insanity of Rum, violence, perfidy, artifice, or the most distressing penury, can draw men into a situation, where, instead of meeting with promised smiles, approbation, reward and honour, they find nothing but frowns, chastisement, contempt, and disgrace.

It is true in some important achievement of arms, when some obstinate and bloody conflict has been sustained with intrepidity, and terminated with glory and success, they often participate in the general indiscriminate plaudits bestowed on victorious valour; and sometimes the tear of humanity is shed over the war-mangled soldier and death-wounded tar; but the lambent blaze of glory soon devolves on, and is refracted by the officers, and with the breath of applause reverberating to the chief commander; the whole merit of his men having fought valiantly, is ascribed to his inspiring courage and superior skill; and for which he shares adequate honour and reward, while nothing is left to those who "bore the burthen and heat of the day," but poverty and scars. The stratagems also made use of to allure men into the service, are as base and atrocious as their treatment is often afterwards severe and tyrannical. A marine crimp serjeant or corporal is employed, who, for the sake of ingratiating himself in the favour of his officers, or for the "mighty mead of the large honours" that he is flattered will redound upon his empty head, armed with a whinyard of enormous length and huge dimensions, suspended by a leathern strap passing over the shoulder and crossing the dauntless breast of the champion, on which is a large harness buckle, polished, and glittering like the shield of Achilles; on his snow-powdered scone a cap; on

the front of which a large brass plate, with the American spread eagle, like the helmet of Hector, dazzling all eyes with the effulgence of its beams; on the summit of whose terrific brow, nods in towering panoply the blood-dyed insignia of war, the crested plumage of the martial goose; thus equipped, and taking a few others arrayed in nearly as gorgeous attire and armour as himself, assisted by the enlivening and necromantic sound of warlike music, and a few dollars in his pocket, marches forth with as much ostentation, at the head of his band of patriotic heroes, as a commander in chief of a provisional army, in times of profound peace. The first object of probable success that he meets with is, perhaps, an honest Hibernian, who has but one fault, and that is, he loves his worst enemies better than himself—he has a helpless, indigent family, who depend on his laborious industry for daily subsistence; but the sons of Erin will sometimes have a drinking frolick, and he has just awakened from a sleep of intoxication; his pockets emptied, by being a little too generous in giving to, and treating those who are the first to censure his prodigality; or, perhaps, cozened or pilaged by a dishonest pick-pocket landlord—ashamed to go home and meet the dreadful frowning of his injured helpmate—shivering with the cold—sick at the stomach—burning like Tantalus with thirst, and not a friendly drop to warm or cheer his desponding bosom; he would almost sacrifice his existence for one oblivious draught of the cordial of his pangs. The perspicacious crimp, the servile, sycophantic tool of his authoritative master, observing him to be in hopeless perplexity, and not very erroneously conjecturing the situation of his mind, perceiving him to be a manly, robust looking fellow, generously invites him to share the bounties of a flowing bowl. This is an act, a favour, a proof of disinterested hospitality, that moves in his perturbed breast the soft emotions of pathetic gratitude. He reiterates the catholicon, and finds his spirits exhilarated, and his bosom glows with grateful ardor to manifest to his friendly benefactor the feelings of his soul; and overtly deposits in his breast the secrets of his condition. The

happy life of a soldier is delineated in all its captivating forms, and delusive, fascinating colours; until the enraptured listener becomes infatuated with the phantasma, and continuing to imbibe the Lethe of his cares, he grows inebriated, and falls an easy prey to the prowling banditti. But who can describe the agonies of his mind, when he awakes to sober reason and serious reflection? when he hears the chiding voice of his wife, and sees the reproachful tears of his children? The scanty stipend of his services is scarcely sufficient to keep them from the jaws of hunger; and if he is sent to sea, he can leave them but a moiety of that; but it is too late to retract; he has taken the dreadful, irrevocable oath of fidelity to his adopted country, and three years of the most debased servitude is his unavoidable lot. In vain may the widowed wife, with tears in her eyes, and an infant at her throbbing breast, plead the deplorable wretchedness of herself and her helpless, guiltless babes; in vain may she remonstrate against the villainous advantage that was taken of her husband being in a paroxysm of ebriety; in vain may she proffer the sacrifice of her household furniture, and every cent that she can muster, to hire a substitute; in vain is one procured. The inflexible integrity of the commanding officer will not vouchsafe to relinquish his honourable title to a prize so valuable, and spurns with insolent threats the supplicating mediations of the friendless, heart-broken, disconsolate woman.—The next, very probably, is an artless, country bumpkin, as ignorant of the ways and manners of this deceitful world, as we are of the next. He has just arrived at twenty-one, and emancipated himself from domestic slavery—the pertinacious reign of his arbitrary father; and having an insatiable curiosity to see how people live in the metropolis, he possesses himself of a little cash, and travelling to the distant seaport, wanders with sauntering gaze through the decorated streets of the voluptuous emporium of commercial resort. The pompous coach-and-four; the rich and splendid articles of pleasure and of use, exhibited for sale; the brilliant group of fair and charming belles; the tawdry circle of facetious beaux; the

crowded theatre's enchanting scenes; the rapturous dulcet strains of choral music, and all the nameless baubles of the novel place, seize upon his giddy brains, and his disordered imagination half claims the wealth of thousands as his own. He soon finds himself drained of the most necessary ingredient to gain a passport to the temple of sensuality, and meeting with the aforesaid kidnapper, he sells himself for honour, with the specious promises of rapid promotion. But he soon, alas! wishes himself with his deserted parents and his rustic companions; and, like the prodigal son, would be glad to feed on husks, with his father's swine.

The third is a young man of a liberal and refined education; but has no profession, and is without the means to pursue the study of one, destitute of friends and support. He is not qualified for any employment, save that of school-keeping, and finds it very difficult to obtain even the unthankful situation of a country pedagogue, and more difficult, when obtained, to discharge, to general satisfaction, the critical duties required by capricious parents. He is mortified, chagrined, and discomfited; and being unskilled in the duplicity and finesse of mankind, he is easily duped, by alluring wiles, to become a candidate for a corporal or serjeant. If it should be said that "such discouraging representations ought not to be made, and that we must have sailors and soldiers"—these are the very arguments adduced by the British to justify their infernal policy in impressing so many seamen: "they must have men," is the plausible, but hellish pretext for all their diabolical press-gangs, and for the numerous insults offered to our nation, by dragging our brave tars from under their own colours, to compel them to fight under those of his most Satanic, not gracious nor sacred majesty. If we must have men, let appropriate honours, comparative emolument, and suitable gratitude be extended to those who risque their lives in the protection or defence of their country's rights, and wipe from the honourable appellation of soldier or sailor, that ungrateful tarnish of vulgar prejudice, and there would be no difficulty in find-

ing plenty of either. Fired by a laudable ambition, or patriotic emulation, our youth would strive to rival each other in being foremost in rallying round the standard of American independence, at every emergency of danger, and would glory alike in the musket of the field, or the trident of the ocean.

At the time of my entering the service, no person could have been in more distressing circumstances. I had been sick among strangers until I had expended the last solitary cent I was commander of, and not yet restored to health; but was in a debilitated state of convalescence. I tried every mean, and exerted every faculty in my power to obtain employment, but in vain. Though often promised, and encouraged to pursue, I was as frequently disappointed. The surly, unsociable, churlish, and suspicious curmudgeons of the interior of Pennsylvania, shun an itinerant stranger in distress, as they would a rattle-snake or a viper; and you might with more hopes of success, expect friendship or relief from the Esquimaux of America, or the wandering Arabs of Asia, than from the black-Dutch Pennsylvanians; especially, if you add to the appearance of poverty, the epithet of Yankee.

The day previous to my arrival at Philadelphia, as I was walking down the Schuylkill, almost exhausted by lassitude and woe, pondering with gloomy solicitude on my deleterious fate, I came to a ferry, which I was directed to cross. It was on Sunday, and I saw no person near the place; but a small house, nearly opposite, I supposed was the residence of the ferry-man. I advanced to it, and knocked at the door; but no person answered or appeared. The sash of the window near the front door was raised, and I, very naturally concluding that some of the people must be in or about the house, innocently took a look in, to convince me; but seeing no person, I turned round, and was walking towards a public house not far distant, when I heard a smart voice, and turning obliquely, saw a man stalking firmly across a field, and making towards me with great rage, asked me "what I wanted at his house, and what

business I had to peep in at the window of it." I told him, I wished to cross the river, and was looking for the ferry-man.—"You lie, damn you," says he,—"you was going to rob my house." I strove to convince him that I had no guilty designs; but all endeavours to reconcile, seemed only to exasperate him the more, and seizing a large club that lay in the street, he began to strike me with all the exertion of his might. I was unable to make any effectual resistance, and he continued his blows with redoubled fury, until a generous Irishman sallied from the tavern, and came to my rescue. He sternly enquired the cause of the fracas, and from both our stories, judging that I was innocent of any evil intentions in looking in at the window, perceiving that I was indisposed, and being informed that I was a total stranger, vengeance flashed from his eyes, and giving my villainous antagonist a hearty damn or two, with a beetle-like fist he instantly levelled him to the ground, and beat and mauled him so unmercifully that he bellowed like an ox, and raised the people of the Inn, who came running to know what was the matter. After a brief explanation of the affair, they joined in universal imprecations on the scoundrel that dared to use a stranger in such a manner, and advised me to take the law of him. But I told them if he would acknowledge that he had acted like an infamous villain, and treat all of them to as much as they would drink, I would take no farther notice of the fray. They swore he should do what I required, and give me a dollar in the bargain; or they would beat him twice as much and get him indicted beside. To which harsh and humiliating decision of justice, the savage caitiff was obliged to submit; for he was surrounded by a rugged half-score of the true sons of Hibernia, who are ever ready to evince their manly dispositions to see a stranger not insulted or abused. I mention this as a specimen of Pennsylvania hospitality, and as an example of quick and commendable, if not legal punishment, for a base and dastardly action; and I shall not pretend to deny, that I felt gratified at the transaction, and went on my way rejoicing, for a moment; but soon a relapse of melancholy glooms

enveloped the faint glimmerings of transient delight; for although I had what some might term flattering visions of bettering my condition in Philadelphia, I had but indifferent hopes of success, and my portentous apprehensions of disappointment, on experiment, were unfortunately realized. I now found myself in the populous, magnificent, opulent and flourishing city of Philadelphia, without a shilling—without any friend or acquaintance—unable to labour, and too proud to become a mendicant, or fully to divulge the secrets of my situation. In this wretched and hopeless wilderness of trouble, I inadvertently strayed to the banks of the Delaware; and,

As wand'ring, by suicide tempted to die,
A victim to horrid despair,
The flag of Columbia was hoisted on high,
And wantonly play'd in the air.

I enter'd, in hopes with America's foes,
Some dang'rous, warm conflict to find;
For anxious was I, at that time, to expose
A life I'd have gladly resign'd.

Admitting that imprudence, vice, intemperance, and prodigality, were the primary cause of my misfortunes, the miseries and horrors of a painful mancipation, and a thousand concomitant evils and sufferings, in some degree, perhaps, ought to expiate my follies, and my faults, in the benignant eyes of celestial Charity; if not, let the immaculate finger of scowling Censure, point at her own image, in the mirror of conscience, and cease to vent reproaches, while she sees a blot of guilt remaining there.

Before I enter on board the ship, to take a luckless voyage, I beg the liberty to devote a short chapter to the remembrances of a character with whom I often sympathised in adversity, and to whom I still find myself bound by the ties of mutual sufferings.

Of friendship, we can only guess,
Until we find it in distress;
And nothing but the fire of woe,
Can try the friend or prove the foe.

CHAPTER III

A SKETCH OF BIOGRAPHY

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather, or prunella.

POPE.

I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny.

HANCOCK.

LET British novelists record
The splendid virtues of "my lord,"
And venal poetasters raise
To titled fools the spaniel-praise;
Or, let Americans, for shame,
Extol a Burr's seditious name;
The man of *honesty* and *merit*,
Who holds a noble, gen'rous spirit,
Though not two cents his pockets bless,
Though plung'd in mis'ry and distress,
Though driv'n, by want, to measures which
There's no temptation for the rich;
But who, with blacker crimes and folly,
Are still denominated holy;
That man is of more real worth,
Although an alms-house were his birth,
And ought, and must be counted greater,
Than all the pompous knaves of state are;
And more deserves the world's attention
Than all the Burrites in——*convention*.
Now by these presents all men know ye,
Such is the character I'll show ye.

AMONG my new companions in arms, I observed one to whom I felt myself attracted, by the mysterious magnetism of congenial sympathy. There was something in his physiognomy indicative of merit superior to his station, and to the vacant

stare of vulgar ignorance. On becoming acquainted with him, I discovered that he was no Lord or Duke in disguise, as was common in the days of chivalry and romance, but a mechanic of no ordinary abilities—a skilful typographer. And though he had never rendered his life or actions illustrious by immolating his fellow-creatures at the impious altar of bleeding war; although he never mounted the heights of power and office by the slippery and filthy step-stones of wealth and bribery, laid by mercenary parasites, or hereditary slaves; and though he had never acquired the honours and independency of riches by a penurious economy, sordid avarice, or flagitious speculation: yet, if ever that Phoenix, *honesty*, was found to tenant the human breast, he might be pronounced one of the noblest works of God; on which radical and cardinal virtue, to wit, honesty, were engrafted all the amiable ramifications of the social affections; fidelity in friendship, disinterested generosity, unbounded benevolence, and universal philanthropy. He was learned, without pedantry; intelligent, without loquacity; serious, without hypocrisy; cheerful, without levity; and communicative, without vanity. But too great a portion of sensibility frequently conducted him into follies, imprudence, indiscretions and difficulties; and sober reflections often made him miserable. He possessed no contemptible genius, and wrote several excellent things; but like the unfortunate Chatterton, was too modest to give them to the world. He informed me that he was born in the city of Dublin, although by his dialect you would not judge him to be an Irishman. His father was a reputable mechanic, and kept a shop opposite the former mansion-house of that eccentric genius, the vivacious, learned and patriotic Dean Swift. He was a rigid Methodist, a class-leader among those puritans, and early instilled into the minds of his children the principles of that Religion to whose gloomy dogmas I have heard him frequently ascribe the origin of much unhappiness. For being taught that the least deviation from the line of perfection, either in thought, word, or action, called down the wrath of heaven upon mankind, and witnessing the

frailties and imperfections of our natures, created in his mind awful apprehensions of future misery. His father, designing him for the sacerdotal functions, sent him to an eminent seminary of learning; where he continued until some divisions in the family frustrated the plan of his farther progress in his studies. The old gentleman had married his second wife, and she proved to be a Xantippe. An implacable malignity towards the son persuaded the father to take him from school, and send him fifty miles into the country, to learn the trade of a stay-maker. Here he was treated with a severity that rendered his life almost unsupportable, for three tedious years, before he prevailed on his father to revoke his indentures, the ties of which, by his master's abuses, had become forfeit and nugatory. He was therefore called home; and after a short time had elapsed, was put to a printer; where he remained until he had perfected himself in that useful, noble, and preservative art of all arts; during which time, a heart like his was not indifferent to the charms of the fair, nor invulnerable to the Indian-like arrows of the sightless deity of love. He became enamoured of a worthy clergyman's lovely daughter. Their passion was reciprocal, and flattering hope, that supernal charmer of the world below, forestalled to their enraptured imaginations the delectable elysium of conjugal joys. But death, that cruel despoiler of the fairest works of heaven, rifled from his arms the rich gem of his happiness, and tore the beloved maiden from his bleeding and forlorn bosom.

The harm of discontent was now fomenting the cup of insurrection in that insulted and oppressed country, and being a warm republican, safety, as well as the hopes of accumulating property, or obtaining a livelihood with more facility, and of enjoying the inestimable blessings and privileges of peace, liberty and independence of sentiment, prompted him to seek an asylum in the transatlantic regions of the United States. He took a filial, affectionate and final valediction of his pious father, and landed in New-York, where he wrought journey-work for a year or two;

but that deleterious pestilence, the yellow fever, like the destroying angel, spread the dark mantle of death over thousands of its devoted inhabitants, and to avoid which he directed his way to the city of Philadelphia. He continued here for several years; but was disappointed in both places of his expectations. Wages, it was true, were tolerable good; but when earned, difficult to be collected; and board, contingent expences and articles of clothing were in proportion; so that the difference in his favour between America and Ireland was not so great in his occupation, as common report had represented. He made out, however, to maintain himself genteely: but so many of his countrymen flocking to see him, and being somewhat liberal, he could not save enough to establish a press of his own. For although he was *typically* as great a man, he was not a Franklin in economy; and I have frequently heard him censure the parsimony of that lightning-tamer, when in London, boarding with a poor widow, who supported herself and family by victualling and selling beer, he was too avaricious to afford himself the use of that nutritious beverage, and drank, as a substitute for that and for coffee, the vapid dose of water-gruel; thereby disappointing the woman in the trifling gains which she expected from him, and which she received from other boarders. But with due deference to him and his "whistle," we return to the subject. At length he got entangled in a love-snare, and before he could extricate himself from his labyrinth of danger, he found himself involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and the idea of not being able to discharge a debt when demanded, wrought so forcibly upon the sensibility of an upright heart, that he abandoned his mind to gloomy reflections, to dispel which he had recourse to the worst of all poisons, and one day meeting with a nominal friend of his, a person with whom he had formerly boarded, and who had now become a crimp, to avenge himself of his wife's infidelity, he was prevailed on by the insidious blandishments of glozing friendship to take a little too much of this antidote of despair, and committing amnesty on his reason, subscribed to the

indentures of war, and became an apprentice for the third time in his life, to the trade, art, or mystery of homicide.

The next morning, awaking from his catalepsis, he could not be convinced that he had relinquished the press for the musket, until the supercilious airs, and dogmatical orders of his imperious new masters, gave him a *type* of what would be *printed* on the *parchment* of his back, if he should refuse to *compose* and reconcile himself to the strict *letter* of their commands.

His typographic friends, hearing of his *new edition* of war tactics, came to see how he looked, *newly bound, gilt, and lettered in cowskin*. They seriously *perused* the prognostic *pages* of his fate. They advised him to decamp, provided he could not obtain an abrogation of his enlistment—offered to advance him money to discharge his debts, and for other purposes. But he frankly told them that he would not desert from under the flag of the United States, to which he had sworn to be true, for the consideration of thousands; but would thank them if they would use their efforts to obtain for him an honourable discharge, by procuring another person to take his place; which was all he asked, for his creditors had been to see him, and told him if he could exonerate himself from the obligations of his recent contract, they would forgive him one half of their demands, and give as long a time to pay the rest as he in reason would wish or ask. They therefore went to the commanding officer, and he promised to accept of a substitute and discharge him. But before one could be found, a young man, an acquaintance of his, came to see him, got intoxicated, and was warm for enlisting; but the man having a family and a good trade, knowing the poignant remorse that would follow on his being restored to reason, he ingenuously dissuaded him from his purpose. This being promulgated by some of their pragmatistical pimps, called down the dreadful vengeance, and awful fulminations of the officers, who swore they would flog him if he ever attempted to discourage another friend of his from

entering the service—that they would not discharge him on any account, and that suitable precautions should be taken to prevent his deserting.

The United States frigate *Philadelphia* was now lying nearly opposite the barracks in the river Delaware, demanding, waiting for, and receiving repairs; of which he was shortly sent on board, with strict orders not to let him leave her, and all hopes or prospects of redemption from this ligneous hell, until the period of a cruise, were blasted and destroyed.

A few days after he was sent on board, and before the rigid laws and regulations of the ship were known, and, in fact, they are never taught but by the rope's-end or the cat, when all hammocks were piped down in the evening, he happened to be, with many others, on the berth-deck. There were no ladders shipped, and the hatchways being pretty high, and he but a short man, and not very nimble withal, found it impossible to get on deck in proper time; and seeing one of his mess-mates above, earnestly requested him to pass his hammock down; which he faithfully promised to perform. But by some precipitate mistake, he handed a wrong hammock, and the one intended was left on deck until the rest were all carried below. The heinous and unpardonable crime of leaving a hammock a few moments too long in the nettings, on that consecrated platform, the quarter-deck, was now to be made known and punished. The mark and number were examined, and it was found to be a marine's. This was matter of great exultation amongst the cockade-gentlemen, and more so, when it was found to be the person's I am speaking of. Now was the time to wreak due vengeance for his past offences. He was called, and without being permitted to speak a word in his defence, was ordered, with the most horrid maledictions, instantly to strip off his jacket. A boatswain's mate was summoned to attend, and, with a rope of enormous size, ordered to give the "damn'd rascal" three dozen with all his might! This barbarous

order was so faithfully executed, by the unfeeling ruffian, that the delinquent's back exhibited a spectacle disgraceful to human nature. From his neck to his waist it was bloody with gashes, and livid with contusions. Complaint was made to the officer of marines for this unlawful immanity,¹ but to no effect. This is a solemn fact, and might be proved by hundreds. Heavens! thought I, is this the usage we are to expect in the service of our country?—Are men to be condemned without a hearing, and punished without a cause? Tortured without mercy, and murdered with impunity?

It is obvious, that base malversation was the cause of his enlisting—his commendable generosity in persuading his friend from forsaking an indigent family, depending on his labour for support, to bring himself into a despicable bondage, the cause of his not being relinquished, according to promise; and the mean spirit of revenge in his officers, the virtual cause of his subsequent sufferings in Turkish servitude. Citizens of America! are these things too trifling to be taken notice of?—Is it a matter of no consequence that an unfortunate foreigner, driven by the harpies of tyranny to seek a refuge under the shadows of the American Eagle's wings, should be hawked by the vultures of perfidious speculation, and revengeful malice, and have his flesh beat, bruised, and dilacerated for no offence at all?—And because a man is a private marine, must he endure every insult, shame, and abuse?—And shall it not be mentioned, because it will discourage others from becoming the dupes of stratagem, and the objects of tawdry misery, derision, and ignominy? If some exalted personage, "stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings," meets with the least fancied wrongs, how soon does the clarion of public animadversion, filled by the breath of resentment, blow the tidings, and blast the per-

¹ We thought our author meant to write inhumanity, but the dictionary confirms him, though Shakespeare is the only one we find to use this word, a synonym for inhumanity or barbarity. (ED.)

petrators?—And shall an honest, worthy character, though walking in the obscure paths of private life, receive from men commissioned by our Executive, who derives a measure of its power from the lowest ranks of society, such unauthorized and unmerited cruelties, and not be allowed even to complain?

Be assured, it shall be my business and delight, to expose, in the following pages, every act of cruelty, every abuse of authority, that I witnessed, during my continuance in the service of the United States. But, in justice to the character of Captain Bainbridge, it ought to be mentioned, that the foregoing was not done by his orders.

This is only one instance among a thousand; but this alone is sufficient to verify what is predicted in the antecedent part of this work, viz. that base and oppressive, unjust and tyrannical treatment marks the features, and disgraces the name of that tyranny-fostered infant, our navy.



CHAPTER IV

SUICIDE ATTEMPTED

READER! your patience for a while—
'Tis granted—for I see you smile;
But, looking gravely on the text,
Ask what catastrophe comes next?
Peruse, peruse a little further,
And hear of love, and almost murder.
Love is the strangest of all creatures,
He lurks in *forms*, and kills in features—
With lips and eyes, and though so simple,
He sometimes murders with a *dimple*;
But most delights to skulk in hearts,
And other precious hidden parts;
Whence creeping slyly through the veins,
He takes possession of the brains;
And when he once has enter'd there,
He's metamorphos'd to despair.
Love makes the wisest man a fool,
And reason turns to ridicule;
He wakes, some say, (and faith I know it)
A love-crack'd pedagogue, a poet—
In short, the little blind-fold boy
Is equal friend and foe to joy.

ALTHOUGH I have been mentioning what was transacted on board of the *Philadelphia*, this was unavoidably necessary as being connected with the relation I was giving, and I now return to the place from whence I took my departure in the latitude and career of *éclat*.

Nothing of any great consequence occurred from the time I entered until we were sent on board of the frigate, excepting the

following interesting circumstance, and its sequacious particulars; which, as it is expected that this volume will fall into the hands of the young and facetious as well as the old and serious, the warm and sensuous lover, as well as the cold and stoical philosopher, with some apology for the digression, I shall take the liberty to relate: and although it does not participate of the *wonderful*, like many novel tales, it has the merit of not being imported from the manufactories of aristocracy, and in quality and substance assimilates very nearly to strict veracity.

One Sunday, in the afternoon, as a number of us were refreshing ourselves under the refrigerant shade of a wide expanding willow, on the delightful banks of the keg-famous Delaware, we perceived a well dressed man running with the utmost pernicity towards the banks of the river, and coming to a place where there were some remains of an old wharf, he precipitated himself headlong into the miry dock. A number of spectators followed, and with many struggles and much difficulty, dragging him out, rescued him from the abyss of death—the perpetration of suicide. With every exertion, it was a considerable time before he was resuscitated.—He appeared to be a man about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, of a genteel appearance, with a watch in his fob, and money in his pocket. On being restored to life and sanity, he gave the following account of himself, his misfortunes, and the cause of his attempting to commit the rash and horrible act of self-murder.

His father, he said, was an opulent and celebrated practitioner of physic, in the town of ———, in Massachusetts, and that he was his only surviving child. His father had given him a liberal education, at the University in Cambridge, and had designed him for the study of jurisprudence, to which profession he had early imbibed and still retained, the greatest aversion, and was anxious only to embark in the mercantile business. His disinclination to prosecute the study of the calling appropriated by his father, was

construed into a tacit disobedience of his will, want of filial affection; and morose perversity. His father, however, consented to establish him in commerce, provided he would espouse the daughter of a friend of his, who was very rich and had but one child, like himself; and as he was a merchant, this would accelerate his projects of commencing and pursuing his favourite occupation. —His contemplated partner for life was not the paragon of beauty, nor the prototype of juvenility; and as his inclinations were prepossessed in favour of a silver-smith's daughter, the magnifying mirror of fancy rendered the former even disgusting. He remonstrated with his father against the proposed match; but the old man was deaf and contumacious, though not apprised of his son's predilection for another lady. At length he became acquainted with the true cause of his son's repugnancy to his requisitions, banished him from his house, and solemnly swore he should never have a cent of his money, nor an item of his property, unless he made suitable retractions, and acceded to his proposals of marrying the merchant's daughter. He was so sincerely attached to the silver-smith's daughter that he found it impossible to comply with his father's wishes, and consequently rendered himself obnoxious to paternal ire, and threatened indigence and misery; for the darling object of his affections was poor indeed, as to pecuniary estimations, but rich in the lore of mental acquirements, and personal attractions. He was determined to sacrifice the good will of his father to the gratification of his passion. He had a friend in Philadelphia, with whom he had been long acquainted, on terms of the greatest intimacy, and who shared his entire confidence and esteem. He had a few years past migrated to that place, was wealthy, and well established in business; to whom he dispatched a letter, stating the sad dilemma in which he was intricately involved, and his resolution not to prostitute his heart to the love of lucre; requesting permission, provided it met his approbation, to let him send his Venus to his charge, and that himself would follow in a short time, and be married at his house. He was posi-

tive, that if they eloped together, his father would devise means to frustrate their plan, by discovering the course of their flight. In a few weeks, he received a categorical answer, fraught with terms of the warmest friendship, assurances of his fidelity, and of his assistance in procuring him some kind of lucrative employment, to enable him to subsist without the aid of his father. He went to the young lady, told her of his plan and arrangements, and with some difficulty prevailed on her to consent to his overtures, and, accordingly, she was sent to Philadelphia. His father soon heard of her elopement, and took every vigilant method to prevent his son from following, although he did not, as yet, know where she was lodged. He was to follow his charmer, in about four weeks; but, when he attempted to do so, was pursued and brought back, by order of his father; and closely confined in an upper story for about three weeks; when he effected his escape, through the chamber window, which cost him the dislocation of an ancle. He had a horse and chaise at a friend's in town, previously prepared for the purpose, and with the most excruciating pangs, he made out to hobble to the place; but his father had discovered the plot, and previously bribed the man, not only to refuse him the means of but also to anticipate his flight, by giving immediate information. When he was denied the chaise, with slight and laconic subterfuge, he instantly suspected treachery; and while the man was hastening to his father's, to give notice of his desertion, he limped to a stage-house, near by, and luckily the stage was that moment starting. He was helped into it, and whirled off twenty miles from town before they made a halt, but it was the course contrary to Philadelphia. Here he found a surgeon, who performed what was necessary to the restoration of his ancle. He hired a man, with a horse and chaise, to take him a few miles back, and then steering in a western direction, drove all day and the succeeding night, and at length put up at a tavern in a little village, "remote from any intercourse with the town he had left." Here he dismissed his man and chaise, with strict injunctions not to divulge, should any

one enquire where he was; which was affirmed in the negative. He remained two or three days, for his ankle to gain strength. Another chaise was provided, and just as he was departing from the tavern, he saw two men riding towards them with great celerity. One of them was his father, who had heard of his route by means of the stage-driver, and the person who had taken him to the place where he now was. The old gentleman, infuriate in his wrath, struck him several times, and hired the man who was about to take him another course, to drive him to his home. On their return, his father lodged him in the common jail of the county, and he was treated with no less severity than a malefactor, until the old man received a letter from the merchant in Philadelphia, who informed him of the whole intrigue; and as a proof of what he wrote, enclosed the letter of his son, and one which the young lady had written to her lover, also. The whole mystery was now unravelled, by the hand of perfidy, and he immediately wrote an answer, that if he would find a match for the young woman, who was now in his power, or be the means, in any manner, of preventing his son's intended union with her, he would give him a thousand pounds. That, for fear his son might come there, he must remove her to some other place, and if he should come, not to let him see her at all on any account. As he had now found out the secret, and had taken such effectual measures to circumvent their designs, he took his son from prison, but still kept a strict watch over his actions, till he received another letter from the base and perfidious merchant of Philadelphia, informing him that he had sent the young lady over the Schuylkill, into the country, to remain in the house of a very wealthy Frenchman, who was an old bachelor, and had a very amiable sister, that was an excellent performer on the forte-piano; and as a pretext for sending her thither, she was to be taught the polite art of that music, by the French lady. He had told the Frenchman that she was his niece, and had persuaded her to consent to the collusion; which was no great evidence of the stability of her mind, or the sincerity of her heart. That he had

made her believe this measure to be absolutely necessary to prevent discovery and complete their wishes, and that as soon as her lover should appear, they would be forthwith joined in the indissoluble banns of matrimony. That he had seen the Frenchman once or twice, and he seemed to be much enamoured of the young lady, and that he thought it very probable he would proffer marriage, and did not doubt but that she might be persuaded to consent. That if his son should come, he could easily evade his enquiries, until something would transpire to cool him at once of his passion; and that he thought all would operate to ultimate satisfaction, and reciprocal felicity.

The father now grew less vigilant, but the son more sedulous to effect an escape from paternal oppression; and accordingly he found an opportunity secretly to carry his trunk on board of a schooner bound to New-York; and agreed with the captain to secrete him in some place until they were out of sight of the harbour. He had availed himself of some cash by means of some property given him by his grand-father. They had not been out but a few hours when a furious storm arose, which lasted three days, dismasted the schooner, washed his trunk, which had been left on deck, overboard, and drove them into Providence, Rhode-Island. He had upwards of four hundred dollars in his trunk, and all of his most valuable clothing; besides a miniature likeness of its beloved original set in gold. He then took the stage, with about one hundred dollars in his pocket, which was all he had left, and hastened to Philadelphia with all possible dispatch. The schooner was left to be repaired. On his arrival in Philadelphia, he went with the most impatient expectation to see his friend and his mistress, but was greatly surprised and disappointed on being told, that she had been absent for a considerable time, on a visit at Newcastle; but that she was expected home in about a week. He could not be prevailed on to wait twenty-four hours, and a week seemed an age. The merchant finding him determined on

going to Newcastle, in search of her, wrote a letter to a fancied friend he had there, containing a short account of the intrigue, and requesting him to tell the young gentleman that the object of his enquiry had been at his house, but that she was gone with a daughter of his to Baltimore; or make use of any other subterfuge he thought proper, to elude his searches. The merchant delivered this letter to the unsuspecting young gentleman, with directions where to find his friend. He immediately set out, with the fullest expectations of finding her at Newcastle; and without the smallest suspicion of his friend's perfidy or tergiversation. The letter was handed to the gentleman to whom it was addressed, who read it with visible agitation. "I never had but a slight acquaintance with the author of the letter," said he, "and yet he has taken the liberty, indirectly, to tell me I am a villain—infamous scoundrel! does he imagine that I am to take an agency in a love intrigue, and make myself at once a liar, a promoter of treachery, fraud, falsehood, and, in short, as great a rascal as himself?" The young man was petrified with astonishment. "Young man," said he, "you have been basely deceived"—and gave him the letter. He read it with violent emotions. It contained, as before observed, a brief and cursory detail of the whole plot, and of the stratagems that had been used to dupe him; but did not mention where she was. In the mean time the French gentleman had become passionately in love with his sister's pupil, and the above-mentioned merchant had been to see her, and used all his rhetoric to persuade her to marry the Frenchman. Now was a fortunate and the only time to have it accomplished. He told her that her lover had been there on his way to Baltimore; that he had abandoned the idea of marrying her, and called only to tell her so and to assist her in getting back to her parents; that on his return home he was to be married to the lady of his father's choosing, and that he had authorised him to communicate the tidings to her, and assist her in returning to her friends. He gave such an exact description of his person, dress and appearance, that the young lady enter-

tained not a doubt of his having seen him in Philadelphia, for she knew he had not seen him elsewhere, and believing him to be her sincere friend, and not in the least suspecting his veracity, gave full credence to all he said. Her not having received a letter from her lover in a long time seemed also to confirm what he had told her. Being ashamed to return, and not knowing what to do with herself, and the Frenchman being very rich, she consented to be married to him that very night that her legitimate lover was gone to New-Castle.

The very day that the preceding melancholy attempt happened, he had returned from New-Castle. He went to the house of his insidious friend, to find out the retreat of his love, and to vent his indignation and revenge; when entering the house, the first that he saw, was his long sought paramour, in the arms of the Frenchman. She fainted at the unexpected sight of her late amoroso, and he was madness and fury when he was informed of her marriage. They alternately recriminated, and charged each other with inconstancy and deception; while the wonder-dumb Frenchman was motionless at what he saw and heard. At length he flew in a raving passion, swore he would shoot him if he offered any farther abuse to his wife, and for what he had said already, he would immediately prosecute him.

The false-hearted merchant now appeared, and told him that he had heard such a character of him from his father, that he was no longer his friend, and ordered him to leave his house instantly; for he must not come there to insult gentlemen of honour and ladies of fortune; and that if he heard or saw any more of his abuse to the Frenchman or his wife, he would have him confined in prison.

Exiled by his father; circumvented and betrayed by his friend; rivalled in his affections; torn by the warring passions of love, hatred, jealousy and revenge; his money nearly exhausted; at a distance from any friend or acquaintance—horror and despair

seized upon his lymphated senses: he ran from one public house to another, poured down the maddening cup of inebriation, and, in the paroxysms of hopeless grief, and frantic rage, attempted to leap into the pit of destruction.

He was taken to the habitation of benevolence itself—a worthy Quaker. The balmy cordial of heavenly consolation was poured into the deep wounds of his heart, by the lenient hand of divine humanity.

Since my return to America, I have seen the same person in New-York, and knew him by a certain scar in his face. He informed me that the humane Quaker above mentioned, and several other philanthropic gentlemen, wrote to his father, who immediately came to Philadelphia—informed him that the lady to whom he had wished him married was wedded to another—begged his forgiveness, with tears of remorse and renewed affection; and promised, if he would return home, never to thwart his inclinations again. That the lady, on being informed and convinced of his fidelity, and of the chicane and duplicity that had been the cause of her giving her hand to the Frenchman, wrote to him; and being assured of his undiminished attachment, and of his willingness to receive her, she had left her husband, who consented to relinquish her, when he found she did not love him, and for some trifling consideration gave her a divorce; and that they now lived and enjoyed uninterrupted felicity.

CHAPTER V

EMBARKATION—CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE—EXEMPLARY PUNISHMENT, &c.

PATRIOTISM is ever united with humanity and compassion. This noble affection, which impels us to sacrifice every thing dear, even life itself, to our country, involves in it a common sympathy and tenderness for *every citizen*, and must ever have a *particular feeling* for one who suffers in a public cause.

HANCOCK.

Now comes the time, and now the word,
For soldiers to repair on board;
And, sober as a gallows throng,
With knapsacks slung, we march along;
Enter the Trip'li destined frigate,
Turn sailors, and assist to rig it.

Next morn we *chanc'd to live* to see
Our annivers'ry jubilee! . . .
Some *slaves* might independence hail,
Or sing of *liberty* in *jail*,
With more propriety than we,
For all of *us* were *bound—to sea*.

Pray what's the end of punishment?
To make men better, and repent?
Or is it just for those who *fun* wish,
To shew they have the *pow'r* to punish? . . .
How few there are, t' *enslave*, to *kill*,
Give them the *pow'r*, would lack the *will*.

IN the afternoon of the third of July, those of us who were destined for the frigate were ordered, at a moment's warning, to repair on board. All hands were employed in shipping her top-masts, taking in spars, lumber, rigging, &c. The ship

was in the utmost confusion—no water nor provisions for the men, and nothing to sleep on the following night, and for many nights after, but the hard and pitchy deck. The next morning ushered in the glorious anniversary of American Independence; and such an independence as I never saw before nor since, and never wish to see again. The one which I witnessed in Tripoli, afterwards, was heaven itself, compared to this: for while the voluptuous sons of idle dissipation, throughout the union, were quaffing the delicious blood of the exotic vine, our industrious and patriotic seamen, who had just embarked to expose their lives in the defence of that commerce which procured them their luscious and exhilating libation, had not even a refreshing draught of cooling water to sate the feverish thirst of intense labour; for nothing but the warm and sickening river-water was to be obtained. While the high-fed, rich and slothful epicureans of our sea-ports were gorging the dainty luxuries of various climes, and different oceans, our enterprising tars, on whose hazardous labours they had fattened and were feasting, had not the strengthening viands of an ordinary repast. While the enchanting sound of the dulcet lute was made to ravish the ears of our sluggish, intoxicated cits on shore, the only instrumental music that we had on board, was the thrilling pipe of the arbitrary boatswain, and his ruffian apish mates: and while the choral songs of heaven-born freedom were carolled from the halter-favoured throats of many an imported aristocrat, mingled with seditious toasts and federal blasphemy—"all hands ahoy!" vociferated from the sonorous gullet of the triune boatswains, and "spring, you damn'd rascals!" squeaking from the faint lungs of the puerile midshipman, were all our sentiments and vocal music of the day. From the third until the eleventh of July, nothing but one incessant bustle and cry of "come here," and "go there," was to be heard. One officer orders a man to do one thing; a second immediately comes and orders him to do another thing: then he is flogged by the first for leaving his work, and ordered back to it: then served in the same manner by the second. A

third comes—"what are you about, you d—'d puppy," and orders him to a new place:—"not a word!" if he attempts to parley—"a rope's-end!" if he refuses to obey his officers *tacitly*—"no jaw, you d—'d scoundrel!" if he essays to reason, or complain of exorbitant commands—"stubborn villain!" if he looks serious—"impertinent one," if he smiles. Thus he is alternately verberated and harassed for not executing what, if he had the strength of Hercules, and as many hands as Briareus, he could not possibly perform.

On the twelfth, we dropped down to Fort Penn, where we took in our guns, lay several days, and then fell down the river as far as Newcastle. Here we took in water, provisions, &c. and prepared for sea with all possible dispatch. We had now received hammocks, and the difficulty of getting clews, nettings, and lashings, and our ignorance and want of experience in the sublime art of slinging and lashing them up, was truly deplorable; for it was attended with serious and painful consequences. And surely no ignorance is more to be lamented, than that which subjects a man to corporal punishment; and no inexperience more to be regretted, than that which exposes a man to censure, curses, scoffs and stripes. Our hammocks must be neatly fitted for critical inspection, at a short and stated time; and no provision made for rope-yarn or cordage; none allowed from the boatswain; no seaman permitted to take any, on pain of punishment, and yet every man that was found destitute was surely flogged. He *must not* leave his work to attend to his hammock; if he *did*, he was surely *flogged*. He *must* leave his work to attend to it; if he *did not*, he was surely flogged. In a word, a man must be omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, and be able to create things out of nothing, at a moment's notice, on board of a man of war, or he will surely be flogged: and yet, by nothing short of miracles, I always had the good fortune to escape.

As I lost the minutes of a journal which I had kept on board, when we were taken in Tripoli, I will not pledge myself for cor-

rectness in naming the dates of events; but as to the veracity of them, no deviation shall be recorded. A mistake in the time of an action, does not prove that the action never took place; but can only prove, that it did not take place at that time.

The first person, if I mistake not, that was legally and publicly punished was one Thomas Higgins, an able and skilful seaman, who had deserted from on board a British man of war, where he had been impressed and detained upwards of five years, and had now placed himself under the protecting wings of Columbia's genius. Fatigued with unremitting labours, in the dead of night, he sunk into a momentary repose, on the forecastle of the ship, the place where he was stationed, but not then on duty. A midshipman moping and blundering about in the dark, happened to detect him in the horrid act of *sleeping*! He went to the head, got a bucket of water, and dashed it into his face, and all over him. Starting from slumber, supposing it to be some one of his comrades, he began to "swear his prayers." But finding it to be a mighty midshipman that had performed the priestly act of baptizing him, he made an apology, by saying, "I did not think it was one of the *gentlemen*, (as sailors are taught to call these puny brats of despotism) or I should not have sworn as I did; for I did not think a gentleman would do such an action."

It is very surprising that the *gentleman* had sense enough to feel conviction; but it is not surprising at all, that he went to the officer of the deck, and entered a complaint that the "villain said he was *no gentleman*; which, if he had possessed common sense, he must have known was no more than the truth. The strutting potentate of the quarter-deck, ordered a boatswain's mate to call Higgins. He appeared—"What is this you have been saying to an officer, you damn'd rascal?"—said the dread umpire of the fate of tars. "I thought, Sir,"—"You thought, you damn'd rascal, who gave you liberty to think? boatswain's mate! call the master at arms—here master at arms, put that son of a — in irons." His

orders were instantly obeyed, and the man was manacled, both hands and feet. The next night following, Peter Whelan, a marine, was found nodding in the cockpit, while on sentry, by a midshipman; reported to the officer of the deck, and put in irons. He was an aged veteran—had served in the army of the United States twenty-eight years—was covered with the scars of honour—had bled in the cause of freedom—was seven times wounded in the revolutionary war, and several times in St. Clair's defeat—had grown grey, and was nearly superannuated, in the defence of our rights; and this was the first time, he positively affirmed, that he was ever put in irons. He had excellent recommendations from General Wilkinson, and several other officers, under whom he had served, of his valour, good conduct and patriotism; and the ingratitude of his country now, drew tears from the old man's eyes. After having been confined several days—"all hands to punishment!"—was bellowed from the boatswain, and his mimic mates. We assembled on the gun-deck, abreast of the main hatchway, to witness the exemplary operations of naval justice. The culprits were brought to the tragic stage, and ordered to strip. Whelan plead his scars—acknowledged, that worn down with toils, he had trespassed on the rigid rules of martial discipline, and implored mercy. Many could not refrain from tears—The scene was affecting—perhaps he had sons—how should I feel, if he were my father! He had contributed his blood to the purchase of our Independence—he was aged, poor, and friendless, and looked up to our government for succour and support. His fault, if a fault it could be called, was that of nature. How I then wished that I possessed, not only the power of pardoning, but the means of maintaining him for life. At length, the angel of Pity, descending from the highest seat, save God's, in heaven, with a finger dipped in the fountain of mercy, touched the hard heart of war. The trembling, weeping, feeble, and grateful old man, was forgiven!

Higgins was then tied.—He attempted to exculpate himself, by saying—"I thought, Sir, it was one of my companions"—for it

was evident that what he first said was the cause of his being reported. "You thought! you have no right to think, damn your blood; you tell an officer he is no gentleman—I'll cut you in ounce pieces, you scoundrel—boatswain's mate! do your duty!"—He was then flogged without feeling or mercy. That a man had no right to *think*, was a theorem I had never heard of before, not even under the most arbitrary governments, among the most flaming zealots in polemical theology. It was worse than the blue laws of my native state—worse than the inquisition of Spain—worse than the Bastille of France. Votaries of Justice! What do you think of a smock-faced, pickshank, fopdoodle of an officer, sporting with the feelings, the liberty, and the very life and health of one of our gallant tars, and for a trifling mistake, or a just retort, to have him chained, mutilated, and disgraced? Votaries of humanity! What do you think of an effeminate, pragmatical, fopling of an officer, who could have the turpitude, the effrontery, and the barbarity to report a worthy veteran, for shutting his eyes a few moments, when he had nothing to place them on deserving his vigilance? The midshipman who complained of Higgins, after having shamefully abused him, and trifled with his toils, was an imported British gasconade, who had learned his first lessons of nautical tyranny in the school of the English navy. And I could not but remark, that every cruel officer that we had on board was a warm partisan for British precedents, and of course a zealous federalist.

The next person that was put in irons, and punished at the gangway, was one Nugent, a marine. He was taken into the ward-room, to wait on the lieutenant of marines, and had the charge of a sixteen gallon keg of brandy. He was found drunk, lying in the surgeon's berth, and, on examination, it was found that he had nearly emptied the brandy-keg, by giving bottles of brandy to a launch corporal, who had a doxy on board, and who was the first to bear witness against him, after having over persuaded him to do it. It cannot be said that he was unjustly or unlawfully punished.

A few days after, as he was exercising or drilling on the quarter-deck, abaft the mizzen, not knowing his musket was loaded, he snapped it, and a ball did but just escape the head of the officious corporal, and passing through the hammocks in the quarter nettings, communicated fire to the cloths. He was immediately reported by the corporal, and again put in irons; but having been so recently punished, and this being considered as accidental, rather than premeditated, in the plenitude of rich clemency there was found forgiveness.

The next, making allowance for anachronisms, was John Tharpa, seaman, and cockswain of the barge. He had been master's mate, on board of the frigate *United States*, and entered on board the *Philadelphia*, with flattering promises of speedy preferment, and getting a little intoxicated on shore, was reported by a midshipman, put in irons, and a good round dozen was the first step towards his promotion.

About the same time, David Burling, a marine, was punished for sleeping on post. On being detected a second time, in the act of dozing, he was put in irons, confined to the coal hold, and there kept until we struck the shoals off Tripoli.—But this last did not happen until we had been out a considerable time. He was to have been tried by a court-martial; for Capt. Bainbridge emphatically declared that it would give him “infinite pleasure to see him hanging at the yard-arm.” It is known and acknowledged, that according to the articles of war, “any sentinel sleeping on his post, on being convicted thereof, shall suffer death or such other punishment as a courtmartial shall adjudge.” But whether this is meant to apply, except in actual service, in times of imminent danger, is not for me to say. The marines had to take their tours of duty, keep themselves clean, and go to every call of all hands besides; and therefore, great allowance ought to have been made for their being constantly driven and harassed night and day; and it is more than probable, that if they had been justly dealt by, and regularly

relieved from sentry in due time, very few would have merited stripes or chains.

While we were lying here, Capt. Wharton came on board, and paid us some money. We put into a common stock a few dollars each, to send on shore and purchase some sea-stores. We gave the money to one Collins, a mizzen-top boy, who belonged to the jolly-boat. He deserted, and I have never seen nor heard of him since. Perhaps some prophetic spirit whispered in his ear that we were bound to a Turkish prison. We had, as yet, no cans to draw our rum in, and tin pots and cups were very scarce amongst us. The serjeant of marines drew our rations from the purser's steward, and undertook to serve it out to us. We were classed in messes of eight men each. He would not give any part of the rum to any one of our mess except we found a vessel large enough to take the whole. We could not do it, and he kept the rum to himself. As the water was very bad, the men much fatigued, and the most of us not very averse, at any time, to the cheering beverage of spirits, this flagrant outrage committed on our rights—this glaring embezzlement of our rations, was spurned by all with indignation, and threatened revenge. But the officer of marines being on shore, before a complaint could be made to him, and the very night following, our serjeant, having so much more than his ordinary measure of rum, got intoxicated, and making considerable tumult in his berth, was ordered, by a midshipman in the steerage, who had heard him accused of purloining our rum, to "keep silence, and put out his light." Deeming himself an officer, co-ordinate with a midshipman, he refused to obey. The midshipman flew from the steerage, doused the gleam,¹ and dragged the serjeant from his hammock, into which he had sprung, and gave him a hearty and severe basting. The general thirst of revenge was now allayed, although the person who executed justice had no more right to strike the serjeant than he had to drink our rum. The serjeant

¹ Put out the light.

complained to the lieutenant of marines, but could get no satisfaction, and he afterwards went and remained on shore. Lieutenant Jones arrived from New-York with between thirty and forty men, which he had shipped there. Being now fully prepared, and our pilot on board, we descended the river, and time will never efface the impressions I then felt. The tranquility, order, and harmony of the delightful shores, contrasted with the tumult, confusion and discord of the hateful ship, appeared now to have charms never before contemplated. *There*, liberty, equality, peace, plenty, and all the rural beauties of nature, held a halcyon reign. *Here*, oppression, arrogance, clamour, indigence, and all the hideous deformities of art, and implements of bloodshed, struck the mind with horror and dismay. It is a trite but true saying, that the blessings of life—the pleasures of sense, never appear so valuable, so lovely and so enchanting, as when they are about to depart from us; and a friend never appears so amiable, so engaging and of such inestimable worth, as when we are bidding him a final adieu. Heaven-favoured farmers! how ineffably happy, how supremely blest would you be, did you but know how to appreciate the privileges you enjoy, and feel the same relish for the sweets of your fields, as one who is bound to meet the terrors of the god of war, and reap the horrors of the midnight storm. On the twenty-seventh day of July, we dismissed the pilot, and in a short time lost sight of the happiest shores on earth.

CHAPTER VI

A VOYAGE

INVOCATION TO NEPTUNE

NEPTUNE, attend, god of the vast profound!
Whose will controuls it, and whose pow'rs surround!
When lightnings flash, tremend'ous thunders roar,
And liquid mountains tumble to the shore,
Thy awful mandate, sounding from afar,
Can hush the din of elemental war;
The restless billows lull to slumb'ring peace,
And bid the whirlwind and the tempest cease!
O make, in answer to our fervent pray'r,
The Philadelphia thy peculiar care.
To winds propitious all our sails unfurl'd,
Bearing the ensign of a glorious world;
Should in our cruise some hostile flag be seen,
The Moor, Tripolitan, or Algerine—
Should blood-stain'd Mars his hideous front display,
And menace carnage to obstruct our way—
As stern Ulysses, as Achilles bold,
Or warlike Hector, in the days of old,
The martial look of Bainbridge shall inspire
The dauntless ardour of heroic fire;
His sword shall triumph in the vengeful blow,
And deal destruction to the recreant foe.
So taught the muse prophetic—but the song
Prov'd, in the sequel, the prediction wrong.

WE were divided into two watches; but all hands being kept constantly on deck in the day time, we had not more than four hours out of twenty-four, for relaxation and repose; and consequently, at every muster of the watch, during the night, stupified with lassitude, more or less would be found

asleep below. Sometimes fifteen or twenty at a muster would be ranged along the gangways, to receive the reward of their atrocious actions—the punishment due to the incestuous crime of yielding to the embraces of Mother Nature, by resting their heads a few moments in her lap; not on a downy pillow of somniferous poppies, but more frequently on the soft side of a plank; and an almost unceasing cry of men excruciating under the torturing operations of a rope's end, was to be heard through the dreary night. The ship was yet a chaos of disorder, and a frequent call to quarters in the dead of night, was attended with broken shins, bruised backs and battered noses. A midshipman had to muster the marines' hammocks, which were stowed in the quarter nettings. Mr. B. from Philadelphia, was commissioned, one morning, with this important charge. It must be previously understood, that when a marine officer musters his men, by calling them by name, they are not allowed to answer "here, sir," as the sailors are taught to reply to their officers, but "here," only. The most of us had the presence of mind, and fortunate precaution to consider, that, as Mr. B. was not a marine officer, perhaps we ought not to take hold of a name so brightly polished, without putting a handle to it; and we luckily added "sir" to the "here." But two of our marines, who very likely had been flogged by some marine officer for answering "here, sir;" O, fatal hallucination! O, impudent fellows! replied as they had been taught, with a bare "here." The little captious, amphibious animal flew into the most outrageous passion, and seizing an end of the mizzen halyards, gave each of those audacious wights twenty or thirty blows with all the strength of his little arms; while so remote were they from meaning any insult or disrespect, that when he had exhausted all his might and fury, they did not know what trespass they had committed—for what they had been beaten.—Luckily for them, he was no Mendoza, or he might have pounded them to jelly. They entered a complaint to their marine officers, but got no redress!!—They were marines, and that alone was enough to damn them. Lovers of equality! Cultivators of your independent

soil!—The only lords of America! what do you think of these things? —Are such cruelties authorized by the constitution of our country? —Or, is the constitution violated by those paltry imps of despotism?—Are the officers of our navy legally invested with such absolute power?—or, is such power as unlawfully assumed as it is arbitrarily exercised?—Are we in want of seamen and soldiers, or are we not?—Is it a crime so atrocious—a thing so degrading, to enter voluntarily into the service of the United States, that a man must be no longer considered as a citizen of America?—And are citizens of this free country to be treated with as much contempt, as great barbarity, and as villainous injustice as the sable vassals of the West-Indies?—Does it not reflect disgrace upon human nature, to suppose that mankind are incapable of being governed, even in a man of war, but by the iron rod of tyrannical power?—Has a man, because he is no officer, no right to speak in his own justification?—no right to complain?—no right to seek redress if he is injured?—Or is he so vile, so contemptible, so abandoned by God and man, that he cannot be injured?—Has a sailor no emulation?—no feeling?—no resentment?—And must a brat of an officer, a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, be permitted to strike, to insult, to trample on, to swagger over men grown venerable by age, and honourable by wounds in the service of their country?—And, above all, does a man's being a marine sink him to the very depths of debasement and infamy? Ye honest tillers of the ground! You, from whom all legitimate political power and authority originate; why do you suffer your hirelings to abuse the power you commit to them? Why do you not wrest the rod from their hands? How would you like to see a son of yours bleeding beneath the hands of your servant? You who were the purchasers of Independence, and next to God himself, the fathers of plenty, and of all the blessings and privileges we enjoy—you, who are the very life and soul of liberty, why do you permit your servants to treat your sons like slaves? Or, are you ignorant of their perversion of your authority? Or, is a man, when he is once on board a man of war, dead to all

justice, to all humanity, to all sense of feeling? and must he be treated like a slave—an out-cast of society—a villain—a beast?

I cannot dismiss this subject without mentioning a circumstance which took place a few days after we were liberated from Tripoli; on board of the United States frigate *Essex*, while we were lying at Syracuse. Amongst a number of men that were sent in a boat to paint the ship's sides, was James Gallagher; who was one of the *Philadelphia's* crew, just emancipated from a Turkish prison—sickly, and emaciated. He had been destitute of shoes for a long time before he came on board, and there were none in the ship. In working amongst so much black paint, some of it unavoidably adhered to his feet. It was impossible to wash it off, with salt water. The men were called out of the boat, up the gangway; and such of them as had dirty shoes, left them in the boat, and came on deck with clean feet. Gallagher tried to wash his feet before he stepped on deck, but it only made them worse; and when he walked along the gangway, he left the vestiges of his feet. The officer of the deck called him and asked him where were his shoes? He answered he had none, and could not possibly get any. He was snarled at, and asked, why he did not wash his feet then? He answered, that he had tried; but could not wash off the paint, unless he had soap and fresh water. He was then damned for a dirty rascal, ordered to take off his jacket, a boatswain's mate called, and told to give him about two dozen, with a large rope's end. He was a good seaman, had been several years in our service—a person of a peaceable and excellent disposition, and was beloved by all the prisoners in Tripoli. What bosom is there that would not burn with a sympathetic indignation and resentment at such a scene as this?—That a man, but just escaped from the sanguinary clutches of Tripolitan barbarians, weak, pallid, and broken with toils, chains, and hunger, should so soon be treated worse than by those savages—beaten, among his own countrymen, for not performing impossibilities, was enough to awaken the spirit of indignation in the bosom of a sainted anchorite.

Shades of departed heroes! who fought, bled and died in the sacred cause of liberty, how are your blessed manes insulted; how is your blood contemned; how are your ashes profaned; how are your names reproached; how are those hallowed rights, transmitted to your sons, trampled upon, violated, and destroyed, if such things are winked at by our government. It will be answered that severe discipline is indispensably necessary on board a man of war. It is granted. But is there not some difference between disciplining men, and murdering them?—How is it that men are made to perform duty on board of a merchantman without flogging? Perhaps it may be said that these statements are not true, or that they are exaggerated. So far from being falsehoods, that they are truths excused—truths that can be proved by every seaman that ever sailed in our service. So far from being exaggerated, that the worst I have yet said, is but a palliation of enormities.

Have you not heard of the man who was stabbed by an officer on board of the *Constitution*, while in action with a French frigate, merely for looking pale, and making a false step?—Have you not heard of a man who was struck by an officer, on board the *Essex*, a few years since; and who, in consequence, died?—Have you not heard of a man being kicked in the stomach or bowels, by an officer of the *Constitution*; and who, in consequence, died?—Who has not heard of the man who was stabbed in his own house, in Baltimore, by Lieut. P.—¹ and who, in consequence, died instantly? But, these are British precedents—imitations of British examples.

The British have the most powerful navy on the ocean, and the best seamen in the world; and if they treat their tars with cruelties, so must Americans. If they murder their sailors and soldiers, so must Americans. With shame to our navy be it said, that I have seen Americans who had been impressed, and had remained, for years, in the British navy, who have said, and will say, that they

¹ This was David Porter himself.

found better treatment in that execrable service—under that detestable government, which tears from the bosoms of their families and friends, their seamen, by infernal press-gangs, than in their own service, and under their own government. And it is a well known fact, that while part of our squadron was lying at Gibraltar, several of our seamen deserted to the British fleet. Amongst our crew, in the *Philadelphia*, I may safely say there were one hundred who had sailed in that navy, and not one of them all but would say, he fared better than in our own.

But, as I have before observed, we must not include the whole of our navy officers in this charge. The brave man is never a cruel one. The dauntless Preble is said to be as humane as he is brave; as just as he is humane; and as merciful as he is just. The intrepid Decatur is as proverbial, among sailors, for the good treatment of his men, as he is for his valour. Not a tar, who ever sailed with Decatur, but would almost sacrifice his life for him. Capt. Bainbridge was thought, by many of our sailors, to be a good officer; but he trusted too implicitly to his subordinate myrmidons. His second lieutenant,¹ Mr. Jones,² was a calm, mild, and judicious officer, beloved by all the seamen. Mr. Hunt,³ his third lieutenant, treated me with distinguished kindness. Mr. Cutburt,⁴ a midshipman, was an amiable young gentleman. Midshipmen Gamble⁵ and Gibbons,⁶ were young gentlemen of merit. Mr. Osborn,⁷ lieutenant of Marines, could not be called a tyrannical officer. But all this does not prove that the general complaint of ill usage in our

¹ Ray omits the first-lieutenant, who was David Porter, and to whom he claims (see page 94) was due the loss of the *Philadelphia*. He was the father of Admiral David D. Porter.

² Richard B. Jones.

³ Theodore Hunt, who resigned in 1811.

⁴ William Cutburt, who resigned in 1805.

⁵ Robert M. Gamble.

⁶ James Gibbon, who died in 1811.

⁷ William S. Osborn, who resigned in 1806.

service is unfounded. The commander of a ship may be a good man, and yet, confiding too much in his officers, or being absent, his men may be shamefully treated, without his knowledge; and custom, by imitating the British navy, having imposed such arbitrary rules that a seaman dare not complain of an officer, they often suffer under a worthy commander. How is the captain of a ship to know that his men are mal-treated? He is not much on deck; the men do not complain to him; and for this reason he does not suppose they are wronged. If one of his officers punishes a man, he is made to believe by that officer that the man deserved it. If a man is reported by an officer, it is the duty of the captain to punish him at the officer's instance. The great fault, the chief cause of so much tyranny, of so many just complaints of cruel officers, is the practice of giving warrants to boys—to the upstarts, the fops, the base, unprincipled, inexperienced mammals of licentiousness, who are trained up to exercise undue authority over men, "the latchet of whose shoes they are not worthy to unloose." What necessity, what propriety, what justice is there in giving a boy of eleven or twelve years of age a warrant, with liberty to command, to insult, to strike in the face, men old enough to be their great grand-fathers? How can human nature brook such abuse? Does not the very establishment, then, give licence to the school of tyranny, and plant the nursery of despotism? Such things might plead excuse in any other country, under any other government but ours; but how does it comport with our boasted freedom? But the British do the like; and we, who pretend to discard British precedents, in almost every thing else, still retain them in this. This boy of an officer, draws nineteen dollars a month, when an able, and skilful seaman has but twelve. Is there any equity in this? It is true, we must have officers; but why are they not made officers by merit? Why are they not taken from among the seamen—men of experience? Or, is there no men of merit amongst them? Another thing to be noticed, is the provision made for the vultures of the navy, by sinecure offices. What is the advantage of a pur-

ser, on board of a man of war? Or, if there is a real necessity for one, where is the justice in his charging seamen fifty cents a pound for tobacco—fifty cents for a jack-knife, and more than one hundred per cent. on all his slops;—when, by law, he is allowed to charge no more than ten per cent? Where does the amount of this enormous profit go to? The purser has his wages besides the profits of his slops. How is this? Is he allowed to rifle from the sailors their hard earned wages to his own private benefit alone; or does he go snacks with other officers, who defend him in his peculations? Where is the justice in giving a chaplain forty dollars a month, and two rations, for doing nothing at all—not even so much as reading prayers? Or do they think the prayers of the wicked avail nothing? What justice is there in giving two idle surgeon's mates, each thirty dollars per month, for doing worse than nothing—for embezzling and devouring the rations allowed to the sick?—for drinking their wine, and giving them cold water in the place of it?

Farmers! this is the way your money goes! To such purposes are your taxes appropriated! If a neighbour of yours, in the common transactions of business, defrauds you of a few pence, how ready are you to resent it; and will you suffer your servants, to whom you delegate your power, to pick your pockets before your face? The contributing of your taxes, to the support of such a naval establishment as may be deemed necessary, for the protection of our commerce, is no evil to you; because, commerce increases the demand for, and raises the price of your produce; so that, on the whole, it may probably put more money into your pockets than it takes out of them. But this is no reason that a man, whom you may hire to labour for you, because the profit of his labour is great, to seize on it as his own, or squander it away. Will any one pretend to say, that the foregoing predictions, and remarks, are too circumscribed, too light, or unimportant, to be the subject of reasonable declamation, or serious reflection? That for the general good individual evils must be dispensed with—

that, to secure liberty to all, a few must suffer slavery; and, that a handful of sailors and soldiers, being treated with every severity of injustice and oppression, ought not to be exposed to public investigation, as a matter of momentous concern? If our commerce cannot be protected—if our navy cannot be supported—if the ground of national honour and national defence cannot be maintained but by such flagrant violations of justice, of liberty, of humanity, and of the rights of man, freedom is a jest, and our constitution a mere burlesque on her name. And now, with all the logic of speculative politicians—all the criminations of public functionaries—all the noise of congressional debates—all the buzz and bustle of the alien and sedition laws—the stamp-act—the whisky insurrection—all the whoops of political office-hunters—all the warfare of editorial partisans—all the prating of federal-republican, quid, &c. is it not of greater importance that one citizen of the United States should be chained, stripped, tied, and whipped like a dog, by an officer commissioned by our Executive, for not the least shadow of a crime? Yet this has been done, not to one man only, but to hundreds. Not only whipped like dogs, but immolated like bullocks.—And who could witness such scenes with indifference? who could refrain from exclaiming with Cicero against Verres—"Oh liberty! O sound, once delightful to every American ear! O sacred privilege of American citizenship! once sacred, but now trampled upon." That the preceding reflections may not be considered as the overflowing ebullitions of outrageous revenge for personal abuses, I would mention, as before observed, that I was never chastised while I was in the service; and as a proof that I was not considered as one of the most incorrigible men on board of the *Philadelphia*, I shall cite the following extract of a letter, written by one of our officers in Tripoli, to a gentleman in Philadelphia, which was published in the *Port Folio*, as an introduction to some pieces of poetry. He says—"I cannot omit mentioning a marine, whose extraordinary merit has attracted the attention and notice of all the officers; his name is

Ray," &c. And Capt. Bainbridge, after he had returned to America, in a letter to a friend of mine, says—"Ray has conducted himself in such a manner, as not only to gain my good opinion, but also, the respect and good will of all the other officers." By which it will appear, that, as I had the good opinion of the officers, it is not probable I was much punished by them; and if I was not much punished by them, it is not very probable that in making these remarks I have been actuated by selfish revenge.



CHAPTER VII

EXERCISING SHIP

Now for the rock our warlike frigate bore,
Nor storms were felt to beat, nor heard to roar—
“Clear ship for action!” sounds the boatswain’s call—
“Clear ship for action!” his three mimicks bawl;
Swift round the decks, see war’s dread weapons hurl’d,
And floating ruins strew the wat’ry world!
“All hands to quarters!” fore and aft resounds,
Thrills from the fife, and from the drum-head bounds;
From crouded hatchways scores on scores arise,
Spring up the shrouds and vault into the skies!
Firm at his quarters each bold gunner stands,
The death-fraught lightning flashing from his hands!
Touch’d at the word, tremendous cannons roar,
The waves rush, trembling, to the viewless shore!
From crackling muskets whizzing balls are sent,
And, darting, pierce the liquid element!
The fearful nations of the deep below,
Fly the dire signals of impending woe;
Air’s wild inhabitants in clouds convene,
And wing impetuous from the frightful scene;
Men seek the spoils of the eventful fight,
Lo! not an enemy nor a sail in sight!
What then? must poets ne’er record a deed,
Nor sing of battles, but when thousands bleed?
Can naught but blood and carnage yield delight?
Or mangled carcasses regale the sight?
Which shews more God-like, men to save—or kill?
Their *sweat*, by exercise, or *blood* to spill?
Which sounds more grateful to the man humane,
To hear of hundreds’ health, or hundreds slain?
No blood here flows, no hero’s dying groans,

No squadrons vanquish'd, and no broken bones;
But each more eager to the grog-tub ran,
Than when the foeless contest first began.

HAVING now been at sea for several days, it became expedient for us to practise in the art and discipline of war; and accordingly a time was appointed to exercise ship. The day was remarkably fine. We were prepared, by previous notice, and furnished with eight rounds of cartridges for small arms. The cannon were also made ready for the occasion. —At ten o'clock in the morning, the boatswain piped, and the drum beat to quarters! We soon opened a tremendous fire upon our *imaginary* foes, and went through all the manœuvres of a naval engagement. It was truly ludicrous to see three hundred men earnestly engaged in combatting the visions of fancy—running fore and aft the ship with naked, glittering cutlasses, and other weapons of bloodshed—flourishing their swords, hurling their battle-axes, and brandishing their pikes to prevent the enemy from boarding.

Perhaps if we had fought the Tripolitans with as much courage and pertinacity, as we did the fierce chimeras of our prolific brains, and opposed the great Bashaw with as much fortitude and as little trepidation as we did old Neptune, we might not have been captured without bloodshed; fortunately none were wounded—no lives were lost in either action; but the weather being very sultry, this might, with great propriety, be called a *warm* engagement. From the time we left the Capes, we were on an allowance of half a gallon of water, for each man, per day. The necessity of putting men on so short an allowance of water, while the weather was good and the wind fair, and while we had a plenty of it on board, could not have been very urgent; and certainly while we were lying in harbour, as afterwards, it was very arbitrary and unjust. This, notwithstanding, is practised by most of our ships of war.

On our passage, about this time, John House, a marine, died. When he first came on board he appeared to be very healthy, was florid and vivacious. I do not know what disease was the cause of his death; but I very well know that he was treated with less attention and more contemptuous neglect than if he had been an officer's dog. Our surgeon's mates could not possibly stoop to the low employment of attending a sick marine. He died insane, and in the greatest extremity of anguish, mental and corporeal.

Still on our course, the Western-Isles we past,
And fam'd Gibraltar heaves in sight, at last;
Close in we stood, at our commander's word,
The harbour enter'd, and the frigate moor'd.
View'd, from the ship, what prospects here arise!
The rock's bold summit tow'ring to the skies,
Roll'd in eternal clouds, through time has stood,
Nods, threats and frowns terrific on the flood!
To guard the fortress, and the port command,
Round its wall'd base repulsive batt'ries stand,
Rows above rows, huge cannon wide extend,
And groves of muskets glitt'ring terrors blend!
But flow'ry gardens soon relieve the sight,
And, side by side, lie horror and delight.

We had, for the most part of the way, a very fine breeze and pleasant weather. It was about the 26th of August, if I mistake not, when we arrived at Gibraltar. We lay here a few days when the frigate *New York*, Commodore Morris, the *Constitution*, Capt. Preble, and the *John Adams*, Capt. Campbell, arrived from the Mediterranean. The brig *Vixen*, Lieutenant Smith, also arrived from Baltimore. Information was received that a vessel, with Barbary colours, was cruising off the Rock, and we went in pursuit of her. It was in the afternoon when we came in sight of her; she bore away, and we gave chase. Our ship was under English colours. We fired a number of guns before she would come to. About sun-set we came within hailing, and our

captain ordered one of our seamen, who could speak Spanish and the *Lingua-franca*, to speak her; which he accordingly did, and asked where she was from? They answered—"Morocco." Where are you bound?—"Morocco." What news?—"The Emperor of Morocco has given us orders to capture all American vessels." Have you taken any?—"Yes, we have captured a brig." Where is she?—"Ahead." Are any of her men on board?—"Yes, the captain and four men." You may judge something of their consternation and confusion when we let fall our English ensign, hoisted the American, and ordered them to strike. They instantly doused their colours and humbly deprecated our vengeance. Being ordered, they sent their boat on board of us, with their officers and captain of the American brig. Mr. Cox, our first lieutenant, with several midshipmen, about forty sailors, and a serjeant, corporal and eight marines, was sent on board to take command of the prize.—The prisoners were disarmed and put under hatches, with sentinels over them. The ship carried twenty-two six pounders, and about one hundred men. Their guns were badly mounted, the ship filthy, and the men meagre, grisly and shabby. They had onions of the mildest flavour and largest size I ever beheld; I believe they were nearly six inches in diameter.—Their sea-bread was from barley-meal, baked in large loaves, cut into slices and dried in an oven like what we call rusk.—Their beef, or mutton, was boiled, cut into small pieces, mingled with flour, fat and oil, and packed into kegs. Rice, oil, olives, and dried fish composed the remainder of their esculent stores. Our frigate, now in company with the prize, steered for the brig, and came in sight of her the following day in the afternoon. She led us a chase, and was very unwilling to come to; but when we came within hail, the affrighted master of her cried out—"Morocco! Morocco!" and struck his colours. It was pleasing to witness the ecstasies of our countrymen on being thus unexpectedly and happily rescued from the power of their fierce predaceous captors. They had been stripped of their clothing, robbed of their chests and

cash, plundered of every thing valuable in their cargo, and confined below in irons. We took the brig in tow, the prize in company, and sailed for the Rock. Knowing themselves to be pirates, and conscious of their crimes, the Moorish captives manifested great concern for their lives, by frequently putting their fingers across their throats, and asking us, by interpreters, if we did not think they would all lose their heads. At the Rock of Gibraltar the prisoners were all sent on board of the *Philadelphia*. Lieutenant Cox¹ remained on board of the Moorish ship, as prize-master. The prisoners were kept on board of the frigate for a considerable time, and then sent to their own ship again. While they were with us, they were treated as prisoners of war—not insulted or abused—not put in irons, and had as much provisions allowed them as they could devour. Notwithstanding they were Mahometans, and, by their religion, interdicted the drinking of spirituous liquors, and the eating of pork, many of them would indulge to excess in the former, and swallow, with voracity, the latter, in preference to any other meat. To supply the place of Mr. Cox, as first lieutenant of the *Philadelphia*, Mr. Porter came on board; and Mr. Renshaw,¹ to fill the vacancy of Mr. M'Donough, who remained with Mr. Cox. James Ingerson, Daniel Shays, Nathaniel Brooks, and Charles Rhilander, having been shipwrecked on the coast of Portugal, were sent by an American Consul, in a Portuguese ship, to the American Consul at Gibraltar. They were Americans, from Boston; had suffered much, and earnestly solicited him to provide them a passage to America, which he promised, and which was no more than his official duty to fulfil; but the perfidious misanthropes, instead of sending them on board of some of our shipping then lying in harbour and bound to America, sent them to our frigate, then bound up the Mediterranean, on a two year's cruise. The treacherous

¹ John H. Cox, who resigned in 1804. James Renshaw, afterwards Captain. Thomas Macdonough, afterwards Commodore, the victor of Lake Champlain.

Consul told them that the ship to which he would send them was bound to America, and they were unsuspicious of any device, until they were safely on board of us, and informed to the contrary by our crew. Was this any better than impressing? The Consul's name is Gavino, and his conduct ought to be execrated by every American seaman. Him these four unfortunate Americans might thank for their chains in Tripoli. They applied to Captain Bainbridge, informed him of the Consul's finesse, and sued for permission to leave the ship and seek one bound to their native shores; but he told them, that as they had been sent by order of the American Consul, he could not possibly discharge them—encouraged them with the hope of our not being long out, and endeavoured to persuade them to enter on the ship's books; but they were chagrined and contumacious, and positively refused either to enter or do duty. Some time in October we sailed for Malta, in company with the *Vixen*, and arrived there towards the latter part of the same month. Here we landed several boxes of dollars which we took in at Gibraltar. I need not inform the intelligent reader that this is the Island which in St. Paul's day was called Melita, the place where he was shipwrecked, when the viper fastened on his hand, and where "the barbarous people shewed him no little kindness." The town is large and populous. The harbour is spacious, safe and commodious, and nearly environed by the town. The houses are built of a cream-coloured stone, easily hewn into any shape, though not too friable, and are handsome and durable. The numerous churches, priests and friars—the almost incessant ringing of bells in every part of the town, as signals for prayers, loudly proclaim the reign of superstition and fanaticism over genuine morality and rational devotion. While we lay here, two of our men, Walker and Kelly, deserted from a boat that was sent ashore for water. Walker had been cruelly flogged a few days before, for no crime or fault at all, by order of Lt. Porter and he was heard to swear that if he found no opportunity to desert, he would jump overboard and drown himself sooner than stay in

the ship during the cruise. There was a general murmuring among the men of insufferably bad usage, and it is my real opinion, that had we not been stranded, a mutiny would have ensued. Lt. Porter when he first came on board, and before they knew his voice, ordered some men who were in a boat to come on deck, in order to do something to the rigging.—It was very dark, and they, not judging it to have been the first lieutenant of the ship, made a reply, neither indecorous nor insolent, but not quite so obsequious and parasitical as to please the ear of consummate arrogance. He therefore called them up, and ordered a boatswain's mate to give them a severe flogging, before they knew, or he told them what it was for. And because they did not pull their hats off, while under the operation, in token of begging his mercy, he ordered a second flogging. Suppose an officer had coolly and deliberately stabbed a man in Baltimore, and had to fly from the pursuit of justice, and dare not return to America for fear of the halter, could any thing better be expected from such an officer than that he would treat his men with the cup of torture? We now sailed for Tripoli, and, for what reason I know not, parted with the brig.

On the 31st day of October, early on Monday morning, a sail was discovered on our larboard bow, and orders were immediately issued to give her chase. She made towards the shores of Tripoli, and we soon distinguished that she carried Barbary colours. The white walls of our destined residence in captivity soon hove in sight. Every sail was set, and every exertion made to overhaul the ship and cut her off from the town. The wind was not very favourable to our purpose, and we had frequently to wear ship. A constant fire was kept up from our ship, but to no effect. We were now within about three miles of the town, and Captain Bainbridge not being acquainted with the harbour, having no pilot nor any correct chart, trusted implicitly to the directions of Lieutenant Porter, who had been here several times, and who pro-

fessed himself well acquainted with the situation of the harbour. We however went so close in that the captain began to be fearful of venturing any farther, and was heard, by a number of our men, to express to Lt. Porter the danger he apprehended in pursuing any farther in that direction, and advising him to put about ship. Lieut. Porter answered that there was no danger yet, and that we would give them a few shots more. A moment or two afterwards, and just as we were preparing to come about, she struck upon the shoals and remained fast! The impudent pirate now, for the first time, hove to and returned fire. Lt. Porter looked much like the paper on which I am now blackening his name. Dismay was conspicuous in every countenance. The sails were put aback, anchors cast ahead, and other means exerted to throw her off, but without effect. Three gun-boats were immediately under weigh from the wharves, and one of them, coming within reach, began to spit her fiery vengeance. I could not but notice the striking alteration in the tone of our officers. Burling was taken from our bastile, the coal-hold. It was no time now to act the haughty tyrant—no time to punish men for snoring—no time to tell men they had "*no right to think*," but every man could now snooze and cogitate as much as he pleased. It was not "go you dam'd rascal"—but "come, my good fellow, my brave lads." The forecastle guns were run abaft on the quarter deck—the guns on the main deck hauled aft, but to no effect. The gun-boats kept throwing their balls; but they all went too high, none of them touched our hull, and but very few went through the rigging. It was thought if our guns were thrown overboard, it might cause her to swing clear; it was accordingly done, excepting those on the quarter-deck and in the cabin; but no hopes were visible. Her foremast was cut away—all would not do—she seemed immovable. Her stern was partly demolished, to make way for our guns to bear upon the enemy the better, but our shot had little or no effect. Mr. Hodge, the boatswain, suggested the experiment of casting a stern anchor, but this attempt was rejected by the officers, and

he afterwards persisted in his opinion that if this method had been adopted, she might have been thrown off with facility. Now was the juncture at which we required the aid of the brig we had left.

It was a little past twelve o'clock when we struck the shoals, and we continued firing at the boats, and using every means in our power, to get the ship afloat, and annoy the enemy; when, about four o'clock, the *Eagle of America*, fell a prey to the vultures of Barbary—the flag was struck!!

Many of our seamen were much surprised at seeing the colours down, before we had received any injury from the fire of our enemy, and begged of the captain and officers to raise it again, preferring even death to slavery. The man who was at the ensign halyards positively refused to obey the captain's orders, when he was ordered to lower the flag. He was threatened to be run through, and a midshipman seized the halyards and executed the command, amidst the general murmuring of the crew.

There was only one gun-boat that could bear upon us, although there were two more lying to leeward, between us and the shore, afraid to come nigher. It is true there were two or three more making ready and getting under way, but it was afterwards thought they would not have attempted to board us for that night; and by the next morning she was afloat!!

In fact, the Turks were so pusillanimous that after our colours were struck they dare not, for they did not attempt to come any nearer, until we sent a boat, and persuaded them that it was no farce, no illusion, assuring them that our frigate had in reality struck to one gun-boat, and entreated them to come and take possession of their lawful booty!!

While the boat was gone, the clothes, chests, and provision barrels were brought on the gun-deck, and every man was allowed free access. The ship was scuttled, and water let into the maga-

zine—the cabin furniture destroyed—battle-axes, pikes, cutlasses, pistols, muskets, and all implements of war, thrown over-board. All hands were then called to muster on the quarter-deck. Captain Bainbridge read a clause in the articles of war, stating that our wages would continue while we were prisoners of war; encouraged us to hope for ransom by our country, and advised us to behave with circumspection and propriety among our barbarous captors.

To witness the odd appearance of our provident tars at this solemn hour would have excited risibility in the muscles of an expiring saint. Some of them with three or four pair of trowsers, and as many shirts on, with handkerchiefs stuffed with handkerchiefs round their necks, and their bosoms crammed with clothes and provisions, bore the resemblance of Blunt, in puppet-show, or Falstaff, in comedy.

CHAPTER VIII

REMARKS ON DR. COWDERY'S JOURNAL

I SHALL now take some notice of extracts from Doctor Cowdery's¹ journal, as published in the *Balance*, of Hudson, and republished in the *Albany Register*. As far as he adheres to strict veracity, I shall coincide with his observations; but when he deviates from correctness, or exaggerates on facts, take the liberty of differing with the learned Doctor's diary. He says—"After the signal of the *Philadelphia* was struck, and the officers and crew waiting the pleasure of their new masters, the Tripolitan chiefs collected their favourites, and, with drawn sabres, fell to cutting and slashing their own men who were stripping the Americans and plundering the ship.—They cut off the hands of some, and it is believed, several were killed." It is true there was a sort of mutiny and clashing of arms amongst them; but for my part I never saw any hands amputated, nor do I believe there were any lives lost; for myself and a hundred others were in the ship much longer than the Doctor, and none of us ever saw or heard of this carnage amongst themselves. After they had borrowed about ten dollars of the Doctor, and wrested his surtout from under his arm, he says—"Whilst they were picking its pockets, and quarrelling with each other for the booty, I sprung for the next boat which was waiting for me. In my way I met a little fellow who seized me and attempted to get off my coat, but I hurled him to the bottom of the boat," &c. This was certainly the most heroic action that has ever been read of any of the *Philadelphia's* officers. Surrounded by those horrific brigands, with

¹ Jonathan Cowdery died 1852.

"drawn sabres" and "cocked pistols," for a man, at such a critical and fearful crisis, to have the courage to collar an enemy, on his own ground, must be considered as a specimen of heroism not very common to be found among empirics of our navy. And when the Doctor mentions "hurling the *little fellow*," the reader, not acquainted with the person of the said Doctor, would really suppose him to be a mammoth of a man—quite the reverse. He further says—"they then began upon Mr. Knight, sailing-master, Mr. Osborn, lieut. of marines, and all the officers in the boat, and plundered their pockets, and took their handkerchiefs from their necks. They then landed us at the foot of the Bashaw's palace, where we were received by a guard, who conducted us into the palace, before the Bashaw. He viewed us with the utmost satisfaction, and had us conducted into an apartment where we found the captain and several officers, who arrived in another boat just before us. Here was a table set in the European style. The servants appeared to be Maltese and Neapolitan slaves. Here we supped; after which it was announced that another boat had arrived with our officers and men, who were before the Bashaw. Captain Bainbridge requested me to go and look for Doctor Harwood, whom it was feared was killed. I found him with the carpenter, before the Bashaw, stripped of every thing but their shirts and trowsers. They afterwards informed me that they were stripped in the boat when I lost my surtout, and when they got within a few rods of the shore, they were thrown into the sea, and left either to drown or swim ashore. The Bashaw gave them dry clothes, and we were all conducted before the Bashaw and formed into a half circle. He was seated on his little throne, which was decorated in the Turkish order, and made a handsome appearance. He is a good looking man, aged about thirty-five. He counted us, viewed us with a smile and seemed highly pleased with us. We were then conducted, by the minister of exterior relations and a guard, to the house formerly occupied by the American Consul, a very good house with a large court, and room enough for our convenience.—

We were seated here about 9 o'clock in the evening. Captain Bainbridge got permission from the Bashaw to send for the Danish Consul, who paid us a visit, and offered every assistance in his power. We slept upon mats and blankets spread upon the floor, which was composed of tiles." Although the Doctor here makes no discrimination between men and officers, it must not be understood that he includes the former when he says *we*, excepting servants—no, no, it was only the officers who were treated to a supper, and lodged in this comfortable mansion, and had mats to sleep on. You will therefore please to remember, that when the Doctor says *we*, it is the very same as if he had said *we officers only*; for he does not think proper to descend to the task of relating how the crew were provided for, or whether they were but half alive or all dead. I must therefore inform the interested and humane reader, that as soon as we were huddled into the boats, all, or the most of us, were stripped of all our clothing excepting a shirt, trowsers and hat; some, however, who were in the first boat, under the eye of our officers, fared a little better, and kept the most of their clothes. When we came near the shore we were all precipitated into the foaming waves; for the wind blew very fresh, and left to the free exercise of our talents at swimming or wading ashore. At the beach stood a row of armed men on each side of us, who passed us along to the castle gate. It opened, and we ascended a winding, narrow, dismal passage, which led into a paved avenue, lined with terrific janizaries, armed with glittering sabres, muskets, pistols and tomahawks. Several of them spit on us as we passed. We were hurried forward through various turnings and flights of stairs, until we found ourselves in the dreadful presence of his exalted majesty, the puissant Bashaw of Tripoli. His throne, on which he was seated, was raised about four feet from the surface, inlaid with mosaic, covered with a cushion of the richest velvet, fringed with cloth of gold, bespangled with brilliants. The floor of the hall was of variegated marble, spread with carpets of the most beautiful kind. The walls were of por-

celain, fantastically enamelled, but too finical to be called elegant. The Bashaw made a very splendid and tawdry appearance. His vesture was a long robe of cerulean silk, embroidered with gold and glittering tinsel. His broad belt was ornamented with diamonds, and held two gold-mounted pistols, and a sabre with a golden hilt, chain and scabbard. On his head he wore a large white turban, decorated with ribbons. His dark beard swept his breast. He is about five feet ten inches in height, rather corpulent, and of a manly, majestic deportment. When he had satiated his pride and curiosity by gazing on us with complacent triumph, we were ordered to follow a guard. They conducted us into a dreary, filthy apartment of the castle, where there was scarcely room for us to turn round. Here we remained an hour or two dripping and shivering with the chills of the damp cells, and the vapors of the night. The Neapolitan slaves were busily employed in bringing us dry clothing to exchange for our wet. We rejoiced to see men who wore the habiliments of Christians, and sincerely thanked them for their apparent kindness. We thought them disinterested, generous and hospitable; for we expected to receive our clothes again when dry; but the insidious scoundrels never afterwards would make us any restoration. The clothes which we gave them were new, and those which they brought us in exchange were old and ragged. We were then taken to a piazza, nearly in front of the Bashaw's audience hall, where we lodged for the night. It was floored with tiles and arched above, but open, on one side, to the chilling blasts of intemperate night, and as many of us had wet clothes on, and nothing to cover us with; add to this the gloomy prospects before us, and the painful apprehensions of chains, stripes and dungeons, and you may well suppose we had not a very refreshing night's repose. In the morning, about eight o'clock, an old sorceress came to see us. She had the complexion of a squaw, bent with age, ugly by nature, and rendered frightful by art. She looked round upon us, and raised a shrill cry of *bu-bu-bu-bu*, struck her staff three times upon the

pavement, and then went through and examined us. There was a black man amongst us, and him she selected and placed aside from the rest. We supposed she had chosen him for herself, but he remained in the castle, as one of the cooks for the Mamelukes. This frightful hag is held, by the Bashaw and all the Tripolitans, in the highest veneration, not only as an enchantress, but as a prophetess also. It is said by them that she predicted the capture of the *Philadelphia*, and believed by them that the ship struck the shoals in consequence of her incantations.

The potent Bashaw presently made his appearance, and we were ordered to rise and pull off our hats. He walked past us, into his balcony, and we were permitted to ramble for a while, through the various divisions of this chaotic pile. Some of our men had saved a little cash from the ruffian hands of our hostile pillagers; but there was nothing eatable to be purchased in the castle. We had eaten nothing for twenty-six hours, and began to feel our appetite. The Neapolitans, by paying a certain share of the profits were permitted to retail *aqua-deut*,¹ a spirituous liquor distilled from the fruit of the date-tree, and similar to our whisky. This they kept to sell in their cells, in the castle, around the doors of which, our shivering men thronged, and such as had money shared it with such as had not. But these villainous, mercenary knaves, taking advantage of our ignorance in the price of the liquor, and of the money which they gave us in change, allowed no more than about one fourth of the real value of a dollar.

We were now collected together again, in front of a large window, which looked into a back yard. The Bashaw, his son, the renegade Scotchman, "commodore" Lysle,² and several of the Bashaw's officers, appeared at the window, and the Commodore began to interrogate us respecting our Captain, &c. He asked us whether we thought our captain a coward, or a traitor? We

¹ Aguadiente.

² Elsewhere spelled Lisle.

answered, neither. He replied, "who with a frigate of forty-four guns, and three hundred men, would strike his colours to one solitary gun-boat, must surely be one or the other." We told him that our ship being fast on the shoals, we had no chance to defend ourselves, having thrown our guns overboard, and that although we were in no immediate danger, except from one gun-boat, we judged, and feared, that as soon as night favoured their designs, they would surround and cut us to pieces, giving no quarter. He said there was no necessity for throwing our guns overboard; that we might have known she would be got off, as soon as the wind shifted, and assured us she was already afloat—that if we had not struck our flag, they would not have ventured to board us, and highly ridiculed our captain's cowardice, if, in fact, it was owing to want of courage; he persisted in the idea, that the ship was given up by design; for he said, the captain not bringing a pilot with him, and leaving the brig, when he acknowledged himself unacquainted with the harbour, and then running so nigh in so precipitately, were circumstances weighty enough to overbalance all doubts of his treachery, or, at least, indubitable evidences of his want of judgment, and proofs of his pusillanimity. The Bashaw was very inquisitive to know the number of shipping and strength of America. We gave him surprising accounts of both. The commodore asked us, if there were any mechanicks amongst us, and said, that such as were willing to work at their trades, should be paid for their labour; if not, they would be compelled to do other work. He was informed there were ship carpenters and blacksmiths amongst us. They were selected from the rest, counted, and then mingled with us again. We were then collected in a body, and marched through dark and winding alleys, to the principal gate of the castle, and different from the one at which we entered. Passing out of this, we were conducted to an old magazine, as they called it, filled with sacks of grain, meal, lumber, and useless combustibles, which we were ordered to remove to another old building, not far distant. This was the first of our labour. Our driv-

ers began to display their ferocity, by beating several of our men, who were rather dilatory in obeying their new boatswains. When we had finished removing the rubbish, we were given to understand, that this was to be the place of our confinement. It had once been occupied as a prison, by the Swedish captains, who had shared a fate similar to ours. The prison was about fifty feet in length, twenty in breadth, and twenty-five in height, with a skylight, and two front grated windows. It had a most dreary appearance, was dark and fuliginous. Not a morsel of food had we yet tasted, and hunger, like the vulture of Prometheus, began to corrode our vitals.

Towards evening, some coarse white bread was brought, and we were all ordered out of the prison, and as we were counted in again, each one received a small white loaf, of about twelve ounces. This was all we had for the day. About sunset our keepers came, and ordered us all out, to be counted in. We were under the disagreeable apprehensions of being separated, and sold into distant parts of the country, and at every call of all hands, painful sensations would disturb our breasts. We were counted in, one by one, and as we passed the grim jailor were under the humiliating injunction of pulling off our hats. Those who refused this devoir were sure of a severe bastinadoing. We had nothing to keep us from the cold, damp earth, but a thin, tattered sail-cloth; the floor of the prison was very uneven, planted with hard pebbles, and as we had nothing but a shirt to soften our beds, and nothing but the ground for a pillow, and very much crowded in the bargain, the clouds of night shed no salutary repose. Let us now return to our officers.

Doctor C. says—"This morning, Nov. 1st. the Danish Consul, Mr. Nissen, paid us another visit. Captain Bainbridge engaged him to furnish us with provisions, and such other necessaries as we might want. Our dwelling was furnished in a plain style, and we were supplied with fresh provisions that were tolerably good. We

were allowed to go to the front door, and walk on the terrace, or top of the house, which commanded a handsome prospect of the sea, the harbour, the palace, and the adjoining country. Here we could see our ship on the rocks, full of Turks, and surrounded by their boats; and a constant stream of boats going to, and bringing off the plunder of the ship. We could see those robbers running about town with our uniform coats and clothing on. The minister of exterior relations promised to be friendly, and collect as much of our clothing and effects as he could, and return them to us."

The Doctor does not think it worth mentioning, that almost the whole crew were suffering intolerably, by hunger and nakedness; and it is very evident, that he thought more of uniform coats, than of his naked countrymen, who had no coats to put on. He says, also, that the ship was lying on the rocks, which was positive mendacity, for she floated clear, early that very morning! And I have observed, in all the public letters, that this circumstance has been carefully concealed.

This day, Captain Bainbridge wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, with the lamentable tale of our misfortunes, containing a brief statement of the circumstances of our capture; requesting, that arrangements might be made to meet the exigencies of himself, the other officers, and officers' servants, and adding, "that the remainder of the crew would be provided for by the Regency."

How did he know this? What assurance had he from the Bashaw, that he would provide for us, any more than for himself and his favourites? It is true, he might suppose that the Bashaw would put us to labour, if we were not provided for by our government, and that, for his own benefit, he would allow us sufficient food to sustain existence; but, was this any reason, that no farther notice should be taken of us? That government should make no appropriations for the mitigation of our sufferings? How did

he know, but that benevolent characters in America, might institute charitable contributions for the palliation of our miseries? How did he ever know, but that Congress might interpose for our relief? Or, how did he know but that the department of the navy might see fit to allow us some part of our rations or wages? But his declaration, that we would be provided for by the Regency, precluded, at once, the necessity of any executive, legislative, public, or private aid whatsoever. No doubt, had Captain Bainbridge made a just statement of our situation to the department of the navy, representing that we were wholly dependent on the clemency of a faithless fratricide for the support of life, and soliciting, in our behalf, as well as for his train of servants, that some provision might be made for us, a liberal and patriotic spirit would have granted us laudable and adequate alleviation, until a ransom, or enfranchisement could be effected. For certainly those who were compelled to labour, were under greater necessity for temporary aid, and governmental munificence, than those who were cloistered in idleness. At numerous times, when we were on the very brink of starvation, and petitioned Captain Bainbridge for some part of our pay or rations, he invariably gave us to understand that it was entirely out of his power to do anything for us. No wonder, when he had impressed, not only the government, but all the people of the United States, with the belief that we stood in no need of assistance. The fact is an obvious one—He had committed a most flagrant blunder, and to parry off the shafts of obloquy, would hold up the idea of moderation in his demands, and frugality in his expenditures of the public money. Or, if not, his conduct evinces a total disregard and dereliction of his crew. How could an officer feast and fatten on the public benefaction, and, at the same time, be unmindful of his men, who had an equal claim on the government for similar favours? How could he be the means of debarring that claim, by asserting, that we would be provided for without it? Had not the Captain as much reason to expect that the Bashaw would make provision for him and his officers,

and his officers' servants, as for us? Or were the men whom he had brought into this distress by his blunders, totally unworthy of his regard? We were completely ignorant of this duplicity until we returned to America, and verily thought that Captain Bainbridge had done every thing in his power to meliorate our condition. What must we then think of a commander, who would give up his men to the enemy contrary to their wishes, and then abandon them to starve, or rely on the mercy of sanguinary barbarians?

Nov. 2.—Before sunrise, the horrid clanking of huge bolts announced the early vigilance of our keepers, who ordered us all out. They told the carpenters to stand by themselves—the blacksmiths by themselves also—the coopers the same, and each company were appointed to their several employments, under the direction and command of Turkish masters; but they did not effect much, for a considerable time. The remainder of our men were distributed into different gangs, as we called them; some to the castle, to carry stone, dirt, lime and mortar, where they were making repairs. Some were sent as cooks in the castle, and ten men were taken from amongst us, to be denominated cooks. Their employment was to bring water from a well, about a quarter of a mile distant, for the whole of us to drink—to bring and serve out the bread and oil to us, and sometimes to boil what the Turks call *coos-coos*, which is barley ground very coarse, and neither sifted nor bolted, with which they occasionally fed us. Some were sent on board the frigate and remained all night. About twelve or one o'clock the cooks were called to go for bread, and presently returned with a quantity of black barley loaves, coarse and full of straws and chaff, weighing about twelve ounces each. Of these they gave us two apiece, and bad as they were, our men seized them with avidity. This was our allowance for twenty-four hours.

Nov. 3.—“The Bashaw sent for the carpenter to go on board the ship; he went, and found six feet water in the hold. The car-

penter's crew and fifty men were ordered, and carried on board to work. At night a gale of wind and a heavy sea hove the ship off the rocks, and the carpenter returned."

No doubt, as the Doctor says, there was six feet water in the hold; but he ought to have mentioned, that the ship was scuttled by us; otherwise, it conveys the idea that the ship filled in consequence of the shock at first, or injury on the shoals.

If our men, and all the Turks, have not uttered wilful falsehoods or been very egregiously mistaken, the ship was hove off the rocks the very next morning after she was captured. This morning, after a large company was sent to the ship, and the most of our crew disposed of in different avocations and at various employments a considerable number of us were told, after having been counted, to return into the prison and be ready at a moment's warning for any emergency. Some of them, however, strayed away, went into the town and returned intoxicated. Our keepers perceived it and proceeded to exhibit exemplary punishment, and sate, at once, their thirst of revenge. The instrument with which they prepare a man for torture is called a bastone; It is generally about four or five feet long and as thick in the middle as a man's leg, tapering to the ends. At equal distances from the centre it is perforated in two places, and a rope incurvated, the ends passed through the holes and knotted. This forms a loop. The person is then thrown on his back, his feet put through the loop, and a man at each end of the stick, both at once, twist it round, screw his feet and ancles tight together, and raise the soles of his feet nearly horizontal. A Turk sits on his back, and two men, with each a bamboo or branch of the date tree, as large as a walking-staff and about three feet in length, hard and very heavy, strip or roll up their sleeves, and with all their strength and fury, apply the bruising cudgel to the bottoms of the feet. In this manner they punished several of our men, writhing with extreme anguish and cursing their tormentors.

They were then hampered with a heavy chain at each foot, but the next day they were taken off.

Our men began to complain much of hunger, having for this day but the two loaves of filthy, black and sour bread. Some of them, however, who had the good fortune to save a little money, were permitted to go to the market to purchase vegetables. Their market makes a wretched appearance. On each side of the main street in the town, commencing at the principal gate, a long string of low mud-wall huts on each side the way, is all the market they have; at the doors of which, seated cross-legged on the ground, and a blanket wrapped round them, the Turks retail pumpkins, carrots, turnips, scallions, oranges, lemons, limes, figs, &c. &c. with a thousand trinkets and haberdashers' wares.

At night most of our men returned from the frigate, and brought with them beef, pork, and bread, which was generously shared with those who had none, and though raw, devoured with voracity. The floor of our prison was not large enough to contain or admit us all, stretched at full length, and many of us were obliged to sit or stand all night. This occasioned a strife or crowding at the prison door, to be the first, or at least not the last counted in, for the first were considered as being lawfully entitled to the spot of ground for the night, and no one attempted to eject or oust them. It was surprising to witness the invincible spirit of our tars, and a person would be at a loss whether to ascribe it to a philosophic fortitude or natural apathy. In the most desponding aspect of times, they would caper, sing, jest, and look as cheerful, many of them, as if they had been at a feast or wedding.

Nov. 4.—A large number of our men were again sent, and employed in bringing ashore the product of the frigate. The officers were prohibited walking on the terrace of their prison. Some of us were every day reserved for sudden avocations; to go and carry burthens in different parts of the town, and for any other

enterprise. At every emergency or call for men a wardman or keeper would enter the prison, take such as fancy or accident pointed out, and if there was the least hesitation in obeying his commands, a severe beating was the result of such contumacy. Four of us were chosen to be the pack-horses of some unknown expedition. We were led by a grisly emissary of the Bashaw, through many crooked and dirty alleys, until we came to a house at which he ordered us to halt. He went in but soon returned, and gave us signals to follow him. He led us through a gloomy passage to a large court-yard. Our breasts palpitated on the way, but our fears were dissipated when we found ourselves surrounded by a dozen beautiful females, who came from the piazzas above. As the women in the streets are constantly wrapped and muffled up in blankets which conceal their shapes and faces, except one eye, this to us was a novel sight; for the ladies were exposed to view, as much as the half-naked belles of our own towns. They were fantastically wrapped in loose robes of striped silk; their arms, necks and bosoms bare, their eyelids stained round the edges with black, their hair braided, turned up and fastened with a broad tinsel fillet. They had three or four rings in each ear as large in circumference as a dollar. Several of them were very delicate and handsome. They brought us dates, olives, oranges and milk. They expressed or manifested great surprise at our appearance, and, like other ladies, were full of giggling and loquacity. Our driver then bade us follow him again into another yard, where he shewed us a large copper kettle and ordered us to take it up and follow his footsteps. We carried it about half a mile to another house, where there was a number of women, one of which would have killed us if she had not been prevented by our master. He made us understand that her malignity arose from her husband having been killed by the Americans, in the boat at which we fired when we were on the shoals. Here we left the kettle and returned to the prison. The streets are not paved, never swept, and are full of sharp pebbles, and having no shoes I suffered intolerably

both by the cold and in carrying burthens, until they became indurated by use.

November 5.—“Our new masters came and closed up the passage which led to the top of the house, and a guard was set at the front door to prevent our going into the street. The minister sent his chief secretary with a parole of honour, written in French, which we all signed.” The Turks informed us that the reason of their closing up the passage was a suspicion that we men were concerting with the officers some plan of escape, and that the suspicion was raised from a report of this kind fabricated by the infamous Wilson, in hopes to ingratiate himself with the Bashaw. Our prison door was more effectually secured at the same time. This day several of our seamen, who were born under British colours, flattered themselves with the fallacious hope of obtaining emancipation by throwing themselves under the protection of the British government, and claiming from the English Consul the privileges or exemptions of British subjects. For this purpose they went to him and he registered a number of their names, promised to write to his government, and if possible effectuate their release. They returned highly elated with the prospect of freedom. But a large majority of our patriotic tars, who had adopted America as their country, laughed at their credulity and hissed at their project, positively declaring that they would not be released by a government which they detested, on account of its tolerating the impressment of seamen, and swearing that they would sooner remain under the Bashaw than George the Third.

November 6.—Our treatment and provisions much the same. “The English Consul, Mr. M'Donough, paid our officers a visit, and offered them every assistance in his power.” As I was walking the streets, on a return from carrying a bundle of faggots into the town, I met with a Mahometan who spoke English tolerably fluent. He informed that he had been in America, in the time of our revolution, a servant to General Fayette; and when his master

returned to France he continued in America for two years, then went to his native country and was a soldier in the French revolution, went with Bonaparte's army to Egypt, and when the French evacuated that country his life was despaired of, and he was left in a wretched hospital and would have perished had it not been for the fraternal kindness of a benevolent Mussulman, who took him to his house and treated him with the affectionate attention of the nearest consanguinity, and who was the means of saving his life. While in a debilitated state both of body and mind, he was persuaded by his benefactor, whose importunities it seemed ungrateful to resist, to embrace the religion of Mahomet. He was now on his way to Tunis with a travelling company, appeared to be well respected by his comrades, was decently dressed and seemed to have plenty of money; but he asked me a thousand questions concerning America, and seriously regretted his ever having left it, and of his transmutation of religion; but he still had hopes of making his escape. He gave me a Spanish dollar which he insisted on my accepting, shook hands and bade me adieu.

November 7.—Several of our men were much indisposed from sleeping on the damp ground, and being almost destitute of clothes. A small apartment or cell adjoining our prison was appropriated for the use and retirement of the sick, and Dorman, who was lolly-boy on board of the frigate, was appointed to attend them. Another room, contiguous to that, was the receptacle of our provisions, and the men who were called cooks were permitted to sleep in it by themselves. Another cell, at a different part of the prison-yard, was set apart for the carpenters, coopers, and blacksmiths to sleep in; so that our prison was not quite so much crowded as at first.

November 8.—“The Bashaw sent for Capt. Bainbridge and told him that John Wilson had informed him that Captain Bainbridge, before hauling down the colours, threw overboard nineteen boxes of dollars and a large bag of gold. Captain Bainbridge assured

him it was false, and gave him his word and honour that no money was thrown over to his knowledge, but that the money in question was left at Malta. In the evening the Bashaw, not being satisfied, sent for the captain's servant and ordered him flogged if he did not tell the truth concerning the money. The boy denied having any knowledge of it. After repeating the threat several times, and the boy insisting on his not knowing any thing about the money, he was acquitted. Wilson had turned traitor and given the enemy all the assistance in his power. He now acts as overseer of our men." This perfidious wretch was a quarter-master on board the frigate. He was born in Germany, and spoke the *lingua-franca* very fluently. He as yet mingled amongst us, and acted as a spy, carrying to the Bashaw every frivolous and a thousand false tales. He had not as yet assumed the habiliments of the Turks, so that he was the more dangerous. The Bashaw rode out this day, and as he returned was to pass, with his retinue, through our prison-yard, which is approximate to the castle. Wilson came and told us that it was the Bashaw's orders that we should parade in single file, in front of our prison, with our hats off, and when he should make his appearance we must give him three cheers. He presently made his entrance into the yard, and being marshalled according to orders, some of our silly asses swung their hats and brayed like the animal they personated; but the most of us refused, with a laudable spirit of indignation, this mean and sycophantic testimonial of a tyrant's applause. His return from his cavalcade was announced by the firing of cannon from the castle, and crackling of muskets on the beach. He was preceded by a foot-guard at some distance. Next to the foot-guard was the high constable of the town police, mounted on an elegant Arabian grey, in his hand he held perpendicularly before him a three-pronged sceptre, richly ornamented. His majesty was mounted on a milk-white mare, sumptuously caparisoned and glittering with golden trappings. He was dressed much the same as when we first saw him, excepting a white robe which had a head like a hood, and on the top a large tassel. At his

right hand rode a huge negro, who was made one of the Bashaw's principal officers, and admitted to this distinguished honour for having assassinated the Bashaw's brother, who was a powerful and dangerous rival. Three or four of his younger children went before him, seated on mules, with Neapolitan slaves running by their sides, holding with one hand the bridle of the mule and with the other an umbrella over the head of the child. At his left hand rode his vizier or prime minister, his chief officers of state, and was followed and attended by his Mamelukes or lifeguards, without order or arrangement, courting his approbation by numerous feats of equestrian agility. Two large boxes slung across a mule, led by a trusty Neapolitan slave, contained his principal treasures.

November 9.—“Our captain established a credit with the Danish Consul, who supplied us with necessary provisions, and with cloth for mattresses. A guard was placed at our door to prevent our going into the street, or purchasing any books or clothing.”

November 10.—The Turks appeared very savage and spit at us and on us, as we passed the streets. The keepers or drivers beat us without any pretext, and acted more like infernal than human beings. We did not then know the cause of this alteration for the worse, but perhaps the following will account for it. “Several Turks came in and informed Capt. Bainbridge that the Bashaw had been told that Capt. Rodgers, who commanded the United States frigate *John Adams*, treated the Tripolitan prisoners very bad, and that they feared we should suffer for it.” Several of our men were sent for and interrogated very closely concerning the money Wilson had reported was thrown into the sea; but they all unanimously corroborated the assertions of Capt. Bainbridge, that there was no money sunk.

November 11.—As I was coming in at the principal gate of the town, having been out on the sands for water, I saw a hand and foot hanging at the outside of the gate fresh bleeding, and observ-

ing a cluster of people not far distant, I stepped to see the cause of their being collected. The object of their curiosity was a wretch with his left hand and right foot recently amputated, faint and almost expiring. The stumps had been dipped in boiling pitch. This is their mode of punishment for capital offences, and the miserable object is dragged out of town and left to breathe his last in the most exquisite agonies, unless some friend sees fit to compassionate his sufferings, and then he some times recovers; for you will see a great number of men in Tripoli hobbling about the streets thus mutilated.

November 13.—“The minister of exterior relations sent his droggerman¹ to Captain Bainbridge, and informed him that if he would send an immediate order to Commodore Preble to deliver up the Tripolitan prisoners captured by Captain Rodgers last summer, amounting to eighty in number, we might remain where we were, but if he did not comply we should fare worse. Captain Bainbridge replied that he could not command Commodore Preble, and therefore could not comply with his request. At nine in the evening a Tripolitan officer came armed with two pistols and a sabre and said—“to-night, nothing; to-morrow, the castle.” We accordingly prepared for the castle. This day we were employed in bringing pig-iron and shot from the boats at the wharf to the magazine in the navy-yard. I was very sick, and complained to the principal keeper that I was unable to work; but the only consolation I received was that of being called a *kelb*, (dog) and told to do as I was ordered. At night our men returned from the frigate with some more beef and pork, to which, eaten raw, hunger gave a delicious flavour.

November 14.—“Breakfasted early to be ready for our new habitation. At 9 A. M. a guard came and ordered us to the castle. We formed agreeable to rank, and marched to the castle.

¹ Dragoman.

We were huddled into a gloomy cell amongst our men, where there was hardly room for us to stand. Here we spent the day without food, and were scoffed at by our foes until night, when to our happy surprize we were conducted back to our old place of abode." Poor Doctor! in this whining tale there are several misrepresentations. That the officers were in the prison amongst us, contaminating fellows, is true; but the Doctor and his fellow-officers, though nobody doubts their feeling very big, must be gigantic monsters indeed, if they had hardly room enough to stand in a cell at least twenty-five feet high, and which contained every night nearly three hundred men, who were chiefly absent the whole day. Neither was our prison in the castle, as he intimates; and if he remained all day without food after having eaten a hearty breakfast, it was owing to his own fastidiousness, for our men boiled some meat which was brought from the frigate, and invited all the officers to partake of it, and several of them made a hearty repast. If this famous son of Esculapius had been three days at a time without food, as we often were, perhaps he might have had an appetite for black bread and salt beef.

While Captain Bainbridge was amongst us, Wilson came with orders to get men for some kind of drudgery, when the captain accused him of informing the Bashaw of our sinking the box of money; he prevaricated, and attempted to extenuate, though he could not pointedly deny the crime. The captain told him that he would have him hanged for a traitor if ever he returned to America, and in a violent passion threw his chain at him. A few days afterwards Wilson, probably fearing the reality of his threats, put on the turban, and confirmed his apostacy.

November 17.—The Danish Consul sent some fresh provisions for our sick, by the request of Captain Bainbridge.—Our bread was very coarse and musty. This day I saw one of the Mahometan saints or Anchorites, who are held in the highest veneration by the Tripolitans. He was seated on a tomb within a small smoky cell,

where he kept a lamp incessantly burning, which he said was the spirit of the dead. He offered me a piece of bread in the name of the prophet, pitied my situation, and really appeared to possess philanthropy.

November 18.—A number of us was sent to carry powder from the quay to the castle, which is about three-quarters of a mile. The powder was taken from the frigate and was still wet. I was compelled to carry a cask of it, which was very heavy; and my feet being tender, gave me insufferable pain.—What would the querimoneous Doctor think, if he had been doomed to such hardships?

November 20.—Thomas Prince was metamorphosed from a Christian to a Turk. He was a lad of about seventeen years of age, and had a mother, as he informed us, living in some part of Rhode Island. Our men now began to construct what they termed cots. They were formed by fastening four pieces of timber at the corners, in the shape of a bedstead, and then weaving a net of ropes like a bed-cord. These were suspended from spikes driven in the wall, and composed a lodging much more comfortable and healthful than the moist earth; but materials for these cots being very scarce, but few of us could be provided with a luxury so rare and inestimable.

November 21.—Doctor Cowdery informs us that a man one hundred and sixteen years of age, came to him to be cured of deafness. We do not know which to doubt most—the Doctor's veracity or the Turk's credulity.

November 22.—We wrote a petition to the Bashaw in behalf of the sick, praying for some kind of blankets or clothing to keep them from the earth, appealing both to his humanity and his interest. "The Bashaw refused to furnish necessary clothing for the sick or any thing for them to eat but sour, filthy bread. Captain Bainbridge contracted with the Danish Consul to supply the sick with beef and vegetables for soup every day."

November 25.—Sixteen of us were put to boring cannon; the labour was intense, and having neither bread nor any thing else to eat until four o'clock in the afternoon, hunger and weariness were almost insupportable. Some of our men, by some clandestine means, were found intoxicated; for which they were inhumanly beaten, and confined in shackles. Whenever instances of this kind occurred, *all* were sure to suffer for the misconduct of a *few*.

November 26.—To the disgrace of human nature be it said, that although we all had an equal share of bread allowed us, some had the meanness, the selfishness, the brutality to steal from their companions in misery the only ligament of soul and body. We frequently divided our pittance and kept one loaf over night to eat in the morning, and often when morning came we found ourselves pillaged of our stores, and nothing to silence the importunate calls of hunger. About twelve o'clock I received a small white loaf from the allowance of our officers, and never in my life did I taste a more luscious dainty. It came from Mr. Morris, who was or had been by trade a baker, and the next day I sent him the following stanzas; friendship the strain, and gratitude the muse:

THE LOAF

THE best of all friends is the friend in distress,
And more the rich morsel I prize,
Imparted when hunger and poverty press,
Than thousands, did fortune suffice.

With gratitude, friend, to the parent above,
And thanks to yourself not a few;
I took the sweet loaf as a token of love,
And ate in remembrance of you.

To life-wasting hunger, to heart-piercing cold,
To scourges of tyrants a prey;
Midst demons of slavery too fierce to be told,
And comrades more brutish than they.

The least of my wants not a soul has reliev'd,
Nor friendship invited a beam;
From you the first crust of regard I receiv'd—
From you the first crumb of esteem.

Then take the fond lay as the yeast of return,
For, while I thus indigent live,
Though my breast, like an oven, with gratitude burn,
'Tis all I am able to give.



CHAPTER IX

A PETITION

WHEN in the pow'r of foes, we must be civil,
And sometimes supplicate a king, or devil.

ON the 27th of November, we presented a petition to the Bashaw in the following language:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GRAND BASHAW OF TRIPOLI

The petition of the American prisoners most humbly sheweth— That when your petitioners were captured in the United States frigate *Philadelphia*, they were plundered of all their clothing, and are daily sickening and suffering most intolerably by the inclemency of the season, and by not having any thing to sleep on to keep them from the cold, damp ground but a thin and tattered sail-cloth: and also, that your petitioners, not receiving sufficient food and nourishment to enable them to endure the hardships and perform the hard tasks assigned them, are frequently most inhumanly bastinadoed for the lack of that strength which adequate nutriment would restore and supply. Your petitioners therefore pray that his Excellency, consulting his interest as well as his honour, by contributing to our relief, would graciously be pleased to grant us more comfortable clothing, and more nutritious food; and your petitioners, while they continue your prisoners, will remain your most faithful, industrious, obedient and humble servants.

November 28.—In consequence of the foregoing petition, the Bashaw ordered us two barrels of pork from the frigate. It was really laughable to see with what ridiculous pride and pomposity

our chief keeper performed the functions of a purser's steward; but it was not laughable to see with what greediness our half-starved crew seized and consumed their crude dividend of the meat.

November 29.—I was sent to work in the castle carrying dirt, stones, mortar, lime and sand, for repairing the walls.—A little past 12 o'clock our overseer beckoned to me to follow him. I obeyed, and he took me to the cook-house and ordered me to take a dish of *coos-coos*, and follow him again. He led me through several gloomy, subterraneous cells, dimly lighted, smoked black by torches, where were large iron staples and chains, once the lot of some ill-fated object of a tyrant's wrath, until we came to a dungeon strongly bolted.—My grim conductor loosened the door, and a wretch appeared, ghastly and loaded with chains. The dish was handed in without saying a word, and we returned to our labour. I durst not express the curiosity I felt to know what was his accusation. His head was afterwards struck off, and carried on a pole through the streets of the city.

November 30.—“One of our men attempted to kill himself, but was prevented, by the Turks when in the act of cutting his throat; the wound did not prove mortal.” This was C. R. one of the four persons previously mentioned, who was taken in at Gibraltar, and were so unlawfully detained.—The wound however was a mere scratch, and the lycanthropy, which was the cause of it, was occasioned by taking a little too much *aqua vitæ*. Nothing of very great importance for a considerable term of time. West, one of our carpenter's crew, had turned Turk, and had a number of men employed in building gun-boats, repairing gun-carriages, and works of circumvallation. Some of our men were assisting to repair fortifications in mason work—some sent into the country every day to cut timber for ship and boat building—some boring guns—some coining buckamseens in the mint in the Bashaw's castle, twenty-five of which are equal to a Spanish dollar

—some carrying mortar from cisterns in different parts of the town. Our rations continued the same, two black barley loaves and about three-fourths of a gill of oil per day—more or less bastinadoing continually, and once a fortnight we received a little beef and pork. A number of Spanish carpenters were employed in building boats and other vessels for the Regency; and on the 15th of December they had a schooner ready for launching. In the afternoon the consuls all hoisted their colours, three guns were fired from the battery, and the schooner was precipitated into the waves amidst the acclamations of a shabby multitude of idle spectators. “At sunset, a firing from the batteries announced the commencement of the Mahometan Ramadam¹ continuing a lunar month, in which they neither eat, drink nor smoke, while the sun is above the horizon, but feast at night. In walking through the town to visit my patients I found the mosques and principal houses illuminated, and the people rejoicing.”

On the 17th, as I was returning with a crock of water from the sands, not far from the large eastern gate, I saw a man walking towards me leading a child by the hand. Another Turk was just before me leading a large fiery courser, wild, and prancing by his side, and as they met the harmless child passing very near to the horse's heels, struck him with a switch. The haughty, majestic animal, as if conscious of the indignity, let fly his hoofs and dashed him into eternity in the twinkling of an eye. The father of the child, as I supposed it to be, looked at him for a moment—raised him up, and perceiving he was past all remedy, laid his right hand on his breast, lifted his left, raised his eyes to heaven, made a short ejaculation, seeming to say—“It is done—and I acquiesce in thy righteous dispensations, O omnipotent God!” He seemed perfectly composed, took the corpse in his arms, and walked pensively towards the country. The surrounding spectators beheld this pathetic scene of paternal affliction, this sudden stroke of death, with brutal indifference.

¹ Ramazan.

December 20.—“The market was so poor that we could get nothing for dinner but the shoulder of a poor dromedary.” What the Doctor here complains of in such dolorous language, would have been a feast and produced strains of joy with us. Had he been compelled to labour as many of us, quite as good by nature as himself, and been stinted to two small loaves of coarse, musty bread, the shoulder of a dromedary would have been a most delicious repast to the querulous gentleman and his dainty companions.

December 22.—One hundred and fifty of us were sent to raise an old wreck deeply buried in the sand, near the beach, eastward from the town. It was now the coldest season of the year; we were almost naked, and were driven into the water up to our armpits. We had to shovel the sand from the bottom of the water, and carry it in baskets to the banks.—The chilling waves almost congealed our blood, to flow no more. The Turks seemed more than ordinarily cruel, exulting in our sufferings. We were kept in the water from sunrise until about two o'clock, before we had a mouthful to eat, or were permitted to sun ourselves. Then brought us some bread and a jug of *acqua-deut*.¹ When we had snatched a short repast we were driven again into the water, and kept there until sunset. Having no clothes to change, we were obliged to sleep on the ground in our wet ones; which gave many of us severe colds, and caused one man to lose the use of his limbs for upwards of a year afterwards. With such usage life became insupportable, and every night when I laid my head on the earth to sleep, I most sincerely prayed that I might never experience the horrors of another morning.

December 25.—The different consuls' colours were all hoisted, and the Neapolitan slaves permitted to attend mass; for there are no less than three Roman Catholic priests in this place. No relaxation was allowed us.

December 26.—Mr. Godby, late carpenter of the *Philadelphia*, had been taken out from among the officers, to work in the Bashaw's

¹ Aguadiente.

navy-yard. He returned every night to his usual lodgings with the officers. His being employed in giving strength and furtherance to our enemy, raised suspicious umbrage in the breasts of many of our officers, because they said he was not constrained to do it. Some of his messmates were Mr. Erving, serjeant of marines, Mr. Morris, purser's steward, and Mr. Leith, ship's cook. Mr. Godby returning home at night a little fuddled, began to vaunt of his liberty, and the privileges he enjoyed superiour to his messmates.—They also had been "kissing Black Betty," and no doubt gave him some pungent retort. Blows ensued, and the carpenter found his timbers too weak, and something shattered by the attack. The next morning Godby went to the Bashaw, and entered a complaint against the three persons above mentioned. Wilson, the renegade, was now highly in favour with the Bashaw, and the serjeant, while they were on board the ship, had given Wilson a severe drubbing, for interfering with the duty of a sentinel, and this was a fine opportunity to feed revenge. Wilson acted as interpreter for Godby, and no doubt exaggerated all he said. About 10 o'clock, the three men were brought to the castle, before the Bashaw. Judgment was already passed against them, and the Bashaw ordered them bastinadoed. Wilson stood by and dictated the punishment, telling them, when they came to Erving, not to spare his flesh. They were all most unmercifully beaten on the soles of their feet, and on their posteriors; then hampered with a huge chain at each leg, and sent to the prison with us, where they remained for one night, and the next day were sent to their wonted residence. Godby was as cruel to our men who were under his command, as any of their other drivers, and we all supposed he would now turn Turk. Doctor Cowdery does not mention this in his journal, or, at least, it has not been published. What is the reason? Why, the reason is as plain and prominent, as the action was dastardly and flagitious. Godby was a warranted officer, and officers must not expose each other's secret villainies. What was the reason he was not reported to the commodore after his liber-

ation, and dealt with according to his demerit? Why, for the very reason above mentioned. Would you believe, that instead of a halter, he received his full pay and rations for volunteering his services in the Bashaw's employ—building gun-boats, and instructing the enemy in the arts of defence, and means of repelling our friends and their foes? Yes, I have never heard that he was ever even reprimanded for his conduct. The case with us was quite different. We were compelled to work, or perish in tortures. He was under no compulsion, but solicited the undertaking, and executed his business so effectually that he received from the Bashaw, one hundred dollars at a time for his services.

January 2.—“As I passed out of the gate of the city, I saw a man's head sticking on a pole. On enquiry, I found that it was the head of one of the Bedouins, who, about a year before had killed the Bashaw's son-in-law, who commanded the army in collecting the taxes, in the back part of his dominions. About a quarter of a mile from the gate the road passed through a burying ground, full of graves. After this I came into a well cultivated country, which was laid out in squares of from one to six acres of ground, each surrounded with date trees, interspersed with orange, fig, olive, lemon and other trees.”

The head, which the Doctor here speaks of, belonged to the person whom I saw confined in the castle. That the Doctor should have seen a “burying ground, full of graves,” is very astonishing, indeed! It is as wonderful as if he had seen a town full of houses.

January 3.—“Went to the Bashaw's garden, where I met the minister and the prince, the Bashaw's eldest son. They politely conducted me through the garden, which was ornamented with a great variety of fruit trees, loaded with fruit, particularly with oranges, lemons, and limes. John Hilliard died in the evening.”

The Doctor is as laconic in mentioning the death of our seamen, as he was remiss in attending to them. The company of a prince,

in a flower-garden, was much more pleasing to the Doctor, than the company of a languishing sailor, in a dreary cell. The gratification of his vanity was obviously anterior to the offices of humanity. He frequently informs us of his prescriptions for the Bashaw and his family, but seldom mentions the sickness or sufferings of his own countrymen. Hilliard died of a flux, which might have been greatly mitigated, if not cured, had he received proper medical attention.

ELEGY

On the death of JOHN HILLIARD, who died Jan. 3d, 1804, in the prison of Tripoli.

[Published in the *Port Folio*.]

HILLIARD, of painful life bereft,
Is now a slave no more;
But here no relative has left,
His exit to deplore!

No parent, no fond brother, stands
Around his clay-cold bed;
No wife, with tender, trembling hands,
Supports his dying head.

No sister follows or attends
His melancholy bier;
Nor from a lover's eye descends
The soft distilling tear;—

But foes, and of a barb'rous kind,
Surround him as he dies;
A horror to his fainting mind,
And to his closing eyes.

What though no monumental stone
Bespeaks a guilty name,
By splendid trophies basely won,
Damn'd to eternal fame;

If but an honest heart he wore,
If virtue's paths he trod,
He was, so poets sung of yore,
The noblest work of God.

His fellow-pris'ners strove to cheer
His sad departing soul,
And bade the sympathetic tear
In free profusion roll.

Mourn not—'twas Heav'n's allwise behest,
And merciful decree,
That gave his wearying sorrows rest,
And set the captive free.

January 4.—William Anderson died. He had been sick ever since we fell into the hands of the Turks. Both him and Hilliard were placed on cots, carried by four of our men, and interred with as much decency as possible on the beach, at the western part of the town, without the gates and near the wall.

January 12.—The Bashaw's eldest daughter was married to Selim, the Bashaw's chief casileda or treasurer. Wilson received 500 bastinadoes, for quarrelling with the noted Lysle. The new moon appeared, and the Ramazan ended. The Turks were all looking at the moon, and muttering some kind of prayer or thanks. Several of the castle guns, and a salute from the frigate, which now lay moored in the harbour, was fired at sun set. Joy seemed to brighten the gloomy visages of all the Tripolitans.

January 15.—The feast called Byram¹ commenced. Every gun in Tripoli proclaimed the day. The Turks all appeared arrayed in new suits of their best attire. The markets teemed with the richest productions I had ever seen them; but this, to us, was only a tantalizing prospect. Their bakers were too much engrossed with the pleasures of the feast to attend to their business, and we had nothing but the camelion's² rations for this day.

¹ Bairam.

² Ray means chameleon, and perhaps refers to the old fable that the animal lived on air—a sarcastic euphemism for no food that day.

January 16.—When hope is nearly expiring under the torturing hand of despair, what a small anodyne will revive her. Captain Bainbridge, in company with all the consuls, visited the Bashaw, and this we considered as a presage of pacification.

January 17.—The feast ended this evening. The consuls' flags, which had been flying for three days, were struck, and the people resumed their usual vocations. We were now supplied every Sunday with fresh provisions and vegetables, for soups.

January 20.—Happening in at a Greek's shop, he showed me a sacred relic of the holy Cross, which he had purchased at, and brought from Jerusalem. It was about four inches long, of no intrinsic value, and yet this superstitious fanatic said he would not give it for all the wealth of the Bashaw. I reached my hand to take it, but he said I must not touch it, unless I had recently partaken of the eucharist. I told him I would not give him a buckamseen¹ for it. He said I was a great infidel then, and asked me if all the Americans were so impious, kissed the toy with holy rapture, and put it in his bosom.

January 25.—I saw a man at the castle gate, undergo the shocking operation of having his left hand and right foot amputated. It was performed with an axe in the shape of a half moon, and the executioner was one of our keepers. The wretched victim never uttered a word, nor even a groan. The stumps were dipped in boiling pitch, and he was dragged to the gate and thrown on the mercy of mankind.

February 3.—“Was conducted to the castle, to visit the Bashaw, whom I found, after passing several sentinels, and fifty fierce, yelping dogs, and three heavy doors, loaded with irons and bolts; which were opened for us by armed Mamelukes.” Our men were

¹ The coin buckamseen, of which he speaks, is probably the same as called by Tully “bohnseen,” value about three cents of American money. See Tully's “Letters from Tripoli,” 2 vols., London, 1819; an interesting work.

frequently called before the Bashaw, both by night and by day, and it is very strange that none of them ever saw anything of these yelping dogs. We must therefore suppose that the Doctor in this particular is very much mistaken.

February 16.—Towards evening two vessels were seen standing in for the harbour. Our men were much rejoiced at the sight, for they were confident they were Americans, and as the season of the year was not favourable for an attack, they flattered themselves that very probably they had come with proposals of amicable accommodation. The Bashaw had ordered us a barrel of pork, and another of beef, and all our men appeared more than ordinary cheerful. About 11 o'clock at night we were alarmed by the screeches of women, the clattering of footsteps through the prison yard, and harsh, loud voices of men, mingled with a thundering of cannon from the castle which made our prison tremble to its base. Tumult, consternation, confusion and dismay reigned in every section of the town and castle, and it was verily believed, that if we had been at liberty and armed, we might with ease have taken the castle and every fort in the town; for the most of the people in the town supposed we had already risen and taken the castle, and were afraid to come nigh it. In the confusion of voices we could often hear the word "American," and therefore hoped that some of our countrymen were landing to liberate us; but the true cause of so much clamour we did not learn until morning.

February 17.—Early in the morning, and much earlier than usual, our prison doors were unbolted, and the keepers, like so many fiends from the infernal regions, rushed in amongst us, and began to beat every one they could see, spitting in our faces and hissing like the serpents of hell. Word was soon brought that the wreck of the frigate *Philadelphia* lay on the rocks near the round fort, almost consumed by fire. We could not suppress our emotions, nor disguise our joy at the intelligence, which exasperated them more and more, so that every boy we met in the streets would spit

on us and pelt us with stones; our tasks were doubled, our bread withheld, and every driver exercised cruelties tenfold more rigid and intolerable than before.

Eight Turks had charge of the ship; two of them escaped, and made the report that an American schooner and three boats set fire to the ship, and carried the other six Turks away. By what we could learn Captain Decatur, who was commander in this heroic action, had taken some Maltese with him in the boat, and when they were hailed, as they approached the frigate, they answered that they were Maltese, had been in a gale, and were in want of water. They were permitted to enter the ship, when they instantly secured the hands, all but two, and set fire to her.

February 18.—All hands were sent to get the remains of the frigate from the rocks, under the control of Mr. Godby, who to court favour from the Turks struck several of our men, and behaved more like one of the Bashaw's myrmidons than like an American fellow-prisoner. They did not succeed in clearing the wreck, but brought off copper, bolts, spikes, &c.

February 19.—A tent was pitched in front of our prison, and a strong guard kept over us at night, and we received no more beef or pork from the Bashaw's stores. The militia began to collect from the country; they were repairing their ramparts, and making every preparation to repel the expected invasion.

March 1.—Our officers, with a strong guard, passed through our prison yard for the castle. We were not permitted to exchange words; Captain Bainbridge, however, bid us be of good heart, although he looked very much dejected himself. They were confined in a prison very dreary, with a grated sky-light.

March 4.—"Captain Bainbridge received a letter from the ministers, reprimanding him on account of three men who floated ashore, a few days after burning the frigate. The Turks pre-

tended that they were murdered after they were made prisoners, by the Americans." That mean, detestable spirit of revenge, which seeks retaliation on the innocent connexions or affinity of those who have injured us, blackens and disfigures one of the most conspicuous features in the portrait of a Tripolitan. Every time there was any attack upon the place or even an American vessel in sight, we were sure to suffer for it.

March 7.—The Turks got the guns from the wreck of the frigate. They mounted them on their batteries, and in proving them several burst—killed one Turk and wounded four.

March 26.—Early in the morning, some of our men returned from the beach, and with joy sparkling in their countenances informed us, that a frigate with American colours was standing in for the harbour. About 8 o'clock our joy was increased by observing the flag which she carried to be a white one. The Bashaw soon responded to the signal, by hoisting a white ensign on the castle. What a contemptible opinion of the Tripolitans' character must we form—Yesterday they would stone us and spit in our faces, for the burning of the frigate, which we had no hand in destroying—and to-day they would flatter and caress us because there appeared a pacific signal, which we had no more agency in raising than in burning the ship. As we walked the streets, the Turks would pat us on the shoulder, and say, American *bono* (good). About 9 o'clock Consul O'Brien landed on the beach and went up into the castle. In about half an hour he returned and went on board the frigate. We could not learn the business or result of this short interview. Various were the reports, and our conjectures. Some said that peace was concluded on and that the Commodore had gone to Malta, for the money to ransom us; but when the white flag dropped, with the most of us our spirits flagged; and the frigate departing, bore away the anchor of hope which she had brought us.

Our allowance continued the same—our men, many of them, began to be as naked as the natives of Pellew. A few shirts and trowsers had been alternately issued amongst us, but not sufficient for all. We made a most pitiable appearance. Many of the men had to drag a heavy waggon five or six miles, over the sand, into the country and back again every day, before they had any thing to eat, except sometimes a few raw carrots which they plundered on the way. We were turned out every morning regularly, before sunrise, and locked in at sunset. We were much afflicted with vermin, and not having any clothes to change the only way we had to keep ourselves from becoming insufferably filthy, was to go on the beach and strip off our shirts, going naked until we washed and dried them, and then our trowsers in the like manner.

April 15.—We felt the Syroc¹ winds; they are very sultry and suffocating. The Turks do not walk the streets during the prevalence of these morbid gales. We now began to grow economical. We found that we could sell our bread in market, for four paras a loaf. Three hundred of these paras make a dollar; and with the avails of one loaf, we could purchase as many vegetables as three men would eat at a meal, made into a soup, with bread and oil. We put ourselves into messes, as we chose, some of three or four men each, and thus by sparing two loaves out of our day's rations we could purchase carrots and scallions enough to make a handsome little pot of soup, for these vegetables were very cheap. We also contributed our mites, and purchased an earthen vessel, large enough to cook for four men, for about two buckamseens, 25 paras. We then boiled the vegetables, threw in some bread to thicken the soup, and added oil and salt. We were allowed to get some chips from the navy-yard to cook it with, and when prepared, we eat it sitting on the ground, with wooden spoons. By this management we began to live rather more comfortable. There are also little shops in the market, in which they keep *tirsha* for sale; which is made of either carrots or turnips, cut into small pieces and

¹ Sirocco.

boiled; then mashed with a ladle, and beat with salt and water until it becomes pulpous; to which are added red pepper, pulverized and mixed with water, and a measure of oil—a lemon is squeezed into it, and over the top are strewed fennel seed. It is of the consistence of apple-sauce, and so strong of pepper that it is quite disagreeable at first, but by frequent use it soon becomes palatable. This is a cheap and salubrious dish, of which the poorer sort of people eat much, and you will see those little hovels of shops almost constantly crouded with Turks, sitting on a groundfloor, and with their fingers load their greedy mouths. The Bashaw, to excite them to industry, occasionally called the carpenters, the masons, the coopers, and the blacksmiths into the castle, and distributed amongst them a few buckamseens. Those who dragged at the cart were sometimes encouraged with the like gratuity.

April 24.—Departed this life, John Morrison, in the 27th year of his age. He was an able and skilful mariner, captain of the fore-top on board the frigate, and supported the character of a true and brave American tar. His death was occasioned by a hurt which he received in assisting to load a large piece of timber on the waggon, about two miles from the town. He was brought in on a litter, by four men, and lay three days in the most excruciating pain. The night previous to his death Doctor Ridgby was permitted to visit him, in company with Lewis Hexiner, who was one of our crew, transformed into a Turk, and now acted as interpreter to our officers. An old Algerine, who was one of our drivers, came in to see him while he was dying, and insisted that nothing ailed him, but that he was shamming sickness to avoid labour. He went to the dying man, told him to rise, called him an infidel and a dog, and struck him several times with his cane. How our men burned to immolate the ferocious villain! He was interred the following day, by the side of his late shipmates. Part of the American fleet was now in sight, and as has been observed, the unreasonable Turks always made this a pretext for doubling

their severity. Our spirits however were cheered at the sight, and hope again returned to cheer our desponding bosoms, till, on the 26th, the squadron disappeared. We now began to abandon all hopes of release by negotiations of peace, and only expected, from the force of arms, carnage and emancipation.

May 11.—The squadron again appeared. The Turks were in great trepidation and expected an attack. They sent us to carry powder and balls from the castle to their forts, and beat us without mercy. I was now taken sick, with a bilious complaint.

May 16.—Ten of our officers were permitted to walk into the country. They passed several of our men, at a cart, and scattered them some buckamseens.

May 20.—“A party of us, under escort of four Turks, walked to the desert, about four miles from our prison. We ascended a large bank of sand, where we had an extensive view of the country. The deserts have a singular and grand appearance. They extend to Mount Atlas, which we could see at a distance of two days' journey. The sand is in heaps, like snow-drifts in our country. There was not a house nor any other object to be seen to intercept the sight, but it appeared like an ocean of sand.” The sap of the date-tree, which they call *lagby*, now began to be plenty in the market and elsewhere. It is of a whitish colour, like whey, and as it comes from the tree has the spirit of wine. It tastes something like mead, and can be bought for about three cents a quart.

May 27.—Doctor Ridgby paid a visit to our sick, and informed me that Captain Bainbridge had exerted his influence with the prime minister, and had procured me an exemption from labour. He called the keepers and told them that it was the Bashaw's orders not to send me to work any more while I was a prisoner. As I never had been much accustomed to, nor was I remarkably fond of labour, especially among the Turks, these were glad tidings of great joy.

May 28.—A number of our men were employed in cleaning and fitting up a prison for us in a different part of the town.

May 29.—“A party of us, under escort as before, took a walk into the desert. On our return, we dined in the Bashaw’s garden, under the shade of orange trees. The dinner was prepared in the Turkish style, and we ate with wooden spoons—it was simple and good.”¹ Two of our brigs were lying off the harbour, and in consequence, as usual, we had severe treatment.

June 10.—We were ordered to remove to our newly prepared prison, which was adjoining the wall at the eastern part of the town. We found it much more strong, spacious and cleanly than the other, but the yard was much smaller. About one hundred of the Neapolitan slaves were confined with us, making upwards of three hundred and fifty of us in one apartment. Our sick were kept in a separate cell, at one end of the yard, the wall of which was very high, and at the entrance was a gate of enormous weight and strength. Within the gate was a guard-house where a dozen armed Turks kept sentry every night, and the keepers, or drivers, in the day time. There was a guard also on the top of the prison. This day our weekly rations, from the captain was discontinued.

June 18.—“The Bashaw’s eldest wife, called the queen, was delivered of her ninth child. She was twenty-three years of age. It was said to be common to marry at ten.” This may be true, but it looks a little like mendacity.

June 27.—Mr. Hodge, our boatswain, Mr. Fenton, our first master’s mate, and Mr. Douglas, sail-maker, were taken from their prison, in the castle, to oversee our men in their several departments. An upper story of a building, occupied by our sick in the prison-yard, was fitted for and received them and Mr. Godby.

¹ The matter in quotations is taken from the journal kept by Dr. Cowdery.
(Ed.)

July 4.—A few of us got permission to go out on the sands to purchase and drink *lagby*. The benevolent Danish Consul had made me a small present to enable me to celebrate the day. We retired to a stone platform, the ruins of an ancient reservoir, under the cooling shade of a luxuriant orange-tree, open to the refreshing breezes of the sea. Here we sat and regaled ourselves with this delicious beverage until we almost forgot that we, who were offering a libation to the birth day of liberty, were ourselves but wretched slaves. Towards sunset three or four of our squadron appeared in sight, and we returned to our gloomy prison with several jugs of this wholesome and cheering liquor.

July 15.—The most of our men were employed in carrying furniture and baggage from the castle to the Bashaw's seat in the country, about two miles distant. At night the Bashaw and his family left the castle and went thither.

July 25.—The *Constitution*, Commodore Preble, appeared again off the harbour. Every preparation of defence was now making by the Turks with the utmost dispatch. The American squadron now consisted of the frigate *Constitution*, brigs *Syren*, *Argus* and *Vixen*; schooners *Nautilus*, *Enterprise* and *Scourge*, two bombs and six gun-boats. The whole number of men 1060. The bomb vessels were about thirty tons, and carried a thirteen inch brass sea-mortar and fifty men. The gun-boats twenty-five tons, carried a large iron twenty-four pounder in the bow, with a complement of twenty-five men. They were officered and manned from the squadron, excepting twelve Neapolitan bombardiers, gunners and sailors attached to each boat; who were shipped by permission of their government. The bomb-vessels and gun-boats were loaned us by his Sicilian majesty, nearly one hundred and fifty of whose men were slaves in Tripoli. The Commodore now proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for an attack on Tripoli as soon as the weather would permit. Tripoli was impregably walled, protected by batteries judiciously constructed, mounting one hundred

and fifteen pieces of heavy cannon, and defended by more than twenty-five thousand Arabs and Turks. The harbour was protected by nineteen gun-boats, two gallies, two schooners of eight guns each, and a brig mounting ten guns, all ranged in order of battle, forming a strong line of defence, at secured moorings, inside a long range of rocks and shoals extending more than two miles to the eastward of the town, which forms the harbour, protects them from the northern gales and renders it impossible for a vessel of the *Constitution's* draft, to approach near enough to destroy them, as they are sheltered by the rocks and can retire under that shelter to the shore, unless they choose to expose themselves in the different channels and openings of the reefs, for the purpose of annoying their enemies. Each of these gunboats mounts a heavy eighteen or twenty-six pounder in the bow, and two brass howitzers on her quarters, and carries from thirty-six to fifty men. The gallies have each one hundred men; schooners and brigs about the same number. For several days the weather was very boisterous, and the gunboats were in great danger of being lost.

August 1.—The gale subsided, and the squadron stood towards the coast; every preparation was made for an attack on the town and forts.

My search for the wreck of the *Philadelphia* was rewarded by seeing the great ribs of a vessel protruding through the eel-grass. The lead gave us from fourteen to eighteen feet depth. We dived several times, and carefully examined the timbers. The wood seemed almost as hard as iron. Much of it was enclosed in a fossil crust, and I succeeded only by repeated efforts in breaking off a small piece. The shoals of sand had filled in and around the frigate, and her keel must have lain buried nearly two fathoms deeper than the present sea bottom.

My third and last expedition was on August 3, 1904. The Greek divers from the war-ships *Crete* and *Paralos* managed with pick and axe to break off pieces of her fossilized sides, and brought up an eighteen pound Tripolitan cannon-ball, together with part of the wood in which it was embedded. (This is now in the Naval Museum at Annapolis.)

C. M. Furlong: "The Gateway to the Sahara,"
Chap. XXVI. N. Y. 1909.

CHAPTER X

COMMODORE PREBLE'S ENGAGEMENT WITH THE TRIPOLITANS

No more of TRUXTON: PREBLE all outbraves—
A greater hero never rode the waves:
Round the drear coast his squadron's wings are spread,
And hungry billows crave the future dead.

AUGUST 3.—The wind east, pleasant weather, and the squadron stood in towards Tripoli. About 12 o'clock the squadron was within two or three miles of the batteries. Some of our men, who had been at work on the fortifications, came running in and informed us that the whole coast was lined with our shipping. The whole town was in an uproar, every Turk had his musket and other weapons, and wild disorder rang through every arch. We were all locked into the prison and a formidable guard set over us. Their batteries were all manned, and several of their gun-boats and gallies had advanced in two divisions without the rocks. The Commodore, observing this, was resolved to take advantage of their temerity. At half past 12 o'clock the Commodore bore off and made a signal to come within hail, when he communicated to each of the commanders his intention of attacking the enemy's shipping and batteries. The gun and mortar boats were immediately manned and prepared to cast off. The gun-boats in two divisions of three each. The first division commanded by Captain Somers, in No. 1; Lieutenant Decatur, in No. 2; and Lieutenant Blake, in No. 3. The second division by Captain Decatur, in No. 4; Lieutenant Bainbridge, in No. 5; and Lieutenant Trippe, in No. 6. The two bombards were commanded by Lieutenant-commandant Dent, and Mr. Robinson, first lieutenant

of the *Constitution*. At half past one o'clock, having made the necessary arrangements for the attack, the Commodore wore ship, and stood towards the batteries. At two, signals were made to cast off the boats; at a quarter past two signal for the bombs and gun-boats to advance and attack the enemy; at half past two general signal for battle; at three quarters past two the boats commenced the action by throwing shells into the town. In an instant the enemy's shipping and batteries opened a tremendous fire, which was promptly returned by the whole squadron within grape shot distance; at the same time the second division of gun-boats, led by the gallant Captain Decatur, was advancing with sails and oars to board the eastern division of the enemy, consisting of nine boats. Our boats gave the enemy showers of grape and musket balls as they advanced; they, however, soon closed, when the pistol, sabre, pike and tomahawk were made good use of by our brave tars. Captain Somers being in a dull sailer made the best use of his sweeps, but was not able to fetch far enough to the windward to engage the same division of the enemy's boats which Captain Decatur fell in with; he, however, gallantly bore down with his single boat on five of the enemy's western division, and engaged within pistol shot, defeated and drove them within the rocks in a shattered condition and with the loss of a great number of men. Lieutenant Decatur, in No. 2, was closely engaged with one of the enemy's largest boats, which struck to him, having lost a large proportion of men, and at the instant that brave officer was boarding her to take possession, he was treacherously shot through the head by the captain of the boat that had surrendered, which base conduct enabled the poltroon to escape.

Captain Decatur, after having, with distinguished bravery, boarded and carried one of the enemy of superior force, took his prize in tow and gallantly bore down to engage a second, which, after a severe and bloody conflict, he also took possession of. These two prizes had thirty-three officers and men killed, and twenty-

seven made prisoners, nineteen of whom were badly wounded. Lieutenant Trippe, of the *Vixen*, in No. 6, run along side one of the enemy's large boats, which he boarded with only midshipman John Hinly and nine men, his boat falling off before any more could get on board; thus was he left to conquer or perish with the odds of thirty-six to eleven. The Turks could not withstand the ardour of this brave officer and his assistants; in a few moments the decks were cleared and her colours hauled down. On board of this boat fourteen of the enemy were killed, and twenty-two made prisoners, several of whom were badly wounded; the rest of their boats retreated within the rocks. Lieut. Trippe received eleven sabre wounds, several of which were very severe.

During the action our men were taken out of the prison several times to carry powder and shot from the magazine in the castle to the forts, and were almost beaten to death—stoned and cudgeled by every Turk in the streets.

At half past four, the wind inclining to the northward, the Commodore made a signal for the bombs and gun-boats to retire from action, and immediately after to tow off the gun-boats and prizes; which was handsomely executed by the brigs, schooners and boats of the squadron, covered by a heavy fire from the *Constitution*, which was two hours under the fire of the enemy's batteries, and the only damage which she received was a twenty-four pound shot nearly through the centre of her mainmast, thirty feet from the deck; main-royal-yard and sail shot away; one of her quarter deck guns damaged by a thirty-two pound shot, which at the same time shattered a marine's arm; sails and rigging considerably cut. The commodore imputed his getting off thus well to his keeping so near that the batteries overshot him, and to the annoyance our grape-shot gave the enemy. They are, however, wretched gunners. Lieutenant Decatur was the only officer killed; but in him the service has lost a brave and valuable officer.—He was a young man who gave strong promises of being an ornament to his profession.

His conduct in the action was highly honourable—and he died in a noble cause. The enemy suffered very much in killed and wounded among their shipping, but as few of the shells burst on shore, not so great execution was done as might be expected or as has been reported. This was undoubtedly owing to unskilful bombardiers. The officers, seamen and marines of the squadron behaved in the most gallant manner. The Neapolitans, in emulating the conduct of our seamen, answered the commodore's highest expectations. All the officers and ship's company of the *Constitution* gave full satisfaction. The commodore was much gratified by the conduct of Captain Hall, and Lieutenant Greenleaf, and of the marines belonging to his company, in the management of six long twenty-six pounders on the spare deck. Captain Decatur spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of Lieutenant Thorn. The boat which was first boarded by Captain Decatur was obstinately defended, and was not surrendered until seven-eighths of her crew were killed or wounded. Having manned his prize and being left with only nine Americans besides himself, he determined to board another boat. Being only ten Americans to twenty-four Turks, a scene of combat ensued of the most daring effort on the one part, and determined resistance on the other. The Turks made a powerful defence, and were not subdued until twenty-one of them had fallen. Captain Decatur was, at different times, most critically circumstanced. At one time, while engaged with the Tripolitan captain in front, a Turk in his rear aimed a blow with a sabre, which one of the seamen¹ most nobly interposed to defend, and which split his skull. In a subsequent encounter he was engaged by a Turk with a pike, which he endeavoured to cut off with his sword, when the blade broke and left the hilt in his hand, and he then received a thrust in his arm. Not having time to draw a pistol until the thrust would be repeated, he closed with his antagonist, who, being the strongest man, threw

¹ Reuben James.

him, but his activity placed him above his adversary, who drew his dagger, as Captain Decatur did his pistol which prevailed. The list of killed and wounded is as follows.—

Killed—Gun-boat No. 2, Lieut. James Decatur.

Wounded—Constitution, one marine.

Do. Gun-boat No. 4, Captain Decatur, slightly—one serjeant of marines, and two seamen.

Do. Gun-boat No. 6, Lieutenant Trippe, severely—one boatswain's mate, and two marines.

Do. Gun-boat No. 1, two seamen.

Do. Gun-boat No. 2, two seamen.

Total—one killed and thirteen wounded.

The number of killed and wounded among the Turks cannot be ascertained; it is thought, however, to be very considerable. Three of their gun-boats were sunk in the harbour and three captured. Two Turks swam ashore and came to the Bashaw, who gave them a few dollars and a suit of clothes.

August 4.—All our men were employed in repairing damages done to the forts, and in carrying powder and shot to replenish them. The infuriate Turks, wherever we met them, would strike, spit upon and stone us. From the circumstance of our giving up the *Philadelphia* to one gun-boat, without bloodshed, they had until now entertained an opinion that the Americans were all cowards, but they now were impressed with a full conviction of the skill and bravery of our tars. The Turks told us that the Americans were all drunk, or they would not have ventured as they did, and fought so furiously.

August 5.—The squadron was at anchor about two leagues north from the town. A French privateer of four guns, which put into Tripoli a few days since for water, left it this morning, and was chased by the *Argus*, which soon came up with her. The Com-

modore prevailed on the captain of her, for a consideration, to return to Tripoli for the purpose of leaving fourteen very badly wounded Tripolitans, who were put on board his vessel with a letter to the prime minister, leaving it to the option of the Bashaw to reciprocate this generous mode of carrying on the war. This act of humanity had but little effect on the minds of these barbarians, for they did not abate their cruelties to us in consequence of it.

August 7.—The French privateer went out and carried a letter from the French Consul to the Commodore, stating that his attack of the 3d instant had disposed the Bashaw to accept of reasonable terms, and advising him to send a boat to the rocks with a flag of truce, which was declined as the flag was not hoisted on the Bashaw's castle. At nine o'clock the light vessels, the gun and bomb-boats were ordered by signal to cast off and stand in towards the western batteries, and the whole advanced with sails and oars. A light breeze from the eastward, and a strong current, obliged the *Constitution* to remain at anchor. The orders were for the bombs to take a position in a small bay to the westward of the city, where but a few of the enemy's guns could be brought to bear upon them, but from whence they could annoy the town with shells. At half past two P. M. the bomb and gun-boats having reached their station, the signal was made for them to attack the town and batteries. After the alarm gun of Tripoli was fired the Turks all took their stations and performed the Mahometan ceremony of prayer, by kneeling and putting their foreheads to the ground, with their faces towards the east, with as much regularity as a well disciplined military company grounding their arms. The moment the signal was made by the Commodore, the bombs commenced throwing shells into the town and the gun-boats opened a sharp and well-directed fire on the town and batteries within point blank shot, which was warmly returned by the enemy. The seven gun battery, in less than two hours, was silenced except one gun. The walls of the other forts were considerably injured. At a quarter past three

P. M. a ship hove in sight to the northward standing towards the town. The commodore made the *Argus* a signal to chase her. She proved to be the United States frigate *John Adams*, Captain Chauncey. At half past three one of our gun-boats was blown up by a hot shot from the enemy, which passed through her magazine. She had on board twenty-eight officers, seamen and marines, ten of whom were killed and six wounded. Among the killed was John S. Dorsey, midshipman, and James R. Caldwell, first lieut. of the *Syren*; both excellent officers. Midshipman Spence and eleven men were taken up unhurt. Capt. Decatur, whose division this boat belonged to, and who was near her at the time she blew up, informed the Commodore that Mr. Spence was superintending the loading of the gun at that moment, and notwithstanding the boat was sinking he and the brave men surviving finished charging, gave three cheers as the boat went from under them, and swam to the nearest boats, where they assisted during the remainder of the action.

The father of Mr. Spence was purser of the *Philadelphia*, and one of the American prisoners in Tripoli. All the officers and men behaved with the utmost intrepidity. Forty-eight shells, and above 500 twenty-four pound shot were thrown into the town and batteries.

"The Bashaw has a bomb-proof room in the castle, where he staid during the action. On hearing the explosion of our gun-boat he ventured to take a peep, with the precaution of having a Marabewt or priest seal a small piece of paper on the top of his head, with a Turkish or Mahometan scrawl, with assurances that it would entirely secure him from all danger; but he soon returned to his cell. The Turks all wear a paper of this kind, sewed up in a little velvet bag, with assurances from the Marabewt that it will protect them in the greatest danger. The Marabewt gets a sum of money for these blessings. If a Turk gets wounded or killed, it is supposed the blessed paper is too old or not placed in a proper man-

ner.—In the time of action these Marabewts get upon some secure place and cry to Mahomet, in the most dismal yells, to let them conquer their enemies, or beckon to the vessels to run ashore or be destroyed." In this action twelve men were killed and six wounded, two of whom mortally.

August 9.—The Commodore went on board the *Argus* in order to reconnoitre the harbour of Tripoli; he stood in towards the town, and was very near being sunk by the enemy's fire. One of their heaviest shot, which struck about three feet short of her water line, raked the copper off her bottom under water, and cut the plank half through. This day a number of our men fainted and dropped beneath the weight they were compelled to sustain, and they were brought half dead to the prison. In the evening we petitioned the Bashaw in the following words.—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GRAND BASHAW OF TRIPOLI.

The petition of the American prisoners humbly sheweth:

That your humble petitioners, when doing with all their power, as they are commanded, are most cruelly beaten by our wardens, stoned, insulted and spit upon by the soldiers and others; required to carry burthens impossible for them to sustain; and chased and beaten until we are or soon shall be unable to labour at all. From the many acts of justice, kindness and generosity we have experienced from your Excellency, we cannot suppose that such conduct is authorised by your command; or that we should be punished for what is out of our power to perform, or for the actions of others which we have no agency in, and which we cannot prevent. Returning your Excellency our sincere and humble thanks for your bounty and privileges heretofore shewn, and relying on your goodness for protection; we therefore most humbly pray that your Excellency would interpose your royal authority, and grant us speedy relief. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will re-

main your Excellency's most humble, faithful and obedient servants.

On the petition being explained to the Bashaw, by Hexime, or Hamet American, his new name, the Bashaw forbid the Turks striking us; but his orders were insincere and illusive, for the very next day he stood by and saw several of us severely beaten innocently, without the least apparent dissatisfaction.

August 10.—At ten o'clock in the forenoon, the French Consul hoisted a white flag at his flag-staff, under the national colours, which was a signal that the Bashaw was ready to treat. The Commodore sent a boat into the harbour, and took this opportunity to forward to Captain Bainbridge letters from three friends. The boat was not allowed to land, but returned in the afternoon and brought the commodore a letter from the French consul, advising that the Bashaw was ready to receive five hundred dollars for the ransom of each of the prisoners, and terminate the war without any consideration for peace or tribute. This was 350 thousand dollars less than was demanded previous to the action of the 3d inst. These terms the Commodore did not hesitate to reject, as he was informed by Captain Chauncey that it was the expectation of our government, on the arrival of four frigates, to obtain the release of the officers and crew of the *Philadelphia* without ransom, and dictate the terms of peace. This is the Commodore's statement respecting the truce which no doubt is a correct one; and if it is, what a monstrous blunder has the Doctor again committed. He says at this same time, "Our squadron hoisted a flag of truce, sent in a brig and schooner and fired a gun. The Bashaw did not, and swore he would not answer it; and said he would not treat with Commodore Preble. A truce, however, was afterwards held. Consul O'Brien wished to come on shore, but was refused." And again he says,

August 13.—"Another truce was held, when the Bashaw demanded one million of dollars for our ransom. One hundred and

twenty thousand dollars were offered and refused." Here is a wide difference between the Com.'s and the Doctor's statement. The Doctor has only given his patient, the public, too large a dose of exaggeration; which has proved the fatal bane of unbelief.

August 17.—Fifteen dead Americans were found drifted ashore on the beach, westward of the town. By an epaulette on his shoulder one of them was known to be a lieutenant. Doctor Cowdery asked permission of the Bashaw to go with some of our men and bury them. He promised they should be buried the next day. The inhabitants had chiefly moved out of the town for fear of another bombardment; and the Bashaw ate, drank and slept in his bomb proof room. The beach was covered with a despicable multitude of horse and foot soldiers, with rusty muskets without locks, and fired with a match. They were half naked, meagre and totally undisciplined.

August 18.—We were not permitted to bury our dead, according to the Bashaw's promise. At night our squadron stood to sea.—Aug. 19.—Mr. Church, whom we called the English merchant, was shot through the head in the streets, as he was returning, at night, to his lodgings.

August 20.—The ketch *Intrepid* arrived from Syracuse, with fresh provisions and vegetables for our squadron. Capt. Chauncey had brought word to the commodore that Commodore Barron was to sail for the Mediterranean four days after his departure; and, in consequence of this information, Commodore Preble expected him every moment, and was waiting for his arrival to make another attack, which he believed would be final and effectual. He had dispatched the *Enterprise* to Malta with orders to our agent there to hire transports to bring our squadron fresh provisions, water and other stores.—On the 22d she returned, but brought no intelligence of the long expected frigates. A ship arrived from Malta, the same day, with live stock and water for the squadron.

August 24.—“In the morning, about two o'clock, and at day light, two of our small vessels hove about thirty shells, as was supposed, for the round fort, but they fell short of the mark. Such attempts serve rather to encourage than intimidate the Tripolitans, and the Bashaw was in high spirits on the occasion.”

August 26.—The fellow who murdered Mr. Church was executed in the afternoon, on the ground where the act was perpetrated. It had hitherto been the custom in this country when a person had committed murder, to fly to the tomb of a Marabewt, where they were protected from justice, and a fee to the Marabewt would procure them absolution.—This fellow fled to a place of this kind immediately after killing Mr. Church. The English Consul, Mr. Langford, on being informed of the murder, addressed the Bashaw and demanded justice. The Bashaw then found out by a boy, who accompanied the murderer when he committed the crime, the particulars of the affair, and immediately sent a file of men and ordered them to prevent any one from carrying food or drink to the murderer. They watched him until night, when the Bashaw sent his Marabewt, who coaxed him away and brought him to the castle and confined him in irons. The next day the Bashaw called his Divan, when it was decided the person was guilty of wilful murder, and should suffer death. It appeared by the evidence and confession of the prisoner, that Mr. Church had lent a sum of money to the Spanish master-carpenter in this place; that Church had pressed him for payment, and that the carpenter's wife had hired the Turk to kill him for forty dollars. The boy who accompanied him was bastinadoed with five hundred blows.—The carpenter's wife was ordered to leave Tripoli. At three, P. M. the Commodore weighed anchor and stood in for Tripoli. He was employed until eight P. M. in making arrangements for attacking the town—all the boats in the squadron were officered and manned and attached to the gun-boats. The two bomb vessels could not be brought into action, as one was leaky and the

mortar-bed of the other had given way. The *John Adams*, *Scourge*, transports and bombs were anchored seven miles to the northward of the town. Captain Chauncey, with several of his officers and about seventy seamen and marines, had volunteered their services on board the *Constitution*. At one A. M. the gun-boats, in two divisions, led by Captains Decatur and Somers, were ordered to advance and take their stations close to the rocks, at the entrance of the harbour, within grape-shot distance of the Bashaw's castle. The *Syren*, *Argus*, *Vixen*, *Nautilus*, *Enterprise* and boats of the squadron, accompanied them. At three A. M. the boats anchored with springs on, within pistol shot of the rocks, and commenced a brisk firing on the shipping, town, batteries and Bashaw's castle, which was warmly returned but not as well directed. At day-light, perceiving that the gun-boats had nearly expended their ammunition, the Commodore weighed with the *Constitution* and stood in for the harbour; Fort English, the Bashaw's castle, crown and mole batteries kept up a constant fire as he advanced. At half past five, the Commodore made a signal for the gun-boats to retire from action, and for the brigs and schooners to take them in tow. The *Constitution* was then within two cables length of the rocks, and commenced a heavy fire of round and grape on thirteen of the enemy's gun-boats and gallies which were in pretty close action with our boats. They sunk one of the enemy's boats, and at the same time two more, disabled, run in on shore to avoid sinking. The remainder immediately retreated. The Commodore continued running in until he was within musket shot of the crown and mole batteries, when he brought to, and fired upwards of 300 round shot, beside grape and cannister, into the town, Bashaw's castle and batteries. He silenced the castle and two of the batteries for some time. At a quarter past six, the gun-boats being all out of shot and in tow, the Commodore hauled off, after having been three quarters of an hour in close action. The gun-boats fired upwards of four hundred round shot, beside grape and cannister. A large Tunisian galliot was sunk in the mole; a

Spanish ship had entered with an ambassador from the Grand Seignior, and received considerable damage. The Tripolitan gallees and gun-boats lost many men and were much cut. Captains Decatur and Somers conducted their divisions with their usual firmness and address, and were well supported by the officers and men attached to them. The brigs and schooners suffered considerably in their sails and rigging. The damage which the *Constitution* received was principally above the hull; three lower shrouds, two spring stays, two top-mast back-stays, trusses, chains and lifts of the main yard shot away. Her sails had several cannon shot through them, and besides were considerably cut by grape; much of her running rigging cut to pieces; one of her anchor stocks and larboard cable shot away, and a number of grape shots were sticking in different parts of her hull, but not a man hurt!

The hero's life a miracle shall save,
For partial fortune will protect the brave
Through many dangers; but, when e'er they fall,
'Tis heaven in mercy that directs the ball.

A boat belonging to the *John Adams*, with a master's mate (Mr. Creighton) and eight seamen, was sunk by a double-headed shot from the batteries, while in tow of the *Nautilus*, which killed three men, and badly wounded one, who, with Mr. C. and the other four, was picked up by one of our boats. The only damage our gun-boats sustained was in their rigging and sails, which were considerably cut by the enemy's round and grape shot.

August 30.—Dr. Cowdery “took a ride upon a mule, about eight miles to the westward of the town, in company with Hamet, a Turkish officer, and several footmen.” Here they saw a boat which had drifted on shore, with a dead man and several muskets and swords in it. The man appeared to have been shot through the body with a cannon ball, which had also pierced the bottom of the boat. The Turkish officer collected about twenty Arabs, who hauled the boat up the beach, dragging the dead man out of it, stripped him entirely

naked, and left him on the beach. They were scattered on the shore for miles, and were torn to pieces by dogs.

August 31.—A vessel arrived from Malta, with provisions and stores for our squadron, but brought no news of Commodore Barron or his frigates.

September 2.—The bomb vessels having been repaired, and ready for service, Lieutenants Dent and Robinson resumed the command of them. Lieut. Morris, of the *Argus*, took command of No. 3, and Lieut. Trippe having nearly recovered of his wounds, resumed the command of No. 6, which he so gallantly conducted on the 3d ult. Capt. Chauncey, with several young gentlemen, and sixty men, from the *John Adams*, volunteered on board the *Constitution*. At 4 P. M. the Commodore made signal to weigh—kept under sail all night. At 11 P. M. general signal to prepare for battle. A Spanish Polacre, in ballast, went out of the harbour to the Commodore, with an Ambassador from the Grand Seignior on board, who had been sent from Constantinople to Tripoli to confirm the Bashaw in his title. This ceremony takes place in the Barbary regencies every five years. The Captain of the vessel informed the Commodore that the shot and shells made great havoc and destruction in the city, and that a vast number of the people had been killed; but his accounts were much exaggerated, for very few of the shells burst, and consequently did no great injury.

The weekly allowance of meat and vegetables, which we received from the Danish Consul, by order of Captain Bainbridge, had been discontinued ever since the 10th of June, as has been noticed, and in consequence of several petitions made to Captain Bainbridge, stating, that it was almost impossible for the men to exist under the severity of treatment, and increased labour to which we were doomed, since the invasions of Commodore Preble, we received from the Danish Consul, by order of Capt. Bainbridge, one pound of beef per man, with vegetables for soups, and one loaf

of wheat bread, in addition to the Bashaw's allowance. The meat and vegetables we were to receive only twice a week, the bread every day. As I was exempt from labour, the task of superintending the drawing and dividing of the provisions was enjoined on me. There had been much dissatisfaction and murmuring among the men respecting the division of their late rations, and as every ounce of meat, to men half starving, was considered of the greatest value and importance, to prevent any just complaints, by giving every one his exact dividend, I classed the men into messes of eight, and made them choose their messmates; then numbered the messes as on board the ship. The meat was then cut up by two of the petty officers, and divided into as many heaps as there were messes, and particular care was taken that each heap should be alike in quality. Each lot was then exactly weighed, and made equivalent. Our vegetables were pumpkins, turnips, and scallions, which were as exactly divided as the meat, and in the same manner. As many numbers as there were messes were then made of paper, and stuck on the meat and in like manner to the vegetables. Another set of numbers was made, put into a hat, and shook together. The number of the messes being called, one by one, whatever ticket each one drew entitled him to a corresponding number of meat and vegetables. This was a lottery without any blanks, and a method that prevented any more complaints. The bread was easily divided. This was a great alleviation to our hunger-pained breasts. But to return to our squadron.

September 3.—At half past two P. M. the signals were made for the gun-boats to cast off, advance, and attack the enemy's gun-boats and gallies, which were all under weigh in the eastern part of the harbour, whither they had been for some time working up against the wind. This was certainly a judicious movement of theirs, as it precluded the possibility of our boats going down to attack the town without having the enemy's flotilla in the rear, and directly to windward. The Commodore accordingly ordered the

bomb vessels to run down within proper distance of the town and bombard it, while our gun-boats were to engage the enemy's gallies and boats to windward. At half past 3 P. M. our boats having gained their stations to which they were directed, commenced throwing shells into the city. At the same time our gun-boats opened a brisk fire on the gallies, and within point-blank shot, which was warmly returned by them and Fort English, and by a new battery, a little westward; but as soon as our boats arrived within good musket shot of their gallies and boats they gave way and retired to the shore, within the rocks and under cover of musketry from Fort English. They were followed by our boats, and by the *Syren*, *Argus*, *Vixen*, *Nautilus*, and *Enterprise*, as far as the reef would permit them to go with prudence. The action was then divided; one division of our boats, with the brigs and schooners, attacked Fort English, whilst the other was engaged with the enemy's gallies and boats. The Bashaw's castle, the Mole, Crown, and several other batteries kept up a constant fire on our bomb vessels, which were well conducted, and threw shells briskly into the town; but, from their situation, they were very much exposed and in great danger of being sunk. To prevent which, the Commodore ran within them with the *Constitution*, to draw off the enemy's attention, and amuse them whilst the bombardment was kept up. The Commodore brought to within reach of grape, and fired eleven broadsides into the Bashaw's castle, town, and batteries, in a situation where more than seventy guns could bear upon him. One of the batteries were silenced. The town, castle and other batteries considerably damaged. By this time it was half past four o'clock. The wind was increasing and inclining rapidly to the northward; the Commodore made a signal for the boats to retire from action, and for the brigs and schooners to take them in tow, and soon after hauled off, with the *Constitution*, to repair damages. Our gun-boats were an hour and fifteen minutes in action. They disabled several of the enemies gallies and boats, and considerably damaged Fort English. Most of our boats re-

ceived damage in their rigging and sails. About 50 shells were thrown into the town, and our boats fired 400 round shot besides grape and canister. They were led into action by Captains Decatur and Somers, with their usual gallantry.

It is very unaccountable that among so many shells as were thrown into the town, so few of them burst. It must have been owing to want of skill, and not treachery in the bombardiers. The Bashaw gave a bounty for every shell that his people brought to him, and they were found in plenty. A large number went directly over our prison, and fell innoxious in the sand. Three or four shots struck our prison, but did no damage of consequence.

It must be remembered, that most of the foregoing account of Commodore Preble's operations, is taken from his letter to the Secretary of the Navy, and nearly in his own words. The Commodore further says—"Desirous of annoying the enemy, by all the means in my power, I directed to be put in execution a long-contemplated plan of sending a fire-ship, or infernal, into the harbour of Tripoli, in the night, for the purpose of endeavouring to destroy the enemy's shipping, and shatter the Bashaw's castle and town. Captain Somers, of the *Nautilus*, having volunteered his service, had, for several days before this period, been directing the preparation of the ketch *Intrepid*, assisted by Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel. About 100 barrels of powder, and 150 fixed shells, were, apparently, judiciously disposed of, on board her. The fuses leading to the magazine were calculated to burn a quarter of an hour.

"September 4.—The *Intrepid* being prepared for the intended service, Captain Somers and Lieutenant Wadsworth made choice of two of the fastest rowing boats in the squadron, for bringing them out after reaching their destination, and firing the combustible materials which were to communicate with the fuzes. Captain Somers' boat was manned with four seamen from the *Nautilus*, and Lieutenant Wadsworth's with six from the *Constitution*.

Lieut. Israel accompanied them.—At eight in the evening the *Intrepid* was under sail and standing for the port, with a leading breeze from the eastward. The *Argus*, *Vixen*, and *Nautilus*, convoyed her as far as the rocks. On entering the harbour, several shot were fired at her from the batteries. In a few minutes after, when she had apparently nearly gained her intended place of destination, she suddenly exploded, without their having previously fired a room, filled with splinters and other combustibles, which were intended to create a blaze in order to deter the enemy from boarding whilst the fire was communicating to the fuzes, which led to the magazine. The effect of the explosion awed the batteries into profound silence, with astonishment. Not a gun was afterwards fired for the night. The shrieks of the inhabitants informed us that the town was thrown into the greatest terror and consternation by the explosion of the magazine, and the bursting and falling of shells in all directions. The whole squadron waited with the utmost anxiety, to learn the fate of the adventurers, from a signal previously agreed upon, in case of success, but waited in vain; no signs of their safety were to be observed. The *Argus*, *Vixen*, and *Nautilus* hovered round the port till sunrise, when they had a fair view of the harbour. Not a vestige of the ketch or the boats were to be seen. One of the enemy's largest boats was missing, and three others were seen, very much shattered and damaged, which the enemy were hauling on shore. From these circumstances I am led to believe that those boats were detached from the enemy's flotilla to intercept the ketch, and without supposing her to be a fire-ship, the missing boat had suddenly boarded her, when the gallant Somers and heroes of his party observing the other three boats surrounding them, and no prospect of escape, determined, at once to prefer death and the destruction of the enemy, to captivity and torturing slavery, put a match to the train leading directly to the magazine, which at once blew the whole into the air, and terminated their existence. My conjectures respecting this affair are founded on a resolution which Captain Somers,

Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel had formed, neither to be taken by the enemy, nor suffer him to get possession of the powder on board the *Intrepid*. They expected to enter the harbour without discovery, but had declared, if they should be disappointed and the enemy should board them before they reached the point of destination, in such force as to leave no hopes of a safe retreat, they would put a match to the magazine, and blow themselves and their enemies up together; determined, as there was no exchange of prisoners, that their country should never pay ransom for them nor the enemy receive a supply of powder through their means. The disappearance of one of the enemy's boats and the shattered condition of three others, confirm me in my opinion that they were an advanced guard, detached from the main body of the enemy's flotilla, on discovering the approach of the *Intrepid*, and that they attempted to board her before she had reached her point of destination, otherwise the whole of the shipping must have suffered, and perhaps would have been totally destroyed. That she was blown up before she had reached her station, is certain; by which the service has lost three very gallant officers. Captain Somers and Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel were officers of conspicuous bravery, talents, and merit. They had uniformly distinguished themselves in the several actions—were beloved and lamented by the whole squadron."

Far from wishing or endeavouring to detract from the merits of those immortal heroes who lost their lives in attempting to effectuate our emancipation, a strict regard to correct information, as far as it can be traced, induces me to make the following enquiries and remarks:—

I would ask any reasonable person, is it probable that Captain Somers, Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel would have voluntarily sacrificed their lives by a premature act? Or, in other words, would they have fired the train had they not been boarded by the enemy or surrounded in such a manner as to banish all hopes

of escape? And if the enemy had boarded them, would they not have shared promiscuous destruction, as has been reported from conjecture? And if the enemy did suffer, or were thus destroyed, should not we have been informed of it through some of the means following?—

The Neapolitans, who were servants to most of the chief men in Tripoli, who were slaves, and anticipated freedom from our squadron's success, who brought us with avidity every intelligence of our enemy's loss or defeat, who perfectly understood the language of the Tripolitans, never gave us any information; and of course never heard that any of the Turks were destroyed by the explosion of the infernal. There were many Jews and disaffected Turks, Greeks and Maltese who were ready to communicate to us every unfavourable circumstance of the enemy, and we never heard from them that any of the Turks perished in the explosion. The Christian Consuls, and especially the Danish one, who was our particular friend, never informed us that any of the Turks were killed by the explosion of the fire-ship. Lewis Hexiner, who had turned Turk but seriously repented of it, and who was promised and expected to be given up to us on our liberation, by covertly befriending us, while in full confidence of the Bashaw and all the Turks, never gave us information of the kind, and of course never heard such a report amongst the Turks. Doctor Cowdery, who lodged in the same room with Hexiner, does not mention it in his journal. Is it not therefore more than probable, that through all these channels of communication, if a circumstance so extraordinary as the destruction of one or two hundred Turks, some information of the event would have reached us? It is therefore very evident that no Turks were destroyed; and if none were destroyed, is it not full as evident that the train communicated to the magazine sooner than was expected, and that the explosion happened before our men could possibly avoid a catastrophe so much to be lamented? Doctor Cowdery says, that "The fire-ship

sent in by Commodore Preble, did but little damage, and that the Bashaw and his people held a thanksgiving to Mahomet on the occasion," which would not have been had he lost a boat and two hundred men by it. But from whatever circumstance or accident they lost their lives, it is certain that they died meritoriously, and while valour, patriotism, and heroic actions meet with admiration, gratitude and applause, the names of Somers, Wadsworth, Israel and their brave companions in death, will live and shine on the annals of fame, and be registered in the catalogue of American martyrs in the cause of liberty.

The weather continuing to wear a threatening aspect until the 7th of September, and the ammunition being reduced to a quantity not more than sufficient for three vessels to keep up the blockade, no intelligence of the expected reinforcement, and the season so far advanced as to render it imprudent to hazard the gun-boats any longer on the station, the Commomodore gave orders for the *John Adams*, *Syren*, *Nautilus*, *Enterprise*, and *Scourge*, to take the bombs and gun-boats in tow, and proceed to Syracuse with them; the *Argus* and *Vixen* to remain with the *Constitution*, to keep up the blockade.

This day 14 bodies of Americans, supposed to be destroyed by the explosion of the fire-ship, were interred by permission of the Bashaw. John M'Donald, who had long been in a decline, departed this, he hoped, for a better life. But turning from such gloomy subjects as death and the grave, let us attend Doctor Cowdery in another of his excursions:

September 9.—"The Bashaw took us with him and his suit to his country seat, where we spent most of the day. We went to see the great Marabewt, in whom the Bashaw had great faith, and thought he could foretell events. It was thought by the Turks that he foretold the stranding and capture of the *Philadelphia*, and that he got offended with the Bashaw and caused and foretold her being burnt. He now said the Commodore's ship would never

return to America; that she would either be blown up or run on shore, and that the Bashaw would have success in his warfare with America. It appeared that this great prophet was a sojourner, and that he only came to Tripoli when the Bashaw was in want of a prophet. He was encamped on the sandy desert, at a tomb of an ancient Marabewt. When we came near him we all dismounted. The Bashaw went to him, kneeled before him, and kissed his hand. The Mamelukes followed the example. The Marabewt then sat down, and was followed by the Bashaw and suite, forming a circle on a mat. During this time I stood by my mule, with my hat in my hand, about five rods from the scene. I was soon called, and ordered by the Bashaw, to take off my shoes and feel the Marabewt's pulse. I left my shoes at the edge of the mat or holy ground, and stepped on. I laid my hat on the edge of the mat in preference to laying it on the sand, but it was immediately taken off. I was then ordered to approach his holiness and kiss his hand. I felt his pulse, but before I had time to prescribe for him he put his hand against me, and gave me to understand that I must go off the holy ground. I immediately stepped off, put on my shoes, took my hat and went to my mule. The Bashaw called me back and asked me what I would do for the Marabewt. I recommended bleeding, but the Marabewt shook his head, and gave me to understand that he wanted nothing of the *kelb* (dog.) I was then told to withdraw, which I did and took a walk around the tomb, which I found to be very ancient. The Bashaw spent about half an hour with the Marabewt, when he kissed his hand and we all returned to the country palace. The Bashaw apologized for the impoliteness of the Marabewt, and said, that they had a foolish antipathy to all but Mahometans."

September 10.—The United States ship *President*, Commodore Barron, and *Constellation*, Captain Campbell, hove in sight and soon joined company, when the command of the squadron was

surrendered to Commodore Barron with the usual ceremony. Commodore Preble continued in company with the squadron until the 12th, when three strange ships hove in sight, standing directly for Tripoli. Chase was given and two of them boarded and taken possession of by the *Constitution*; the *President* in company, about four leagues from Tripoli, but not more than four miles from land, while the *Constellation* and *Argus* were in chase of the third. The two boarded by the *Constitution* were loaded with about sixteen thousand bushels of wheat. Tripoli was in a state of starvation, and there can be no doubt but those cargoes were meant as a supply and relief to our enemies. No farther operations were carried on against Tripoli for this season.

Commodore Preble left the station and returned to America by the first convenient opportunity, where he met with that warm, generous and honourable reception which our countrymen are ever ready to evince towards those who have distinguished themselves by valour, patriotism and magnanimity. He left a lasting impression on the mind of the Bashaw and all the barbarians of Tripoli, of American bravery. Such unparalleled heroism appalled their savage bosoms, and struck them with the profoundest astonishment. That a single frigate should dare venture under the batteries, in the manner that Preble did, they imputed to madness, and that she ever lived to return was ascribed by them to some superior agency's invisible protection. He was considered as a prodigy of valour, and dreaded as the minister of destruction. He was not an idle, *barron* Commodore. His labours produced effect—he won laurels and bore them.

Respecting the damage done to the town of Tripoli, various reports have made erroneous statements. There was but little damage done to the town, for it is wholly built of incombustible materials, and they who have reported that the town was set on fire by the shells might as well have informed us that a conflagration of the Mediterranean was effected with a taper. In every

attack upon the place we were taken out at intervals, to carry powder to the different forts, and treated worse than can be represented by words. They would place a barrel of powder on a man's back, and make him run every step, without resting from the castle to the batteries, three-quarters of a mile, with a driver behind him dealing blows at every breath, amidst the pelting of stones from the soldiery and every insult and indignity that could be offered or endured. A great number of shells and balls went over and fell near our prison, but none of them did any material damage. One ball went through our cook-house, adjoining one end of our prison, one struck the front obliquely and spent its fury without harm, and several more glanced over the corners and terrace of it. A ball went through the Danish consul's observatory the moment he had left it, in the exact direction where he stood. It is a great pity the Commodore had not found more skillful bombardiers; for though they could not fire the houses, had they all burst, great damage as well as great consternation must have been the result. Two of the guns burst, in the last action, and killed two Turks in the castle.

Before our squadron had left the coast, and previous to the last engagement, I received a line from one of our officers, mentioning that Lieutenant James Decatur was killed, on the 3d of August, and requesting me to write an elegy on his death; which was attempted in the following strain:

CHAPTER XI

ELEGY

On the death of Lieutenant JAMES DECATUR, who fell August 3d, 1804, in an action with the Tripolitan gun-boats.

THROUGH these drear walls, where fiends horrific reign,
Chill the faint heart and rend the frantic brain!
Where, void of friends, of pleasure, food or rest,
Tormenting slavery preys upon our breast;
From yon thick squadron, whence we hope to hear
The voice of freedom charm the captive's ear,
Sounds the sad tale, DECATUR's name deplore,
For that young hopeful hero breathes no more!
He left, to free us from barbarian chains,
Columbia's blooming groves and peaceful plains;
Forever sacred be those arms he wore,
The cause that mov'd him, and the barque that bore,
'Twas heav'n's own cause—'twas freedom's injur'd name,
The love of country, and the voice of fame
Call'd forth his active martial skill to go
Scour the wide deep and scourge the tyrant foe;
Dauntless he fights, where dying groans resound,
And thund'ring carnage roars tremendous round—
'Till heav'n beheld him with propitious eyes,
And snatch'd his kindred spirit to the skies.
When from the Turks his mangled form they bore
With glory cover'd, bath'd in streaming gore,
Bewailing friends his ghastly wounds survey'd,
Which bid defiance to all human aid,
When life stood trembling, ling'ring in its flight,
And heav'n's blest visions dawn'd upon his sight;
The radiant shades of heroes hov'ring round,
Midst harps of angels, with reviving sound,
Sooth'd the last pangs of his undaunted breast,

And wing'd him, convoy'd, to eternal rest.
 Could worth have rescu'd, or could virtue save
 Her heav'n-born vot'ries from the destin'd grave;
 Could sacred friendship's hallow'd pray'rs bestow
 The gift of immortality below;
 Could thousand's sighs and tears, that ceaseless roll,
 Call from the shores of bliss th' angelic soul:
 (Though the bold wish be impious deem'd, and vain,)
 Death ne'er had reach'd him, or he'd live again.
 But fate's decrees, irrevocably just,
 Doom'd his frail body to the mingling dust;
 In yon cold deep it finds unwak'd repose,
 Far from th' embrace of friends or reach of foes;
 Till the last trumpet's loud eternal roar
 Call forth its millions from the sea and shore,
 Nor till the final blast, and awful day,
 Shall that brave soul reanimate its clay.

OUR men were employed in repairing the damages done in the several attacks upon the forts and batteries—laying new platforms, building new gun-carriages, hauling timber and stone to build boats and erect fortifications, and nothing, worthy of remark, transhaped our fortune for a considerable time.

October 21.—was the last day we saw any of our shipping. The Tripolitans took their arms and ammunition from their gun-boats, and extracted the charges from the cannon on the forts and batteries. It seems the Bashaw, as yet, had but very inadequate conceptions of the force of his foe; for he this day told Doctor Cowdery (so he informs us) that if he had three frigates he would blockade America. He fancied he could do it as easily as one frigate and a schooner could blockade Tripoli.

October 23.—No bread to be had. The Turks told us, that in consequence of the blockade which our shipping had maintained, we now had to suffer, and advised us to petition to our Commodore in Syracuse, to make peace and take us away. The Bashaw issued an edict prohibiting the inhabitants from purchasing, and

the venders of grain from selling to any but the castellany. Money would not command bread, and starvation was whetting her teeth to devour us. Commodore Lysle, disregarding the Bashaw's proclamation, purchased some barley. An altercation ensued between them. Lysle insisted on his right to purchase grain in the public marts. The Bashaw was outrageous, flew at him, struck him and commanded his guard to disarm and confine him, which was done for a few hours when the Bashaw ordered him released, and gave the person who had fomented the fracas, 500 bastinadoes. For three days we never tasted bread, and for eleven days more we had but a very little, subsisting on dates pressed into a cake, and vegetables, with oil.

November 9.—The meat and vegetables which we had drawn by order of Capt. Bainbridge, were discontinued. Philosophers may prate what they will, of the feasibility of our enjoying happiness under all circumstances, and in all conditions. Let one of those sticklers for contentment be placed in our situation, with an empty stomach, a heavy burthen on his back, and a fell fiend at his heels, dealing flagellation at every step, and I am pretty well convinced, that he would feel disposed to relinquish his tenets.

The Bashaw had a fit of the epilepsy. His people imagined him possessed of the devil; a Marabewt performed many exorcisms, which at length dispelled him.

November 20.—A great scarcity of bread still prevailed, and our men were obliged to sell the clothes which they had lately drawn, and for which they were suffering, to procure something to sustain life. The cravings of hunger predominated over the calls of external wants, and our clothes were sacrificed for a mere trifle; but trifles are of magnitude when they preserve life. During the extremity of famine, one of our men, impelled by imperious hunger, taking advantage of the Jews' Sabbath, who had the charge of the distillery, clambered over a wall twenty feet high, broke or unlocked three doors, and got into the still-house, where a little

shop was kept for retailing aqua-deut, (aguadiente) and brought off a pitcher full of Buckamseens, which he distributed amongst his companions so profusely that he was suspected, and subsequently convicted of the robbery; but he greased the fists of his keepers, who, for a share, put him in irons and gave him a slight punishment. Some of our tars had the ingenuity to counterfeit the Bashaw's coin. When a specimen of the fraud was shewn to the Bashaw, he laughed heartily and said that the Americans were all wizards and devils, and protested that if the person was detected, he could not punish, but reward his invention.

December 7.—It was said that the Bashaw, impatient for the money which he forestalled as the price of our ransom, gave orders to our wardens to treat us with the utmost severity, in order to extort from us supplications to our country for a speedy peace. For several days we had been without bread or money, for the Bashaw sometimes ordered us cash when bread was not plenty, and the men were unanimously determined not to labour any more unless one or the other was allowed us.

December 10.—Our keepers or drivers, as usual, unlocked the prison doors early in the morning, and ordered us *tota fora* (all out.) Not one of us moved. The most of us had now provided ourselves with cots, as before described, which were ranged one above another, to the top of the prison, making it difficult for the drivers to come at us. A few, however, slept on the ground, and to those the furious elves had free access, and began to beat them. We then all spoke, and told them that we were resolved, if death should be the consequence, not to turn out another day without food. They threatened to call the soldiers, and fire in upon us, and when they found they could not move us by threats nor blows, they left us and informed the Bashaw of our refractory conduct. They soon returned, and assured us that if we would peaceably and tacitly obey their orders, we should have bread at twelve o'clock—this was agreed to, and the stipulation was fulfilled.

December 21.—At night the Bashaw's eldest son, the Bey of Tripoli, was married to his cousin, eldest daughter of the Ex-Bashaw. The bride was very beautiful, and said to be but twelve years old. Our boatswain, carpenter, sail-maker and first master's-mate, who had been at liberty on parole, since the 27th of June, were put in close confinement with our other officers, on a suspicion of conspiring with the crew to rise and take the castle. It is true such a plot was in cogitation, but it was a very preposterous one. It was meditated for us to rush into the castle, when the gates were first opened in the morning—to seize on the armoury and magazine—liberate our officers—secure the guard and the Mamelukes, and make a prisoner of the Bashaw and his family. At the same time to plant a 26 pounder, loaded with grape, at each gate, and point the guns of the castle into the town. This doubtless might have been effected with but little loss; but the question is, how long could we have maintained our ground. The Turks might have brought their cannon from the different forts to bear upon, and battered the castle to prostrate ruins. Could such a plot have been carried into operation when our squadron was cruising off the harbour, it might have been terminated with success; but under the then existing circumstances, before relief could have reached us destruction must have swallowed us up.

December 25.—In compliance with a petition which we preferred to Captain Bainbridge, he sent orders to the Danish Consul to have us supplied with a collation of fresh beef and vegetables, with an additional allowance of one loaf of bread per man; the whole to be washed down with a cask of wine, yielding a dividend of one quart to each individual. We also petitioned the Bashaw for a respite from labour for the day, and he was graciously pleased to vouchsafe our request. In the morning, at the usual time of unlocking our prison, the wardens came and informed us that some cordage and other articles were missing out of the Bashaw's naval magazine (as they called it) and that some of the Americans were

suspected of the robbery, and unless we would give information of the perpetrator no holiday should be allowed us, but that we should spend the day in close confinement and without food. They kept us in until about ten o'clock, when it being discovered that Selim, the Bashaw's son-in-law, who carried the keys of the stores, had committed the crime by selling the cordage clandestinely to a Tunisian merchant, we were allowed to come out and bring our provisions and wine to the prison. The Bashaw ordered his son-in-law 500 bastinadoes; but he fled to a Marabewt, and escaped punishment. The remainder of the day was spent if not with the greatest festivity, with decent propriety, and was ended in perfect unanimity. Among a number of songs in the evening the following, though not composed on the occasion, and perhaps not applicable to the particular genius of the day, was nevertheless sung by unanimous request.

SONG

Tune—"Madam you know my trade is war."

1. COLUMBIA! while the sons of fame
Thy freedom through the world proclaim,
And hell-born tyrants dread the name
That wills all nations free;
Remote on Barb'ry's pirate coast,
By foes enslav'd, a miscreant host,
No more the rights of man we boast;
Adieu, blest Liberty!
2. How fearful lour'd the gloomy day
When, stranded on the shoals, we lay
Expos'd, our foremast cut away,
To the rough-dashing sea;
When hostile gun-boats thunder'd round,
And no relief nor hopes were found,
The mournful words swell'd ev'ry sound,
Adieu, blest Liberty!

3. In helpless servitude, forlorn,
From country, friends and freedom torn,
Alike we dread each night and morn,
For nought but grief we see;
When burthens press—the lash we bear,
And all around is black despair,
We breathe the silent, fervent pray'r,
O come, blest Liberty!
4. Mem'ry, to mis'ry e'er unkind,
Brings present to the painful mind,
The woes oblivion else would find,
And evils cease to be;
And fancy, when we're wrapp'd in sleep,
Conveys us o'er the boundless deep;
But wak'd to sigh, we live to weep,
Adieu, blest Liberty!
5. And when invading cannons roar,
And life and blood from hundreds pour,
And mangled bodies float ashore,
And ruins strew the sea;
The thoughts of death, or freedom, near,
Create alternate hope and fear;
Oh! when will that blest day appear,
That brings sweet Liberty!
6. When rear'd on yonder castle's height,
The naked flagstaff's drest in white,
We gaze enraptur'd at the sight;
How happy shall we be!
When thund'ring guns proclaim a peace,
Our toils all o'er, our woes shall cease;
We'll bless the pow'r that brings release,
And hail sweet Liberty!

We sent our thanks to Captain Bainbridge for his compliance with our request, and on the first of January he ordered us the same quantity of provisions and wine as before. I was told to take eight men, go to the Danish Consul's, and get the wine.

Our men were the tapsters, and the Consul requested me to keep an account of the measure. The good-natured benevolent man told us all to drink as much as we wanted while it was drawing, and came, several times, urging us to drink. The tapsters accepted of his liberal invitation with such unreserved cordiality, that by the time they had finished drawing, they were not able to carry the cask to the prison. Another set of bearers was collected, and the Consul made them drink until they were nearly as much intoxicated as the first; and when we were departing he distributed a handful of money amongst the whole. Our tars pronounced him the best fellow they had ever met with, and swore he must have been a sailor, or he would not be so generous with his cash and his grog.

January 28.—A strong guard was placed in our prison-yard, and we were forbid to go out. The infamous Wilson had informed the Bashaw that we were all armed, and prepared to rise and take the town. They searched our prison, and found the report false.

February 1.—George Griffeth, gunner's-mate of the late *Philadelphia*, having inveigled the Bashaw with the project that he could construct an air-furnace, to cast guns, shot and shells in, was provided with masons, and nine of our crew, and set to the work. He received a doubloon on commencing, and was promised one hundred dollars for the first specimen of his skill. After lavishing more than five hundred dollars, in making the experiment, it this day proved abortive, by premeditated design.

February 13.—

Another tar has weather'd storms and strife,
And burst the bonds of slav'ry and of life.

As a number of our men were at work under a corner of the castle wall, a part of it fell, and crushed out the entrails of Jacob Dowerdishu, who died instantly.

February 20.—Our bread, which we drew from, or by order of the Captain, growing light, we petitioned him to let us receive a buckamseen apiece each day, in the place of it, to which he complied, and which we received daily until the termination of our captivity. The sum amounted to ten dollars and three quarters, which I received every morning from the Danish Consul, and divided amongst the men. Such as laboured at the cart, and a large number who were employed in building up a corner of the castle, received a buckamseen a day from the Bashaw, and my task was to muster them at evening and mark the number of days each one had laboured, and receive and pay them the money. The men were often defrauded by the embezzling of the keepers.

March 1.—An American frigate appeared off the harbour. The Turks repaired to their quarters, and manned their gun-boats. They began to resume their wonted cruelties on such occasions.

March 4.—Hassan Bey, the Bashaw's Aga, was appointed to the command of an expedition to Derne. A great number of our men were employed in packing up ammunition and provisions for the expedition. Two frigates and a brig, supposed to be American, appeared off the harbour. The inhabitants, expecting a siege, began to move their families and effects into the country.

March 16.—The mansion lately occupied by our officers appeared to be full of people, and a guard on the terrace and at the door. They were the nearest relatives of those officers who had gone on the expedition, and held as pledges of their loyalty, fearing they might attach themselves to his brother, the Ex-Bashaw.

March 18.—The Bashaw sent Selim, his son-in-law, into the country, to raise troops for the defence of Tripoli.

March 21.—A frigate in sight. "Several of the sons and most esteemed friends of the Bashaw's chiefs in the country were brought into the castle, as hostages for their fidelity to the present Bashaw."

March 29.—Two large stout negroes were hanged at the city gate for murder and robbery. They were executed in a most barbarous manner. A thick clumsy straw rope was fastened round each of their necks; they were placed at the foot of the wall, the ropes passed through the embrasures of the wall, and then five or six Turks seizing hold of it ran away with the bight, and dragged them to the top, where they were made fast and in which situation they lived three or four hours. They had no caps over their faces, and nothing on but shirts. They were not taken down until night, hanging from about 9 o'clock in the morning.

March 30.—Selim, who had been sent into the country to collect or enlist troops, returned with but a handful of men. The people had been oppressed by his exorbitant demands for money, and their women had been stripped of their rings, bracelets and jewels and they refused to fight for the Bashaw.

April 12.—The Regency received information from his agent in Malta, of the formidable armament of the Americans in preparation. The Spanish Consul presented the Bashaw three hundred stands of arms and a number of pistols; and, it is said advised him to keep up the war, and force the Americans to pay his demands.

April 13.—“The Bashaw declared that if the Americans drove him to extremities, or attacked his town, he would put every American prisoner to death.”

April 27.—A very oppressive Syroc wind, and two of our men who were sent into the country with a cart, dragging it, loaded, over the burning sands, fainted and were brought in almost lifeless. The remainder were nearly exhausted by heat and fatigue. Several companies of Arabs passed through the town and paraded under the Bashaw's balcony, in the navy-yard. There were about three hundred horse and seven hundred foot, and both made but a despicable appearance.

May 3.—The great Marabewt who has been mentioned assured the Bashaw that two American frigates more would be destroyed; and that the powder of the whole American squadron would be so damaged that they would not be able to fire a gun. He agreed to attend the Bashaw, to keep the balls and shells from hurting him.

May 14.—Doctor Cowdery received a letter from Captain Bainbridge, stating the inconveniences which the officers suffered by being in close confinement, and breathing unwholesome air. The Doctor spoke to the Bashaw on the subject, and humbly solicited that our officers might be removed to the American house. The Bashaw replied that the war between him and our country was at first about money; but now it was whether he or his brother should be the Bashaw; and that the Americans had bound themselves to his brother in such a manner that it was not in their power to make peace with him; and that his brother and the Americans were determined to take Tripoli and put him to death. He swore by the prophet of Mecca that if the Americans brought his brother against him he would burn to death every American prisoner except the Doctor; that he should be spared because he had saved the life of his child when very sick.

May 19.—Antonio, a Neapolitan slave, who had recently paid his own ransom, returned from Malta and Syracuse, whither he had been sent by the Bashaw as a spy. He bro't news that the American squadron sailed for Alexandria, in Egypt, about twenty days before; that they were to take on board the former Bashaw, and proceed along the coast of Tripoli, and take the principal towns, and then to attack and take the town of Tripoli, and put in possession the Ex-Bashaw. The Bashaw and his people were much alarmed at this news. As the residue of Doctor Cowdery's journal approaches very near the truth, we must do him the honour to copy it nearly *verbatim*:

May 22.—“I was informed that in a letter which the Bashaw received the evening before, it was stated that Hassan Bey and

his army were taken in Derne, by the Americans and Sidi Hamet, the Ex-Bashaw. I was desired not to mention it, because it was a great secret and the Bashaw did not wish to let people know it. I was also informed that the Bashaw called a council of his chiefs, and proposed to put all the American prisoners to death, but it was agreed to postpone this measure for that time."

May 23.—"Twenty-four of our men were sent with a cart, for timber, into the country. The wind from the desert was very heavy and hot. The men almost perished in the sand, which flew and drifted like a snow-storm in our country.—They stopped through fatigue, and asked their driver, who was a Turk, for liberty to drink at a well which was near there. The Turk replied that they were Rama kelbs, (Christian dogs) and said they should have no water. He gave them all a severe beating with a club, which he always carried with him to beat them with, and made them go on with the cart, which the poor fellows had to drag, loaded with timber, thro' the burning sand. They returned towards night, almost perished." This is true, but no more than what occurred almost every day.

May 24.—"At night the Bashaw dispatched a boat loaded with powder, musket-balls and money, for his troops who were collecting to oppose the approach of his brother Hamet, the Ex-Bashaw. The eldest son of Hamet was confined in the castle, by order of his uncle. The Bashaw was so much agitated at the news of the approach of his brother, that he this day declared that if it were in his power to make peace and give up the American prisoners, he would gladly do it without the consideration of money." If this be true, what must we think of Col. Lear's treaty? What must we think of sixty thousand lavished to no purpose? "His funds were so low that his steward run in debt for the supply of the kitchen. He gave his Mamelukes, domestics and myself but one meal per day. The rich Turks in town took turns in

supplying his troops. He heartily repented for not accepting the terms of peace last offered by our country."

May 26.—"Three frigates in sight. About eleven A. M. the smallest came near in and hoisted the banners of peace. The Bashaw asked his head men of the town, who were with him in the gallery, whether it was best to hoist his white flag. All, except one (the charge de affairs for Algiers) declared in favour of it, and of making peace if possible. They expressed great contempt towards the Algerine Consul for his advice, and said that whoever would advise the Bashaw not to hoist the white flag at such a critical moment must be his foe, and not his friend. The Algerine soon disappeared and left the castle.—The Spanish Consul soon after came to the castle, and the Bashaw sent him in one of his handsomest boats with Shaws Hammad, to the frigate. They returned in the evening with the joyful news of a prospect of peace. There was a visible change from gloominess to joy in the countenances of all the Turks." And if it had this effect on the Turks, what must it have produced in the feelings of Americans in slavery? Our men were in paroxysms of joy, notwithstanding the issue was yet precarious.

May 27.—"Both Turks and Christians were all anxiously looking out for the frigates. It was said that Col. Lear promised to come on shore this morning, and that the Spanish Consul was preparing a dinner for the gentlemen who were expected to come with him. We were all agitated alternately by hope and despair. The terraces, and every eminence in town, were covered with people of all classes and ages, who were looking for the wished-for peace-maker; but not a frigate nor sail hove in sight during the day."

May 28.—"All looking out again for our squadron. A brig hove in sight in the morning, which we all at first thought was the flag ship. On discovering it was a brig, a gloominess again ap-

peared on every countenance. The Turks began to think the frigate had gone to fetch the whole fleet, which they had heard consisted of sixty sail of different sizes. They thought that the flag of truce was only a plea of the Americans to find out the force of Tripoli, &c. But at sun-set three frigates and a brig appeared, which revived our hopes. The Bashaw shewed great anxiety for peace. He was sensible of the danger he was in from the lowness of his funds, and the disaffection of his people."

May 29.—"Three frigates and a brig bore down upon the town, and displayed the ensigns and signals of peace, which were immediately answered from the castle. The Spanish Consul, Fasah the Jew, and several Turks went on board and did not return till late at night, when it was reported that negociations for peace were going on rapidly."

May 31.—"The Spanish Consul and Shaws Hammad went on board with the Commodore, and returned at night. The Bashaw sent me to inform Captain Bainbridge that peace was agreed on, which I did to the great joy of our officers."

June 1.—"The truce continued. Captain Bainbridge went on board the Commodore, and returned at night. Our men were still drove to hard labour, and our officers confined."

June 2.—"I received a letter from Captain Bainbridge, stating that the terms of peace were agreed on, and that we should go on board the squadron. I immediately read this letter to our crew, who were so overjoyed that many of them shed tears. They were still drove to hard work, and many of them flogged."

Captain Bainbridge came himself to our prison, called us together and communicated the intelligence of a treaty being agreed on, but not yet signed; and cautioned us not to let the prospect of liberty transport us beyond the bounds of discretion, lest the preliminaries might yet be annulled. He delivered me a letter

from a friend of mine in the United States, the only one I received while in Tripoli.

June 3.—“The articles of peace were signed, and about four o'clock in the afternoon the salute was fired from the frigates and batteries.”

I shall not pretend to describe in adequate terms our various emotions for a number of days previous to this confirmation of our hopes. Sometimes our spirits were soaring buoyant on the wings of sanguine expectation; at other times, diving into the very gulph of despair.

But O! what joy when the saluting sound
Was heard to thunder through the arches round!
Enraptur'd lays the choral hundreds sung,
And that drear mansion once with gladness rung.

The Bashaw this morning called the American renegades Wilson, West, Smith, who had a wife and four children in Boston, Hexiner and Prince, and told them that peace was now concluded, the Americans were about to leave Tripoli, and if they, or either of them chose to go, it was left at their option. Unaware of the artifice, all except Wilson expressed their wish and anxiety to relinquish the turban and accompany us to America. Wilson, jealous of the Bashaw's sincerity, and perhaps afraid of the threatened halter, thanked his majesty for this generous offer, but told him that he preferred Tripoli to America and Mahometanism to Christianity, and that he chose to remain, and would ever continue firmly attached to his service. Wilson was honoured and caressed by the Bashaw and his Divan for his singular fidelity—while the other four were sent into the country with a formidable guard. We had a glance at them as they passed our prison, and could see horror and despair depicted in their countenances. A number of our men went to the American house and remained all night with our officers, but the greater part were locked in the prison as usual. Our drivers were missing and a new guard over us.

June 4.—Lest our men might wreak vengeance on some of the Turks, and especially the keepers, for past cruelties, which would have inevitably involved us in difficulties and dangers, our men were kept locked in the prison until the arrangements were made to receive them all at the rendezvous, which was not until about ten o'clock A. M. Here we all received new clothes, and were sent on board of different vessels in the afternoon; where some met with the warm reception of a good flogging before the next morning.

The fall preceding we had drawn a subscription for the purpose of purchasing the ransom of a friendly Neapolitan.—We obtained considerable encouragement at that time, but our own emancipation appearing so dubious, this humane project for that time was procrastinated. As soon therefore as our liberty was ascertained, we resumed the subject, and obtained upwards of three hundred dollars, wrote to Captain Bainbridge and had the money advanced and deducted out of our wages, and enjoyed the supreme satisfaction of giving liberty to one of our fellow-creatures. He was servant to our chief wardeen, and not a task-master, nor a driver over us as has been reported, in which capacity he had frequent opportunities of befriending us, and had rendered several of us very essential services. I have been informed, however, that when he found what severity was practiced in our service, he seriously repented of his leaving Tripoli!

We were upwards of nineteen months in imprisonment, and only six died out of more than three hundred men; and considering the hardships we endured we had but little sickness—a sufficient proof that the climate is remarkably healthy. It was thought that the oil we mixed with all our food contributed greatly to the preservation of our healths. Abdallah, whom we called Captain Blackbeard, was our chief wardeen. He was a Moor, possessed great subtlety, insufferable pride, and was a “calm, thinking villain.” Soliman, whom we nicknamed Scamping-Jack, was a Tunisian.

He was sagacious, irascible, fierce and cruel when provoked, and seemed to delight in mischief, strife and tumult. He was more furious and less vindictive than Blackbeard. Tousef, or Joseph, who was formerly the Ex-Bashaw's chief steward, was our third in authority. He was born of French parents, and came from Egypt to Tripoli when quite young. Like men disappointed and deprived of office, he was captious, querulous and malevolent. In a word, he was a *quid*. The fourth was of Greek parentage, whom we called Bandy, from his having crooked legs. He had been a Mameluke of the Ex-Bashaw, and sincerely prayed for his restoration. He never struck any of us, seemed to sympathise in our sufferings, and was friendly and humane. Every one of our men would strive to be in his gang, and the old fellow, grateful for their preference or proud of their partiality, would show them all the kindness and lenity which he dare. The fifth was an old Algerine, whom we named Blinkard. He was a sort of a doctor—cruel, passionate and ferocious. The last and most barbarous villain of the whole was a Tripolitan. Him we called Red-jacket. Whenever any of our shipping were firing on the town he would take the opportunity to vent his infernal malice by beating and bruising our men with accumulated barbarity. The boatswain of the navy-yard was a Russian Mahometan, and was very inhuman to our men when they fell under his clutches. These wretches were the ready instruments of the Bashaw's will, wholly dependent on his smiles, and constant competitors for his favour. Mean, fawning, mercenary and cruel, they were held in as much contempt as slave-drivers in our own country, as jail-keepers in all countries, and as boatswains' mates of a man of war. I have often seen the citizens of Tripoli hiss them as they walked the streets. The prison which we last occupied was about one hundred and fifty feet in length, thirty in breadth, and twenty-five in height. It was built of stone, and its huge arches were supported by square columns about ten feet distant from each other, extending from the inside of the wall nine or ten feet. Between these columns our cots were fastened

or suspended, one above another, to the vertex of the arch. Out of our allowance of oil we saved enough to light our gloomy prison at night. There were three hundred and fifty persons, including Neapolitans, nocturnal inhabitants of this prison, and more than two hundred lamps burning every night. When every lamp was lighted, every arch, and every cot in each arch illuminated, the whole made a romantic, multiform and grand display of pompous misery.



CHAPTER XII

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE

YE lurid domes! whose tott'ring columns stand,
Marks of the despot's desolating hand:
Whose weed-grown roofs and mould'ring arches show
The curse of tyranny, a nation's woe;
In ev'ry ruin—ev'ry pile I find
A warning lesson to a thoughtful mind.
Your gloomy cells expressive silence break,
Echo to groans and eloquently speak:—
"The Christian's blood cements the stones he rears;
"This clay was moistened with a Christian's tears;
"Pale as these walls a pris'ner oft has lain,
"Felt the keen scourge and worn the ruthless chain;
"While scoffing foes increasing tortures pour,
"Till the poor victim feels, alas! no more!"
Here thy brave tars, America, are found
Lock'd in foul prisons and in fetters bound.
Heav'ns! what sad times! must free Columbians bow
Before yon tinsel'd tyrant's murky brow?
Cringe to a pow'r which death and rapine crown?
Smile at a smile, and tremble at a frown?
Kneel at a throne, its clemency implore,
Enrich'd by spoils and stain'd with human gore?
Bear the sharp lash, the pond'rous load sustain,
Suppress their anger, and revenge restrain?
Leave a free clime, explore the treach'rous waves,
The sport of miscreants and the slave of slaves?
Heav'ns! at the sight each patriot bosom glows
With virtuous hatred on its country's foes;
At ev'ry blow indignant passions rise,
And vengeance flashes from resentful eyes.
But heav'n is just, though man's bewilder'd mind
To mystic ways of Providence is blind;
Else why are some ordain'd above the rest,
Or villains treated better than the best?

Why, martyr'd virtue, hang thy injur'd head?
 Why liv'd an Arnold, while a Warren bled?
 Earth's murd'ers triumph, proud oppressors reign,
 While patriots bleed and captives sigh in vain.
 Yet slumb'ring justice soon shall wake and show
 Her sword, unsheath'd, and vengeance wing the blow:
 Columbia's genius, glorious as the sun,
 With thy blest shade, immortal Washington!
 Unite to guard us from nefarious foes,
 And heav'n defend, and angels interpose,
 Devoted tyrants cause due wrath to feel,
 Make Beys and Bashaws in submission kneel;
 Man's equal right, sweet liberty, restore,
 And despotism fall, to rise no more.

TRIPOLI, including Barca, one of the piratical states of Barbary, on the continent of Africa, is situated between 10 and 30 degrees of east longitude—30 and 34 degrees of north latitude; bounded on the north by the Mediterranean sea; east by Egypt; south by the country of the Beriberies, and west by Tunis and Biledulgerid; being about eleven hundred miles in length, and two hundred and forty in breadth. The city of Tripoli, the capital and largest town of the dominion, lies on the southern shore of the Mediterranean, in east longitude 14 degrees and 30 minutes, and in north latitude 33 degrees and 30 minutes. It is built on low sandy ground; the adjacent country is level, and as you approach the harbour from the sea, being bordered on the east and southwest, beginning from about a mile distant, by tall, graceful and ever verdant date-trees, contrasted with the pale sands of the barren deserts on the west and southwest, the white walls, the horizontal terraces, the enamelous domes, the scattered ruins on the beach, whose wild and stubborn breasts repel, as they confront the furious foaming waves, maintaining an eternal warfare, exhibit to the wandering eye the picturesque scenes of nature and of art, and convey to the fertile imagination impressive lessons of the superstition, the folly, the duplicity and the turpitude of man-

kind. For here bribery, treachery, rapine, murder and all the hideous offspring of accursed tyranny have often drenched the streets in blood, and dealt, to the enslaved inhabitants, famine, dungeons, ruin and destruction. On yonder nodding tower once waved the banners of the all-conquering Rome, when these fruitful regions were styled the Eden of that empire, now Gothic ruins and barbarous inhabitants curse the half-tilled soil. The harbour is difficult and dangerous to enter, teeming with rocks and shoals.

The town is surrounded by intrenchments and inclosed by a wall between twenty and thirty feet in height, thick, firm and impregnable; flanked by forts, planted with heavy artillery, and formidable hosts of savage barbarians. There are three gates, two of which open to the east into the country, and the other to the northwest, leading to a wharf where cargoes from their shipping are landed, and freights received on board. These gates are opened precisely at the rising, and closed exactly with the closing day; but when the Bashaw takes his cavalcade excursion, they are not allowed to let the people pass through them until his return.

At the northeast corner of the town stands the Bashaw's castle, washed on one side by the waves. Like the government, it is built on ruins, without either taste, elegance, or grandeur; and exhibits an apposite specimen of barbarian folly. The foundation of it is said to have been laid more than twelve hundred years ago, and covers about an acre of ground. Its form is of an irregular square, and its altitude may be one hundred feet. Its principal gate looks towards the south, in front of which a large portico contains a constant guard, the captain of which appears to be both a civil and a military officer, for both citizens and soldiers are daily brought before him, where, sitting cross-legged on a carpet or reclined on a sofa, he calmly listens to their clamorous accusations and defence, and if the culprit is found guilty of a petty crime, he receives instant punishment on the spot, by bastinadoing; if of a capital crime, he is either committed to prison and reported to the Bashaw,

or carried immediately into his presence, where he is reheard, and meets from the Bashaw either a full and quick discharge, or a sure and accelerated death. There is a small gate at the east, and another at the west side of the castle, through which people on emergencies pass when the grand part is closed. Towards the west, from the attic story, projects a gallery, rebuilt by our carpenters and gaily painted by Smith, the renegade Yankee. Here the Bashaw may be seen from the navy-yard, several times a day, surrounded by his fawning parasites, taking a vista of the country, the sea and great part of the town, the harbour, and fortifications. From this lofty eminence the tumid potentate looks down on the groveling multitude, like fictitious Jove from the summit of Olympus, and dispenses blessings or curses to the humble supplicants beneath his feet. After entering the front gate, a narrow, dark and sinuous passage leads into a handsome square or court-yard, with a piazza on each side, sustained by colonades of marble. Within this court stands the Bashaw's family mosque, to enter which, resorters must ascend a gradatory of white stone. Over the door is an inscription in Arabic characters—Sacred to God and to Mahomet, the great prophet. The floor is of tessellated marble and partly covered with rich carpeting. The walls are lined with porcelain, full of painted hieroglyphicks, and the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Mufti is very superb—hung with embroidered velvet tapestry. Christians are never admitted into their mosques in time of devotion; but a few of our men being sent to wash out the place, we had an opportunity to see the inside. Every afternoon, at about four o'clock, a band of music collect at this place, consisting of a kettle-drum, a French-horn, a clarionet, a hautboy, a timbrel, a bassoon, and several other tinkling toys. The chief officer of police, the same person who has been mentioned as always preceding the Bashaw on horseback and who is his harbinger at all times, standing on the steps of the mosque until the band have finished their concert, which lasts about twenty minutes, delivers a brief harangue, extending his pronged sceptre three

times towards Mecca, when the crowd disperse, the gates are opened and the people pass at pleasure.

There are in this castle several arsenals, magazines for powder, repositories for provisions, a mint, a seraglio, and a bomb-proof room, where the dastardly Bashaw skulks from danger. Besides the apartments occupied by himself and about one hundred Mamelukes, there are a great number of rooms, once elegant for that country, falling into ruins.

A large number of camels, horses, mules and asses are kept in the castle, and about five hundred persons attached to it, including servants and soldiers, and yet it is not half occupied. This huge pile overlooks the whole town and is strongly fortified by heavy pieces of artillery, pointing in all directions. There are in the town three large mosques, a Roman chapel and a Jewish synagogue. The inside of their mosques are spread with carpets, they are but dimly lighted, supported by colossian¹ pillars of polished marble, and display a gloomy grandeur. Their outward appearance is uncouth, and their form of the Gothic order, their cornices adorned with antique engravings. The houses occupied by the different Christian consuls are large and commodious, built in the oriental style, with a square court two stories high, with handsome piazzas standing on lapideous columns facing the court, and a cistern in the middle. That of the Swedish consul is decorated with elegant paintings, in imitation of porphyry. That of the American consul is contiguous to the Danish consul's, and is spacious and convenient. Its portico rests on eight pillars of Egyptian marble.

At the time of our manumission and departure from Tripoli, there were seven Christian consuls, residentiaries in the place, viz. American, Danish, French, Spanish, Swedish, English and Dutch.

The American consul, Doctor Ridgely, who was surgeon of the *Philadelphia*, possesses all the pathos of sensibility, and the suavity

¹ Colossal.

of the real gentleman, without the blandishments of the fop. The Danish consul, Mr. Nissen, is in every respect a most worthy character, and for the benevolent services which he rendered us in captivity at the risque of his own safety, deserves the gratitude not of us only, but of every American, and merits the applause of every votary of humanity and hospitality throughout the globe.

The English consul, Mr. Langford, like the most of his countrymen is possessed of more national pride than individual merit; and is a vain and insolent braggadocio. Some of our tars, once British subjects, dragging at the groaning cart one day as they were passing by him, attracted by a sympathy natural to compatriots, faintly ejaculated some appeal to his philanthropy; when the orgillous representative of Satan had the savage brutality to tell them that it was good enough for them for having deserted his majesty's service. Some of them had the spirit to damn both him and his majesty, for which he threatened to cane them, but wisely restrained his hand.—It is a singular but irrefragable fact, that let an Englishman meet an American where he will, especially on the ocean, he never fails to insult him; if not by a violation of all law and justice, by making a collateral disparity between the two countries, exalting the English and debasing the Americans; and yet the most of our navy-officers will cringe and act the spaniel to an English one. Some of our sailors made a handsome ship, neatly rigged, painted, &c. which they presented to their countryman, in hopes of a generous remuneration.—And what do you suppose his majesty's vicerent gave them? one paltry dollar! which was not half so much as the canvas for the sails cost. They presented one to the Bashaw, of similar ingenuity, and he gave them a doubloon.

The houses of Tripoli are built of a free, whitish stone, brought from quarries at a considerable distance, and conglutinated by the Egyptian cement. In their ground stories they have no windows towards the streets. Their roofs are nearly flat, and convey the

rain-water into pipes which spout it into large subterranean cisterns, whence it is drawn, as from wells, and is much superior to any other water in or about the town. The floors of the common houses, like the roofs, are composed of mortar, which when dry forms a testaceous cement, firm and durable.

The streets of Tripoli are not paved, and are crooked, narrow and dirty. The houses occupied by the shop-keepers, are one story high, small, and make but a wretched appearance. In the front of our prison, last occupied, is an exchange partitioned into numerous shops, where merchandise is cried by auctioneers running to and fro with rivalling agility, and harsh, vociferous voices. The building is about three hundred feet square, one story high, and its ponderous dome is supported by twenty enormous pillars. It has three large gates, which are shut every night, and the shops are all secure. Slaves are often exposed to sale in this noisy mart.

The whole number of artillery, which defend this place, is not less than 150, exclusive of those belonging to the flotilla. There is but one redoubtable fort detached from the city wall. This is at the western skirts of the town. It stands about 500 feet from the margin of the shore, at the corner of the wall. It is of a semi-circular figure, its periphery bending towards the sea, and is mounted with 25 large pieces of thundering artillery. Besides this there are several batteries which flank the harbour, both to the east and west.

The town, though not very large, and a great part in ruins, is nevertheless populous, and contains nearly 70,000 inhabitants of various nations, many of them are the fugitives from justice of other countries, consisting of Turks, Algerines, Moors, Tunisians, Egyptians, Arabs, Greeks, Jews, and Maltese.

The most of the Tripolitans are Mahometans; the Greek and Maltese Christians are but few; there are also about thirty Spaniards, who are but transient residents, chiefly carpenters and ma-

sons, and the Neapolitan slaves. The Jews are very numerous, and are held in the most abject slavery. On any emergent call for money, the Bashaw will dispatch his Mamelukes, who will enter the houses of the Jews, and wring from them their cash, their plate, or their wardrobe and jewelry, and if they but offer the least resistance, instant death or a torturing bastinadoing, is their cruel lot.

Near the marine gate is a triumphal arch, said to have been dedicated to Augustus Cæsar, when the states of Barbary were under the Roman government, and in the zenith of their glory. Its form is quadrangular, from its base, till about 30 feet in height; it then terminates pyramidically, at about 45 feet. Each angle is about 25 feet. It is built of Italian marble, in squares of twelve feet by four, decorated with emblematic figures in bass-relief, which the rude hand of Turkish barbarism has sacrilegiously mutilated and very much defaced.

Not far from this are the ruins of an ancient castle, said to have been erected and possessed by a Carthaginian governor. The solitary walls bespeak decayed magnificence. Its numerous ventananas and other circumstances prove it to have been built by other people than the Turks. One of its appertenant buildings is occupied by the Jews as a distillery; the remainder, with the ramparts, are nearly dilapidated.

That part of the town inhabited by the Jews exhibits nothing but poverty, slavery, and wretchedness. The houses, mingling with mouldering ruins, are mere mud-wall huts; the streets, or rather alleys, are odiously filthy, swarming with meagre, tattered Bezonians, and their naked, half-starved bantlings.

The Turks and Jews have each a flesh-market, without shelter or stalls, where the meat is both slaughtered and sold. Their beef, in general is poor, but their mutton is super-excellent.

In the vicinage of Tripoli there are a great number of wells, over which stone arches are turned, from two white pillars in the

form of a gate-way, to which a tackle is affixed, and the water drawn from the wells in large leathern buckets or bags, by means of a bullock or cow. A sloping pit is dug for the animal to descend, that it may raise the water with the more facility. Large stone reservoirs receive the water as it is drawn up, conducted from the bucket by a pipe. They will draw more than a barrel of water at a time, and very soon fill a receptacle twenty feet wide and four feet deep. This, it must be understood, is built on the surface of the ground. From these reservoirs it is conducted by small aqueducts to cheer the vegetable tribes, through different sections of the arid fields. At those places they also water their cattle and horses, and the citizens bring water for various uses. It is a little brackish.

From the ruins without the walls, it may be seen that Tripoli has been much larger in circumference than at present; as from history we may learn that it was once the most populous and flourishing town on the coast of Barbary.

About half a mile from the town is a large cemetery, whither the women, in crowds, repair every morning to mourn for their interred relations, performing genuflexion over their graves and moistening the dust with their tears.

In a dark alley in the castle, seated on a marble tomb or coffin, within a grated cell, may be constantly seen an old blind anchorite. He professed great friendship for the Americans, and would always grant us his benedictions, as we passed his cage, knowing us by our voices. The defunct, of whom he watches the returning spirit, was one of the Caramauli family and had been an alcade of considerable eminence.

The mills in Tripoli are turned by camels, as our cider-mills are by horses. They have no bolts, and separate the bran from the flour by large sieves. They make excellent flour, for their wheat is of a superior quality. They tread out their grain according to the ancient custom, and cleanse it by winnowing.

Contiguous to and in the vicinity of our prison were a large number of weavers' shops, around which, every morning, you would see country people thronging, with yarn for sale. Their looms are much of the same construction as ours, and they weave much the same way as the Europeans or Americans. Saddlers' and shoemakers' shops are very thick, and the Jewish silver-smiths work in the street, in front of their little huts, with assiduous care, and are often robbed by the Turks as they pass the streets. They have no signs to any of their shops or stores, nor any other public tokens of vendition. There are in the town a French, English, (so called) and Spanish hotel, with each a billiard-table, and tolerably well furnished with victuals and drink. Besides these there are a number of cook-shops, where a person may get a pretty good dish of soup and meat, for one and a half buckamseen, (six cents.) There are not less than 50 grog-shops, kept by the Jews and Greeks, who pay pretty dear excise for their privileges, and are very often cheated and robbed by the Turks, their imperious masters. In these wretched cells they retail aqua-deut, to the profligate Mahometans, who, notwithstanding the prohibitions of their religion, are frequently found beastly drunk. Near the centre of the town is what we denominated a coffee-house, formed like a shed, through which the street passes. Here the indolent and wealthy resort every morning, sitting on mats spread on stone seats, about four feet from the ground, with pipes six feet in length, smoking, drinking coffee and playing at chess, until the zealous Marabewts proclaim from the steeples of the mosques the hour of twelve, and warn the faithful to prayers. There is a bagnio, near the Danish Consul's, and I do not know how many others. There are no printing-offices, post-offices, court-houses, banks, colleges, or academies in Tripoli. They do not confine a person for debt when he has nothing to pay, in which respect their laws are more equitable than ours. Their criminals are never long confined, excepting some of the great men, on suspicion of conspiracy or pretence of treasonable designs.

Cells and dungeons, in the castle, are the places of confinement for state offenders.

About fourteen miles from this is the old town of Tripoli, situated on the sea shore. This place was once populous and flourishing; but, at present scarcely one hundred persons claim a residence amongst its ruins.

Derne is the next town of consequence, in the Bashaw's dominions. It is situated on the sea coast, in east longitude 22 degrees, and 45 minutes, and in north latitude 39 degrees, and 55 minutes. It is built much after the same manner and with the same materials as Tripoli, containing about 15,000 inhabitants. This place will ever be remembered as the theatre on which that paragon of valour, the brave General Eaton, immortalized his name and added new lustre to the stars of the American banners.

Braganza, lying on the sea coast on the west side of the gulf of Sydra, the antiquated Syrtes, is also a place of considerable importance, but is sinking into ruins.

These are the only seaport towns worth mentioning; but we were informed, by the inhabitants, that there are many interior villages, large, populous, and flourishing. Barca, the ancient Lybia, once famous for the temple of Ammon, is now truly a desert; scarce a town or a cultivated spot of ground to be found in the whole country. Tolemata is its wretched capital.

In taking a perspective of Tripoli, we may observe a level country, either planted with beautiful groves of fruitful date-trees and well cultivated gardens of lemons, oranges, olives, roots, and vegetables, or a totally barren, sandy desert, for about forty or fifty miles back from the sea, when lofty mountains variegate the landscape till that of Atlas bounds the sight. There are many rivers which take their rise in Mount Atlas, and forming a confluence with those of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, pass on and are annihilated in the vast Atlantic.

The climate of Tripoli is very hot, where a person is exposed to the sun, in the country back from the sea; but along the coast, being cooled by northern breezes, it is more temperate than could be expected from its situation; and that it is healthy requires no further proof than what I have already mentioned, that among 307 Americans, being treated with every severity to endanger health, only six died during nineteen months, and two out of that number owed their deaths to circumstances wholly adventitious. When the Syroc winds prevail, which are not frequent, nor long visitants, the morbid atmosphere seems impregnated with death, but the sea breezes on the coast soon dissipate the contagion, and the lofty mountains on the south barricade the interior against the stalking monster of disease. The rainy season usually commences in November, and continues alternately, for five or six weeks. February and March are blustering neighbours, but they soon leave us, and the rest of the year is remarkably calm and serene. We never saw frost nor snow in Tripoli, for two winters.

We are told, that "under the Roman government, the states of Barbary were justly denominated the garden of the world, and to have a residence there was considered as the highest state of luxury, and that Tripoli was then the most populous, opulent and flourishing." But whatever the soil may be, the town of Tripoli at present is greatly inferior in every respect to either Tunis or Algiers. The fertility of the soil cannot be controverted; for were it not extremely prolific, the exanimate inhabitants, oppressed by tyranny and abandoned to indolence, could not possibly subsist. The country produces wheat, rye, barley, Indian-corn, oats, beans, peas, flax, hemp, honey, wax, olives, oil, plumbs, dates, figs, almonds, apples (but not in plenty,) pears, cherries, apricots, citrons, lemons, oranges, limes, pomgranates, with a great variety of roots and herbs both esculent and medicinal. Pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, and melons in great plenty, and of an excellent flavour and very cheap, are to be had in the markets.

The food of the lowest order of the Tripolitans is black barley bread, oil and vegetables. Salt is taken out of the cavities of rocks, along the shore, and of course is very plenty, and cheap. Considerable quantities of saltpetre is also found in Tripoli.

The deserts are peopled by the most terrific of the quadruped and reptile species—lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas and monstrous serpents, scorpions, and vipers. Their beasts of burthen are camels, dromedaries, asses, and a mongrel animal, generated between an ass and a cow, which is a very serviceable creature. The horses of Tripoli are said to be equal to those of Arabia for speed and mettle. They never dock their horses, and their tails commonly sweep the ground. They are shod with a plate. Their cows are small and without horns—in general they give but little milk. Their sheep have longer bodies and shorter legs than ours. Their tails weigh from three to six pounds, and their wool is excellent. Swine they have none. Goats are plenty, large and good. Bears, porcupines, foxes, apes, hares, rabbits, ferrets, weasels, moles, chameleons, rats, mice and almost all other reptiles exist in abundance. Eagles, quails, hawks, partridges and all other kinds of wild fowl are to be found here in great plenty. The capsa sparrow is much celebrated for the beauty of its plumage, and for the exquisite melody of its unrivalled notes. Some of our men caught one and presented it to the Danish Consul, who made them a very handsome remuneration. This bird is a rare patriot; it cannot live out of its own country.

The markets of Tripoli are well supplied with excellent fish. Their commerce and manufactures, compared with those of our own country, are very insignificant. An inland traffic is carried on with Arabia and Negroland. To Arabia they send woolen manufactures, Morocco leather, indigo, cochineal and ostrich feathers; for which they receive silks, muslins, sal-ammoniac, saffron, sugar, coffee, senna, cassia and other drugs. To Negroland they send salt, silk, and woolen manufactures, which they barter for gold dust,

ivory, and Negroes. This trade is carried on by caravans. They exchange commodities with Tunis, and sometimes with Egypt. Their exports are Morocco leather, hides, wool, oil, ostrich feathers, barrilla soap, wax, honey, cattle, horses, guns, figs, olives, dates, almonds and various other fruits. They carry on a considerable traffic with Malta, chiefly in Maltese bottoms, and sell them a large number of cattle, sheep, goats, mules and camels, for which they receive European goods, and plank for ship and boat building. Their principal manufactures are blankets and woolen cloths, leather, carpets, mats, saddles, tinsel cords, muskets, pistols, sabres, powder, soap, embroidered handkerchiefs, sword-knots, jewels, rings &c. The arts and sciences are totally neglected.

The inhabitants, coming from various countries, are of various complexions and of different statures. Those who are not attainted with the blood of the blacks and who are not exposed to the sun, are as fair, and their skins are much smoother than the Americans, or Europeans, and in general they are of a larger size, strong, and bony. Notwithstanding the women in the town, who are kept from the weather, are very fair, delicate and graceful, those of the country are many of them as tawny as the American squaws, and far more rustic and indelicate.

The supreme authority of Tripoli is vested in a Bashaw, who is chosen by the Janizaries, and confirmed in his title every four years, by the Grand Seignior, without being re-elected. He has a council, or divan, who wait upon him every morning at ten o'clock. The Bashaw's herald and two more officers, dressed in long scarlet robes, wrapped closely round them and fastened by a sash, walk in a row to the castle, wait in a large square, and when the Bashaw makes his appearance set up a hideous acclamation, proclaim his edicts and his will, and then retire, undress themselves, and mix with the sycophantic crowd.

Notwithstanding the Bashaw has a Divan he is an absolute prince, and does, when he sees fit, take the lives or the property of his sub-

jects, without the advice or consent of his council. In matters of state, relative to war or peace, he increases the number of his divan, and assembles all his experienced chiefs. Many of the people in Tripoli are much dissatisfied with his administration, and would fain have the Ex-Bashaw, his brother, restored to the throne. But there are no elections there but by the mob, in times of insurrections. The greater part of his revenue has hitherto consisted in the prizes he has taken and the presents he has received from the Christian powers, who have made him the cat's-paw of their designs; and even the Americans have not disdained to purchase his forbearance by presents. The Jews pay heavy taxes. The dress of the Tripolitans is very multiform. Those of the poorer sort in the country wear nothing but a shirt, without collar or wristband, a blanket, a red cap and a pair of slippers. Those of the more opulent, in the city and country, wear a silk shirt, an embroidered waistcoat, a jacket with sleeves, broadcloth or fine muslin kilts, a handsome turban, a wampum belt, with a silver-mounted pair of pistols and sabre, boots or buskins and a fine white silk and worsted cloak, with a head to it. The rich and mighty dress very superbly—a suit of clothes such as the Mamelukes wear, full trimmed, would cost at least five hundred dollars. The most of the Mamelukes, and many others, shave their beards, leaving mustachios on their upper lips; but the greater part shave their heads only, and leave their beards for ornament, and having no collars to their shirts, vests, or coats their necks are left bare. The dress of the women has been mentioned—it very nearly resembles that of the men. But when they walk the streets you cannot discover any thing of their apparel but a blanket, which completely envelopes them, all but one eye. The Jews and Greeks dress very much like the Turks, but they are distinguished by a black cap and blue turban.

CHAPTER XIII

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, &C. OF THE TRIPOLITANS

THOUGH something of the manners, customs, &c. of the Tripolitans may be gathered from what has been already mentioned, yet much remains to be particularized. The Tripolitans, like the Moors, marry very young; many of their females not being more than twelve years old at their nuptials, so that they are sometimes grand-mothers at twenty-two, and are reckoned old at thirty. As Mahometans, it is well known that their religion admits of polygamy to the extent of four wives and as many concubines as they please; none but the opulent are able to indulge themselves in this privilege, and I believe very few even of the wealthy have more than one wife, as a plurality of wives subjects them to accumulated trouble and expence. In contracting marriage, we are told that the parents of both parties are the only agents, and the intended bride and bridegroom never see each other till the ceremony is performed. The marriage articles are made and signed before a *cadi*, and then the friends of the bride produce her portion; or, if not, the husband agrees to settle a certain sum upon her, in case he should die, or divorce her on account of barrenness or any other cause. The children of the wives have all an equal claim to the effects of the father and mother; but those of the concubines can only claim half a share. When the marriage is finally agreed upon, the bride is kept at home eight days to receive her female friends, who pay congratulatory visits every day. At the same time a *talb* attends upon her to converse with her relative to the solemn engagements on which she is about to enter; on these occasions he generally accompanies his admonitions with singing a pious hymn, which is adapted to the solemnity. The

bride, also, with her near relations, goes through the ceremony of being painted afresh. During this process the bridegroom, on the other hand, receives visits from his male friends in the morning, and in the evening rides through the town accompanied by them, some playing on hautboys and drums while others are employed in firing volleys of musketry. In the mean time the women in the town collect in small companies, that is, such as are invited to the wedding, and at every corner of the streets set up a cry of *bu-bu-bu*. In all these festivities the discharge of musketry forms a principal part of the entertainment. Contrary to the American or European mode, which particularly aims at firing with exactness, they discharge their pieces as irregular as possible, so as to have a continual succession of reports for a few minutes. On the day of marriage, the bride in the evening is put into a square or octagonal cage about twelve feet in circumference, which is covered with fine white linen, and sometimes with gauzes and silks of various colours. In this vehicle, which is placed on a mule, she is paraded round the streets accompanied by her relations and friends, some carrying lighted torches, others playing on hautboys, and a third party again firing volleys of musketry. In this manner she is carried to the house of her intended husband, who returns about the same time from performing similar ceremonies. On her arrival she is placed in an apartment by herself, and her husband is introduced to her alone for the first time, who finds her sitting on a silk or velvet cushion, supposing her to be a person of consequence, with a small table before her on which are two wax candles lighted. Her shift, or more properly shirt, hangs down like a train behind her, and over it is a silk or velvet robe with close sleeves, which at the breast and waist is embroidered with gold. This dress reaches something lower than the calf of the leg. Round her head is tied a black silk scarf, which hangs behind as low as the ground. Thus attired, the bride sits with her hands over her eyes, when her husband appears and receives her as his wife, without any farther ceremony, for the agreement made up by the friends

before the *cadi* is the only specific contract which is thought necessary. For some time after marriage the family and friends are engaged in much feasting, and a variety of amusements, which last a longer or shorter time, according to the circumstances of the parties. It is often customary for the man to remain at home eight days and the woman eight months after they are first married. If the husband should have any reason to suspect that his wife has not been strictly virtuous, he is at liberty to divorce her and take another; and the woman is at liberty to divorce herself from her husband, if she can prove that he does not provide for her comfortable subsistence. If he curses her, the *cadi* imposes a fine in money for the first offence; for the second, a rich dress, and for the third time she may leave him entirely. He is then at liberty to marry again in two months. A woman convicted of adultery is punished with immediate death.

When a person dies a number of women are hired for the purpose of lamentation; in the performance of which nothing can be more grating to the ear, or more unpleasant than their frightful moans, or rather howlings: at the same time these mercenary mourners beat their heads and breasts, and tear their cheeks with their nails. The bodies are usually buried a few hours after death. Previous to interment the corpse is washed very clean, and sewed up in a shroud, with the right hand under the head, which is pointed towards Mecca: it is carried on a bier, supported upon men's shoulders, to the burying place, which is always, with great propriety, on the out side of the town; for they never bury their dead in the mosques, or within the bounds of an inhabited place, excepting now and then a saint or great personage.—The coffin is not coloured, and a striped silk mantle is spread over it. The bier is accompanied by a number of people, two abreast, who walk a common gait, calling upon God and Mahomet and singing hymns adapted to the occasion. The grave is made very wide at the bottom and narrow at the top, and the body is deposited

without any other ceremony than singing and praying, in the same manner as on their way to the grave. Their graves are plastered over in the form of a ridge, sharp at the top, with the same conglutinating mortar as their house roofs, and they set up at each end of the grave a long smooth stone. It is frequently customary for the funeral friends of the departed to weep over their graves for several days after their funeral, taking neither food nor drink. When a woman loses her husband she mourns four months and eight days, during which period she is to wear no silver or gold; and if she happens to be pregnant, she mourns till she is brought to bed. For the above time the relations of her late husband are obliged to support her. We do not learn that any mourning is due from the husband for the loss of his wife; but it is customary, particularly among the great people, for a son to mourn for the loss of his father by not shaving his head or any part of his beard, and by not cutting his nails for a certain space of time.

Their method of expressing reverence, both to the Divine Being and to man, is by pulling off their slippers, which they always leave at the door of the house or mosque they enter; and when they attend their prince in the streets they always follow him barefooted. They never pull off their turbans, except when they sleep.

The manners of the well-bred Tripolitans are easy, natural and graceful, and their walk carelessly majestic. They seem never to be at a loss for words, and express themselves with remarkable fecundity. In general they are grave, decent and abstemious; but those who are addicted to licentiousness and inebriety dive to the very depths of sensuality and shame.—Their abdest¹ constitutes a very essential part of their religious ceremonies; for nothing is more conducive to health, in warm climates, than frequent bathings. They wash themselves every time they pray, every time they eat, and every time they attend the private calls of excremental necessity. They sleep on mattresses laid on stone plat-

¹ The Mahometan custom of washing before prayers.

forms, raised about three feet above the surface of the ground, and always yield to drowsiness at any time of day. They have neither bedsteads, tables, chairs, benches, knives and forks, nor spoons, excepting wooden ones, to eat their soup. Their whole furniture consists of a carpet or mat, a looking-glass, bed and a few cooking utensils. Their usual meals at noon are stewed fowls or mutton, and millet or rice. A number of them will gather round a large bowl, sitting flat on the ground, and lade in their victuals with their fingers with great dexterity and haste. The food is too warmly peppered to be agreeable to an American palate.

They have no wheel carriages, neither for pleasure nor use, excepting a couple of baggage waggons left them by a part of Bonaparte's fleet on their way to Egypt; and though they have cattle, horses, camels, mules and asses in plenty, they never put any of them to their waggons, but made our people perform the part of draft animals.

Their manner of passing a slight salutation, is by laying the right hand on the breast and repeating Salam Alicum, (the peace of God) but when they meet a beloved and long absent friend they express their joy with the most enthusiastic emotions, falling on each other's neck and kissing with seeming raptures.

In the vicinity of Tripoli we saw a piece of ground prepared and sown with barley; it was first dug up with a kind of grubbing hoe, the seed was scattered and ploughed in with a single jack-ass and small wooden plough.

People who come any distance from the country with produce for market, instead of putting up at taverns as people do with us, encamp with their camels on the sand, without the gates. They wrap themselves in their blankets, which are their only clothing, and lie down beside their camels during the night. Tuesdays and Fridays are their market days, when they meet on the sands about a mile from town, where you will frequently see not less than ten

thousand people in a morning. On such mornings there are no markets in town; the butchers, hucksters, &c. being at the fair to replenish their shops.

They go to their employments in general very early in the morning, and eat nothing till twelve o'clock. At four o'clock in the afternoon, let them be where they will, they quit their work, fall on their knees and call upon God and Mahomet.—Every four hours the Marabewts sing out from the balconies of their mosques, announcing the hour of devotion, and proclaiming that God is great and Mahomet is his prophet, &c. They worship by kneeling, prostrating themselves on their faces and beating their foreheads against the earth. The men and women never appear together in their mosques, or any other public places.

There are several schools in Tripoli, where may be seen an old grey bearded master sitting in the centre of the room, on a carpet, smocking his long pipe, surrounded by forty or fifty boys of different ages, seated on mats, each holding a square piece of board with a handle to it, on which is pasted his lesson written on paper. They all read loud at a time, and nothing is to be heard but a constant buz and confusion of sounds. Their learning extends no further than to read the Koran, to write a letter and cast accounts, in which many of them are great adepts. They write from the right to the left, and hold the paper in the left hand instead of laying it on the table.

Indolence seems to be the darling idol of the Tripolitans, for they place their whole bliss in ease. Sleeping, eating, drinking coffee, smoking and playing at chess occupy nearly all the leisure hours of the wealthy, and the poor seem to have little recreation except basking in the sun. They will sometimes fight desperately when surrounded and compelled to it by self-preservation, but in general they are not courageous.

As to their religion, it is radically the same as all other Ma-

hometans; the ground of whose faith is "that there has been from the beginning of the world but one true orthodox belief, which consists in acknowledging one true God only, and obeying the precepts of such ministers and prophets as he shall from time to time send into the world to reveal his will to mankind." Upon this foundation, Mahomet pretended to be a prophet sent into the world to reform the abuses crept into religion, and to reduce it to its original simplicity. He added, that as the endeavours of Moses and Christ were rendered abortive, God sent him as his last and greatest prophet, with a more ample commission than either Moses or Christ were entrusted with. Theirs were confined to persuasion only, but his extended to force. The sword was to effect what preaching and miracles had endeavoured in vain. The divine law was to be propagated by force, and the throne of the faithful founded on the blood of unbelievers. The bounds of this kingdom were to be the same with those of the world, and all the nations of the world were to be governed by Mahomet. But as these conquests could not be made without danger, Mahomet promised that those who ventured their lives in establishing his kingdom should enjoy the spoils and possessions of their enemies as a reward in this life, and after death a paradise of all sensual enjoyments, especially those of love. He added that those who died in propagating the faith would enjoy a distinguished place in paradise, experience pleasures peculiarly intense, and vastly superior to the rest of mankind. These particulars, together with the doctrine of predestination, and a prohibition of drinking spirituous liquors, formed the principal articles of Mahomet's creed, and were written by a monk, whom Mahomet employed, as himself could neither read nor write. Their commandments are five in number, viz. 1st. To pray five times a day. 2. To fast in the month Ramadam. 3d. To give alms, and perform works of charity. 4th. To go a pilgrimage to Mecca. 5th. To keep the body clean. Four other points are deemed of importance, though not absolutely necessary to salvation, viz.: To keep Friday as

sabbath; to be circumcised; to drink no wine, or other strong liquors, as before mentioned; and to abstain from swine's flesh, and from things strangled.

Although the general character of the Tripolitans is marked by an assemblage of the most degrading and atrocious vices, yet there may be found amongst them men of liberal and charitable sentiments, fair and honorable characters, humane and generous dispositions and real friends to mankind.

Tripoli is supposed to have been originally peopled from Egypt; but at what time, or who led the first colony thither, has never yet been developed. They were, however, an itinerant race, whose only objects were to find water and pasture for their numerous flocks and herds, which, with the spontaneous productions of the soil, were their only support. Like the wandering Arabs they formed no settlements, built no houses, but dwelt in tents. About 891 years before the birth of Christ, Dido, sister to Pygmalion, King of Tyre, fled from her brother, at the head of a considerable colony, and built the celebrated city of Carthage, the ruins of which may be now seen about 30 miles from Tunis. The Carthaginians, finding the states of Barbary divided into petty tribes and kingdoms, conquered and made them their tributary vassals. This government, which was called a republic, continued to be opulent and formidable, at once the envy and terror of the neighbouring nations, for about 700 years, during which time the city of Tripoli was built. The fortune of the Romans at length prevailed; the pride of Carthage was humbled in the dust, and Tripoli, as well as the other states of Barbary, was made a Roman province. The country still continued to flourish under the Romans; Barbary was esteemed one of the richest jewels in the Imperial crown, and Tripoli the richest state in Barbary. The Christian religion was planted here in the time of the Apostles themselves, and flourishing until the fifth century, when the Vandals trampled

on the Roman eagles and reduced the whole of Barbary under their dominions. These fierce invaders of Africa did not, however, long possess the country they had conquered. The Greek emperors drove out the northern barbarians, and restored, in some measure, the arts and manufactures against which, as well as religion, the ferocious Vandals had declared perpetual war. But this did not restore peace and tranquility to these parts of Africa: they were alternately ravaged by the Moors and Vandals, and at last totally conquered by the Caliphs of Bagdad in the seventh century, and divided among their chiefs. The religion of Mahomet was now established in Barbary, and Tripoli soon began to decline.

Restless by nature, and instigated to conquest by the tenets of their religion, the Moors passed over into Europe and reduced the greater part of Spain. But victory now began to forsake their standards. They were several times defeated by the European armies, and at last, about the year 1492, totally driven out of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. The only asylum open to the Mahometan fugitives was Africa, where they settled among their friends and countrymen on the Barbary coast. The expulsion of the Moors occasioned a perpetual war between them and the Spaniards, and finding themselves incapable of defence against the Christians they had recourse to the Turks for assistance. Accordingly the two famous brothers Barbarossa, admirals of the Turkish fleet, were sent to Barbary. Success attended the Turkish forces; the Spaniards, who had made themselves masters of great part of the country, were obliged to retire, and the Moors hoped to enjoy freedom and peace.

For some time they flattered themselves with a series of prosperity; but their hopes were soon rendered abortive; they found that they had only exchanged one master for another, and that the yoke of their deliverer was full as heavy as that of the Spaniards.

Ever since the attempts of Charles V, to reduce Algiers and Tunis, which would have been followed by a subjection of Tripoli and all the Barbary powers, they have continued to carry on the trade of piracy against the Christians, and have lately pretty much freed themselves from the Turkish yoke.



CHAPTER XIV

PUBLIC TRANSACTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES WITH THE REGENCY OF TRIPOLI; INCLUDING GENERAL EATON'S EXPEDITION

To guard our commerce from predacious foes,
Repel their insults, and their fleets oppose;
Assert our right to navigate the main,
In spite of England, Barb'ry, France, or Spain;
To shew all pirates self-defence we meant,
Millions for that—for tribute—not a cent;
For this our pines, proud monarchs of the wood,
Fell low to earth, and creeping, kiss'd the flood;
For this our oaks forsook their neighb'ring trees,
And hemp-grown canvas wing'd them o'er the seas;
For this our tars have quit their native shore,
Travell'd through death, and ferried streams of gore;
For this bold EATON, with his patriot band,
Scour'd the lone deserts of a barb'rous land,
And prov'd, those feats, Leonidas of yore,
With his *three hundred Spartans*; with no more
Than 'leven Americans, our Eaton wrought
More lasting wonders, and more bravely fought.

IN giving the public transactions of the United States, &c., with the Regency of Tripoli, a lengthy and detailed account cannot be expected—I have, however, drawn from the Secretary of the Navy all the documents and information on the subject, (including many from the Secretary of State,) which he declares “can consistently be made public;” and also, from General Eaton himself, all which he deems necessary or important relative to his expedition. As far, therefore, as these are authentic, the following statements must be considered as correct.

I cannot well refrain from making the precursory remark—that what I have before asserted respecting the reprehensible conduct of many of our naval officers, will be fully substantiated, in the subsequent pages, by witnesses of the highest credibility and from official documents—*not to be disputed*. Read the official delinquency of Commodore Morris—read his criminal abuse of David Valenzin, the unfortunate Jew—read the tardiness and pusillanimity of the voluptuous Commodore Barron—read the intriguing pacifications of Lear, sanctioned by Barron, in giving General Eaton orders to evacuate Derne five days previous to his sailing from Malta to enter on his negotiations with Tripoli—read the report of the committee of Congress on the claim of the Ex-Bashaw, and also that of David Valenzin, where many highly interesting facts are developed—read ten thousand other corroborating testimonies, and then say whether I have been too severe in attaching a general, though not universal censure to our naval commanders, and their subordinate myrmidons.

I shall now proceed to give what information has fallen within the compass of my knowledge.

In the year 1796, the following treaty was entered into, between the two powers:

TREATY OF PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP, BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND THE BEY AND SUBJECTS OF TRIPOLI OF BARBARY.

ART. 1st. There is a firm and perpetual peace and friendship between the United States of America, and the Bey and subjects of Tripoli of Barbary, made by the free consent of both parties, and guaranteed by the Most Potent Dey and Regency of Algiers.

ART. 2d. If any goods belonging to any nation with which either of the parties is at war, shall be loaded on board of vessels belonging to the other party, they shall pass free, and no attempt shall be made to take or detain them.

ART. 3d. If any citizen, subjects or effects belonging to either party, shall be found on board a prize vessel, taken from an enemy, by the other party, such citizens or subjects shall be set at liberty, and the effects restored to the owners.

ART. 4th. Proper passports are to be given to all vessels of both parties, by which they are to be known. And considering the distance between the two countries, eighteen months from the date of this treaty, shall be allowed for procuring such passports. During this interval the other papers belonging to such vessels shall be sufficient for their protection.

ART. 5th. A citizen or subject of either party, having bought a prize condemned by the party, or by any other nation, the certificate of condemnation and bill of sale shall be a sufficient passport for such vessel for one year; this being a reasonable time for her to procure a proper passport.

ART. 6th. Vessels of either party putting into the ports of the other, and having need of provisions or other supplies, they shall be furnished at the market price. And if any such vessel shall so put in from a disaster at sea, and have occasion to repair, she shall be at liberty to land and reembark her cargo, without paying any duties. But in no case shall she be compelled to land her cargo.

ART. 7th. Should a vessel of either party be cast on the shore of the other, all proper assistance shall be given to her and her people; no pillage shall be allowed, the property shall remain at the disposition of the owners and the crew protected and succoured till they can be sent to their country.

ART. 8th. If a vessel of either party should be attacked by an enemy within gun-shot of the forts of the other, she shall be defended as much as possible. If she be in port, she shall not be seized or attacked, when it is in the power of the other party to protect her; and when she proceeds to sea, no enemy shall be al-

lowed to pursue her from the same port within twenty-four hours after her departure.

ART. 9th. The commerce between the United States and Tripoli—the protection to be given to merchants, masters of vessels, and seamen—the reciprocal right of establishing Consuls in each country, and the privileges, immunities, and jurisdictions to be enjoyed by such Consuls, are declared to be on the same footing with those of the most favoured nations respectively.

ART. 10th. The money and presents demanded by the Bey of Tripoli, as a full and satisfactory consideration on his part and on the part of his subjects, for this treaty of perpetual peace and friendship, are acknowledged to have been received by him previous to his signing the same, according to a receipt which is hereto annexed, except such part as is promised on the part of the United States to be delivered and paid by them on the arrival of their Consul in Tripoli, of which part a note is likewise hereto annexed. And no pretence of any periodical tribute or further payment is ever to be made by either party.

ART. 11th. As the government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion, as it has, in itself, no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquility of Musselmen—and as the said States have never entered into any war or act of hostility against any Mahomedan nation, it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions, shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries.

ART. 12th. In case of any dispute arising from a violation of any of the articles of this treaty, no appeal shall be made to arms, nor shall war be declared, on any pretext whatever. But if the Consul residing at the place where the dispute shall happen shall not be able to settle the same, an amicable reference shall be made to the mutual friend of the parties, the Dey of Algiers, the parties

hereby engaging to abide by his decision. And he, by virtue of his signature to this treaty, engages for himself and his successors to declare the justice of the case, according to the true interpretation of the treaty, and to use all the means in his power, to enforce the observance of the same.

Signed and sealed at Tripoli of Barbary, the 3d day of Jumad, in the year of Hegira 1211, corresponding with the 4th day of November, 1796—by

(L. s.) JUSSUF BASHAW MAHOMET, Bey.
 (L. s.) MAMET, Treasurer.
 (L. s.) AMET, Minister of Marine.
 (L. s.) AMET, Chamberlain.
 (L. s.) ALLY, Chief of the Divan.
 (L. s.) SOLIMAN KAYA.
 (L. s.) GALIL, General of the Troops.
 (L. s.) MAHOMET, Commandant of the City.
 (L. s.) MAMET, Secretary.

Signed and sealed at Algiers, the 4th day of Argil, 1211, corresponding with the 3d day of January, 1797, by

(L. s.) HASSAN BASHAW, Dey.

And by the Agent Plenipotentiary of the United States of America.

(L. s.) JOEL BARLOW.

An alleged infraction of the 2d and 12th articles of this treaty, was the first pretext which the Bashaw of Tripoli made for evincing hostile intentions towards the United States, which was not long after the treaty, and as early as in the year 1799, which will be seen by the following:

On the 9th of February, 1799, Mr. Cathcart and General Eaton arrived, from the United States, at Algiers, where Mr. O'Brien had been some months before them. Some days were consumed here in arranging a general settlement with Algiers, which being

effected, they left that place on the 2d of March, and arrived at Tunis on the 15th. Mr. Cathcart soon after embarked for, and arrived at Tripoli. General Eaton remained at Tunis.

MR. CATHCART'S LETTERS.

Extract of a letter from James Leander Cathcart, to the Secretary of State, dated

TRIPOLI, April 18, 1800.

In consequence of the decease of our political father,¹ I sent my dragoman to inform the Bashaw that the next day I should hoist the banners of the United States half-mast, the only token of respect which I had in my power to pay to the manes of our much beloved patriot, intending to wait a proper opportunity to communicate to him your intimation. The Bashaw sent me a very polite message, expressing his concern for our loss and requesting to know if the President had received his letter, which was forwarded by the Sophia. I answered in the affirmative, and ordered the dragoman to inform his excellency, that I would wait on him when he was at leisure.

In the evening he sent Farsara to inform me that he was indisposed, or would have been glad to see me, and requested, if I had any thing to impart, that I would communicate it to Farsara. I accordingly requested him to express to the Bashaw, his excellency the President's satisfaction with the arrangements that took place last year, and to assure him that he had never considered him as dependent upon either of the other regencies; that he had always treated him as an independent prince, and the government of the United States would always consider him with as much respect, and treat him with the same friendship, that they did the heads of the other regencies. Farsara returned with the following answer.

¹ Washington.

"His excellency the Bashaw has desired me to request you to acquaint the President of the United States, that he is exceedingly pleased with his proffers of friendship; that the respect which he has shewn to his communication is really flattering; that had his protestations been accompanied with a frigate or brig of war, such as we had given the Algerines, he would be still more inclined to believe them genuine; that compliments, although acceptable, were of very little value, and that the heads of the Barbary States knew their friends by the value of the presents that they received from them."

It being too late for any answer that evening, I made such comments on the Bashaw's message as might serve to eradicate from the mind of the Jew the most distant expectation, that the President would ever make so great a sacrifice, which I informed him was entirely incompatible with the interests of the United States.

Considering it highly improper to delay giving a direct, explicit, and categorical answer to the Bashaw's insinuation, I sent my dragoman to the castle to request an audience; I having previously formed a resolution, never to employ a third person, whenever the honour or interest of my country was concerned. The dragoman informed me that his excellency had seen Farsara, and if I had any further communication to make, to employ him, as he was very much indisposed. Thus was I disappointed.

Farsara waited upon me in the afternoon, when I requested him to inform the Bashaw that if he supposed that the cruisers which were sent by our government to Algiers, were given gratuitously, he had been misinformed; that during our negotiation last year, I had acquainted him, that the frigate was given to that regency in lieu of cash, for the ransom of our citizens, which had been redeemed on credit more than a year before her arrival; that the cruisers were built on commission and paid for in cash, out of the public treasury, and were not the property of the Dey, as he

supposed; that I had copies of their accounts by me, which he should peruse, if he thought proper, whereby he would be informed of the magnitude of his expectation, and the improbability of the United States having given them gratuitously; that I was sensible how disagreeable it would be to disappoint expectations when once formed; I therefore found it my duty to prevent any taking place, in order to avoid the chagrin attending a positive refusal, which, from the nature of the request must naturally be expected from the President of the United States.

The Bashaw returned in answer, that he had concluded peace with the United States, for much less than he had received from other nations, and that he knew his friends by what he received from them.

I shall by no means broach this subject to the Bashaw again, as I have hindered him from having any ground for expectation, and shall continue to act in the same manner, should he ever make it a topic of conversation, as he can have no pretext to make a demand, and only insinuates that he expects some mark of the President's friendship more substantial than compliments. I imagine it will be best to take no further notice of it. The appearance of our frigates in the Mediterranean will, I hope, eradicate any expectation that he may have flattered himself with, if any really exists, and, until that period, believe me, Sir, our commerce will never be upon a respectable footing in these seas.

Extract of a letter from the same to the same, dated

MAY 12, 1800.

GIVE me leave to inform you, in addition to mine of the 18th of April, a copy of which is enclosed with this dispatch, that on the 21st of said month a board of consuls were called by the Bashaw, relative to the affairs of Sweden, in order to facilitate as much as possible his depredations and unjust demands upon that nation. As I have already forwarded to you the particulars of their last

arrangement, I at present refer you to the copy of the certificate herewith enclosed for the result. During the course of conversation the Bashaw observed, "that he never made reprisals on any nation, or declared war, but in consequence of their promises not being fulfilled, or for want of due respect being shewn him; that he conceived himself entitled to the same respect that was shewn to the Bashaws of Algiers and Tunis, but that some nations gave more to the officers in each of those regencies than they had given to him for their peace." The last remark was evidently pointed at the United States; but as it was made in general terms, I thought proper not to seem to understand it, especially as I could say very little more on the subject than what I had already communicated to him through the agency of Signior Farsara.

On the 2d of May a courier arrived from Tunis, which brought me the copies of your letters of the 15th of January, which arrived in the ship *Hero*. Before I had time to read them Farsara came and informed me that the Bashaw wanted to see me immediately. I asked him if he knew what his excellency wanted; he said he did not; that he had received letters from Tunis, and seemed very much irritated. It being late in the evening I waited on him in dishabille, when the following conversation took place, which I have endeavoured to render verbatim.

"You have received letters from America: how were they brought to Tunis?"

In a vessel direct from America.

"What is her business at Tunis?"

She has brought the stores stipulated by treaty with that regency.

"What do they consist of?"

I do not know the particular articles which compose her cargo, but it chiefly consists of lumber and articles, such as were promised to your excellency when our peace took place.

"What do your letters from your government contain?"

They are merely copies of what I had already received, the contents of which your excellency was informed by Farsara.

This being a favourable opportunity to know whether our broker had acted with candor, I repeated what was contained in mine of the 18th of April, and found by the Bashaw's answers (which were exactly what Farsara had before informed me) that he had acted honestly.

The Bashaw observed that the United States had made liberal presents to Algiers and Tunis, that he was informed of the particulars of all our negotiations, that he even had a list of the cargo which had arrived at Tunis, that it was worth a *treasure*. "Why do not the United States send me a voluntary present? They have acted with me as if they had done every thing against their will. First they solicited the interference of the Dey of Algiers, in consequence of which I concluded a peace with them for almost nothing, in comparison to what I have received from other nations, I having received many favours from Hassan Bashaw, during the continuance of the revolution in this kingdom. They next made me wait more than two years before they sent their consul, and then he came without the stipulated stores. Nevertheless, in order to convince them of my good and friendly intentions, I accepted of the small sum of eighteen thousand dollars in lieu thereof, not doubting but they would be grateful enough to make me some return for my civility; but I have the mortification to be informed that they have now sent a ship-load of stores to Tunis, besides promising a present of jewels; and to me they have sent compliments. But I have cruisers as well as Tunis, and as good Raizes and sailors. I am an independent prince as well as the Bashaw of Tunis, and I can hurt the commerce of any nation, as much as the Tunisians. Why then should so great a difference be made?"

From the tenor of the Bashaw's harangue, I perceived that his aim was to intimidate me, to say something that might hereafter

be interpreted into a promise of a present, the value of which he would probably dictate himself. I therefore answered him as follows:—

“Whatever information your excellency has received relative to the value of the presents or stores which have been given to Tunis, it has been amazingly exaggerated. We have never made any but what were stipulated by treaty, nor can we ever make voluntary presents, it being incompatible with our form of government, the funds of the United States not being at the disposal of the President until an appropriation is made by an act of the legislature. The funds for carrying our treaty with Tripoli into effect are exhausted, and last year your excellency wrote to the President of the United States that you were contented with what you had already received. You, therefore, in justice, could not at present expect any thing from the United States but a reciprocal tender of friendship. Had your excellency preferred the stores to cash, and waited with patience until they were forwarded, as the Bey of Tunis has done, I am convinced they would have arrived long ere now. But at present, as the United States have fulfilled the stipulations of the treaty, they are not in arrears to this regency, and any demands upon them must naturally be very unexpected.” The Bashaw said he would converse with me on the subject at some other opportunity.

May 4th, the Siddi Mahomed Daguize, and Signior Farsara, came to the American house and informed me that the Bashaw had ordered them to ask me if I had taken any resolution in consequence of the conversation which I had with him on the 2d instant. I informed them that I had taken none whatever, and that it seemed unaccountable to me that his excellency should expect any other answer after what I had informed him in their presence; they stayed about an hour, during which time their conversation tended to persuade me that, considering the Bashaw's character, it was certainly the interest of the United States to make a sacrifice, that otherwise it would be impossible to remain long on good terms with

him. I made use of the same arguments which I had done before. I, therefore, will not tire you with a repetition.

At 6 P. M. they returned, and informed that the Bashaw was very much displeased, and had ordered them to acquaint me that he was informed that the Sahibtappa, at Tunis, had received more than forty thousand dollars from the United States, in cash, besides presents; that he had received very little more, and that he had never imagined the United States meant to put him on an equality with one of the Bey of Tunis's ministers.

I observed that the Bashaw was misinformed by his correspondent, who, in order to ingratiate himself in his favour, had informed him of things which had never taken place; that he was giving himself, as well as them and me, a great deal of trouble without any hopes of reaping the least benefit therefrom; that I requested them to inform his excellency that I had not power to offer him a dollar, and that there were no funds in the United States appropriated for maintaining our peace with Tripoli, as we had carried our treaty into effect already; that he had wrote to the President of the United States, the Dey of Algiers, and the Bey of Tunis, that he had settled with the agent of the United States, and had received a cash payment in lieu and in full of all demands, and that he was content; that only three years and a half had elapsed since our treaty commenced; that the first year he had received 40,000 dollars in cash, and the value of eight thousand in presents; that the second he had received 12,000 dollars, and that the last year he had received 18,000, and presents to the value of 4,000 more; that on the circumcision of his son, Siddi Aly, I had made him a present, superior to the presents which were made him by the consuls of other nations on the same occasion; that consequently the government of the United States were not deficient either in their respect to him or tokens of friendship, as he had received, in the short period of three years and a half, cash and presents to the amount of 83,000 dollars, exclusive of 10,000 measures of grain which Hassan Bashaw

had made him a present of in consequence of his having concluded a treaty with the United States, which was worth at Tripoli near 20,000 dollars more; that I was persuaded that if his excellency would give himself the trouble to reflect on the circumstances which had taken place since the commencement of the treaty between the United States and this regency, that he would not hesitate a moment in acknowledging the justice and propriety of my observations.

In the evening the Bashaw's emissaries returned and informed me that they had encountered great difficulty in persuading the Bashaw to believe that the consul had not power to make him a present without an express order from his government. His excellency said that he had received many presents from the consuls of other nations, and that their conduct had afterwards been approved. They observed that the form of government of the United States was vastly different from the government of every other nation with whom his excellency was at peace: that he had a recent example that the powers of a consul were limited, in the result of the Swedish consul's negociation, he having arranged the affairs of his nation without receiving orders from his court; that he knew the consequence—his bills were protested, he had received a severe reprimand from the King of Sweden and was immediately suspended, and that his excellency might depend that the American consul would take care never to be reduced to a similar predicament, whatever might be the consequence of his non-compliance with his excellency's demand.

They further informed me that the Bashaw had ordered them to request me to write to my government, to inform them that when he had wrote to the President of the U. States he was contented with what he had received; that he really was so, on a supposition that the presents to him bore some proportion to those that had been promised to Tunis; that at present he was informed to the contrary, and that he felt himself amazingly hurt when he consid-

ered that he had been treated with indifference, and that he never would be convinced that the friendship of the United States was sincere until there was a greater equality observed in their donations between the two nations, or, in other words until he received some further marks of the President's esteem, more substantial than mere compliments. They said that although the Bashaw was inclined to credit the impossibility of the consul's making him a present without orders from his court, that he likewise was sensible how much depended on the manner of his representation, that he believed he had treated him with every respect since his arrival at Tripoli, and he requested I would write in such terms as would insure him from the mortification of being disappointed; adding, this he expected from the consul as he values my future favour and a happy result to the objects of his mission. I replied that the object contemplated by the U. States in sending an agent the vast distance of near 6,000 miles, was to endeavour to maintain a friendly intercourse between the two nations on honourable and equitable terms; that as it had pleased God to employ me as the instrument to promote so desired an effect he might rest assured I should take pleasure in representing *facts* for the consideration of government in as favourable a manner as the dignity annexed to my office would admit; that as it would be the height of presumption in me to dictate to the President of the United States what he ought to do in the present case, so on the other hand, I by no means consider it to be a part of my official duty in any means to oppose the liberal intentions of government, should they be found disposed to make him a present, but on the contrary, should I receive orders to that effect I would take pleasure in executing them, but must again beg leave to repeat that the issue depended on them only. They retired, promised to make a faithful report to his excellency, protested they would use their influence in favour of the U. States, and requested me not to close my letters until I heard farther from the Bashaw either direct or thro' their agency.

May the 6th I waited on the Bashaw to pay my compliments to him, in consequence of the festival; he treated me with great politeness, but I could easily discern that it was against his inclination; there was something in his countenance that indicated his smiles were not sincere, and ought not to be depended on.

May the 10th Farsara came to the American house and informed me that the Bashaw had concluded to write to the President of the United States himself, as he entertained some suspicion that I would not write to government with sufficient energy; that the Bashaw would send me his letter the first opportunity that should present, to forward it, which he hoped I had no objection to do. I replied, none in the least, and requested Farsara to procure me a copy if possible, which he promised to do. Having waited until the date of this dispatch without having heard any thing more on the subject, I hasten to get my dispatches in readiness to forward by the first conveyance. Should any thing intervene worthy of notice, before I receive the Bashaw's letter, it shall be the subject of another dispatch.

Extract of a letter from the same to the Secretary of State, dated,

MAY 27, 1800.

Since the date of the enclosed dispatch I heard nothing from the Bashaw until the evening of the 25th inst. when Siddi Mahomed Daguize sent me the original in Arabic, of which the enclosed is a literal translation. The only conclusion which can be drawn from the Bashaw's proceedings is, that he wants a present; and if he does not get one, he will forge pretences to commit depredations on the property of our fellow citizens. His letter to the President will be the means of keeping him quiet until he receives an answer, provided no unnecessary delay is made, as he will expect to reap a benefit therefrom. Should government think proper to make him a present it will have the desired effect, probably for one year, but

not longer. I therefore can see no alternative but to station some of our frigates in the Mediterranean, otherwise we will be continually subject to the same insults which the Imperials, Danes, Swedes and Ragusans have already suffered, and will still continue to suffer.

Translated extract from a letter of the Bashaw of Tripoli, to the President of the United States, dated

MAY 25th, 1800.

AFTER having cultivated the branches of our good will and paved the way to a good understanding and perfect friendship, which we wish may continue forever, we make known that the object and contents of this our present letter, is, that whereas your consul who resides at our court in your service has communicated to us, in your name, that you have written to him, informing him that you regarded the regency of Tripoli in the same point of view as the other regencies of Barbary, and to be upon the same footing of friendship and importance. In order to further strengthen the bonds of a good understanding, blessed be God, may he complete and grant to you his high protection. But, our sincere friend, we could wish that these your expressions were followed by deeds and not by empty words. You will therefore endeavour to satisfy us by a good manner of proceeding. We, on our part, will correspond with you, with equal friendship, as well in words as deeds. But if only flattering words are meant, without performance, every one will act as he finds convenient. We beg a speedy answer, without neglect of time, as a delay on your part cannot but be prejudicial to your interests. In the mean time we wish you happiness.

Given in Tripoli, in Barbary, the 29th of the moon Hegia, the year of the Hegira 1214, which corresponds with the 25th of May, 1800.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, President of the United States of America. To the illustrious and honourable Bey of Tripoli, of Barbary, whom God preserve.

GREAT AND RESPECTED FRIEND,

THE assurances of friendship which our consul has given you, and of our sincere desire to cultivate peace and commerce with your subjects, are faithful expressions of our dispositions, and you will continue to find proofs of them in all those acts of respect and friendly intercourse which are due between nations standing as we do in the relations of peace and amity with each other.

At the conclusion of our treaty with you, we endeavoured to prove our respect for yourself and satisfaction at that event, by such demonstrations as gave you, then, entire content; and we are disposed to believe that in rendering into another language those expressions in your letter of the 25th of May last, which seem to imply purposes inconsistent with the faith of that transaction, your intentions have been misconstrued. On this supposition we renew to you, sincerely, assurances of our constant friendship, and that our desire to cultivate peace and commerce with you remains firm and unabated.

We have found it expedient to detach a squadron of observation into the Mediterranean sea, to superintend the safety of our commerce there, and to exercise our seamen in nautical duties. We recommend them to your hospitality and good offices, should occasion require their resorting to your harbours. We hope their appearance will give umbrage to no power; for while we mean to rest the safety of our commerce on the resources of our own strength and bravery, in every sea, we have yet given to this squadron in strict command to conduct themselves towards all friendly powers with the most perfect respect and good order: it being the first object of our solicitude to cherish peace and friendship with all nations with whom it can be held on terms of equality and reciprocity.

I pray God, very great and respected friend, to have you always in his holy keeping.

Written at the city of Washington, the twenty-first day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and one.

(Signed)

TH: JEFFERSON.

By the President,

(Signed)

JAMES MADISON, *Secretary of State.*

Extract of a letter from Mr. Cathcart to the Secretary of State, dated

TRIPOLI, October 18, 1801.

ON the 16th I waited upon the Bashaw, in company with Captain Carpenter, to demand satisfaction for the insult our flag had suffered in having one of our vessels brought in here without any visible cause, her papers and passport being in perfect order; and likewise to demand restitution of property plundered from the brig.

The Bashaw answered that he had not given orders to the Raize to bring in American vessels; that he had broke him, and dismissed him from his service, and then gave orders to the minister of marine to have every article that was plundered from the brig returned.

The Bashaw then commenced thus—"Consul, there is no nation I wish more to be at peace with than yours; but all nations pay me, and so must the Americans." I answered—"we have already paid you all we owe you, and are nothing in arrears." He answered—"that for the peace we had paid him, it was true; but to maintain the peace we had given him nothing." I observed—"that the terms of our treaty were to pay him the stipulated cash, stores, &c. in full of all demands forever;" and then repeated nearly to the same effect as is contained in my dispatch of the 12th of May, which, to avoid repetition, I forbear inserting. The Bashaw then observed that we had given a great deal to Algiers and Tunis, and

that the Portuguese captain informed him that when he passed by Algiers about the middle of last month he had seen an American frigate in the bay, which he supposed had brought more presents to the Dey—"Why do they neglect me in their donations? let them give me a stipulated sum annually, and I will be reasonable as to the amount."

In answer to the first I replied that it was true that one of our frigates was at Algiers, being one of a squadron of three 44 gun ships and some smaller vessels, which were appointed to protect our commerce in the Mediterranean; but whether they had presents on board for the regency of Algiers or not, I could not inform him; that some of them would have been at Tripoli before now, had I not informed them that they had better stay away until the spring, upon account of the badness of this road (stead) which renders it very unsafe at this season. And in answer to his proposal of an annuity I replied, with some warmth, exactly what I had requested Daguize to inform him of in my name yesterday evening. "Well then," replied the Bashaw "let your government give me a sum of money, and I will be content; but paid I will be one way or other. I now desire you to inform your government, that I will wait six months for an answer to my letter to the President; that if it did not arrive in that period, and if it was not satisfactory, if it did arrive, that I will declare war in form against the United States. Inform your government," said he, "how I have served the Swedes, who concluded their treaty since yours; let them know that the French, English and Spaniards have always sent me presents from time to time to preserve their peace, and if they do not do the same, I will order my cruisers to bring their vessels in whenever they can find them."—He then turned to Daguize and told him to explain to Capt. Carpenter what he had informed me, (they both speaking French) and added, "that he did not wish to make it a private affair between the consul and him, and desired him to make it public, as he wished the whole world to know it; he then told Daguize to tell the cap-

tain that he hoped the United States would not neglect him, as six or eight vessels of the value of his would amount to a much larger sum than he ever expected to get from the United States for remaining at peace; besides, said he, I have a great desire to have some captains like you here to learn me to speak English."

I answered that it was absolutely impossible for me to receive answers to the letters which he desired me to write by Captain Carpenter, in six months, as it would be nearly that time before he would get home, upon account of the winter season; that I expected his excellency would wait until the answer arrived, let that be long or short; and observed that none but those who held a correspondence with the Devil could determine whether he would be content with the President's answer, or not; as neither the President nor myself knew what would content him. I therefore requested him to inform me explicitly what was his expectations. To the first he answered—"I will not only wait for answers from your President, but I will now detain the brig and write to him again—but I expect when he sends his answers that they will be such as will empower you to conclude with me immediately—if they are not, I will capture your vessels; and as you have frequently informed me that your instructions do not authorize you to give me a dollar, I will therefore not inform you what I expect until you are empowered to negotiate with me; but you may inform your President that if he is disposed to pay me for my friendship I will be moderate in my demands." The Bashaw then rose from his seat and went out of the room, leaving me to make what comment I thought proper upon his extraordinary conduct.

*Extract of a letter from Mr. Cathcart to the Secretary of State,
dated*

TRIPOLI, *January 4, 1801.*

ON the 2d inst. in the evening, the banners of Sweden, by the Bashaw's request, were hoisted upon the Danish house, and a tem-

porary flag-staff was prepared in order that the customary salute should be fired next day. When a peace takes place with any nation, it is customary for the different consuls to congratulate the Bashaw on the event; you may judge with what a grace I performed a ceremony so repugnant to my feelings—but it was necessary. I accordingly waited upon his excellency in company with the Danish consul, Swedish ex-consul, Mr. Bohrstrom, the present consul, and several others; after congratulation, perfumation, fumigation, and drinking of coffee and sherbet were over, commenced the following litigation:—"I have concluded a peace with the Swedes" commenced the Bashaw, "and I am certain that the king of Sweden is sensible that I was forced to declare war against his nation contrary to my inclination; for had my demands been satisfied in the first instance, I should not have captured their ships and enslaved their people; some nations," added he, (meaning the U. S.) "have used me very ill; they look upon me as nothing; they have recourse to Algiers for all things; I should be glad to know which is thought most of at Constantinople." I could easily have solved that doubt, by saying that the Dey of Algiers had lately sent presents to the Grand Signior, to the amount of a million of dollars, which were powerful arguments in his favour; but as the conversation was general I did not conceive it more incumbent on me to answer his prologue than any of the rest of the company; and, in fact, I could say nothing but what I have communicated already. The Bashaw observing my silence, directed his discourse to me, and asked me if I understood the Arabic and Turkish languages: I answered that I had a trifling knowledge of them, but spoke them so miserably that I never used any of them, especially as his excellency and ministers all spoke Italian. "Pray," says the Bashaw, "what was the present Dey of Algiers in the reign of Mahomed Bashaw?" I answered that he was a person very much respected in consequence of his being the cousin of Hassan Bashaw, but had no post whatever. "And pray, what was Hassan Bashaw at that time?" First, he was

bik ilharche of the marine, and afterwards was made prime minister and treasurer in Algiers, called the Hasnagi. The Bashaw turned up his nose with visible signs of contempt, and was going to proceed when a person informed him that a piece of timber was not to be found in the whole regency large enough to make a flag-staff for the Swedes, unless they took one of the cruisers' spars. "It is a difficult thing" says the son of Ali Bashaw, "to get a flag-staff put up when it once comes down; when the American flag-staff comes down, it will take a great deal of grease, (meaning money) "to get it up again; the Danish flag-staff is broke, I hear, and wants mending with a new one." He smiled a ghastly *grin*, and said "After all, what is twenty thousand dollars a year for a Christian nation to pay, that has such vast resources? Had I enough to live on, I would not trouble myself with cruisers, although my subjects always wish war, because it is to their advantage.—How many Raizes," added he, "have I that know the way to the Great Sea?" Admiral Morad answered, about twenty.—There not being I believe one capable but himself, without his accompanying them, shews that the Bashaw and his officers pay no great regard to truth. "Well," relied his excellency, "I will find them vessels—in Tripoli, consul, we are all hungry, and if we are not provided for we soon get sick and peevish." As the Bashaw spoke in metaphors, I answered him in the same manner, by saying, that when the chief physician prescribed the medicine, I should have no objection to administer the dose; but until then I could say nothing on the subject.—"Take care," answered the Bashaw, "that the medicine does not come too late; and if it comes in time, that it will be strong enough."

Extract of a letter from Mr. Cathcart, to the Secretary of State, dated

TRIPOLI IN BARBERY, May 16, 1801.

THIS evening (10th May) at 6 P. M. Hadgi Mahomude la Sore, the same that went to Algiers in the *Hamdullah*, came to the

American house and told me not to be alarmed, for the Bashaw had sent him to inform me that he declared war against the United States, and would take down our flag-staff on Thursday the 14th instant; that if I pleased to remain at Tripoli I should be treated with respect, but if I pleased I might go away. I sent my compliments to the Bashaw and informed him that it was my positive instructions not to remain an instant after a declaration of war took place, and that I should charter a vessel to-morrow if possible.

Thursday 14th at 1 P. M. Hadgi Mahomude la Sore came to inform me that the Chavaux were coming to take our flag-staff down. I waited until the Saraskier arrived, and then sent said la Sore to offer him 10,000 dollars in addition to what I had already offered, which was rejected by the Bashaw, and orders given to cut away the flag-staff.

At a quarter past 2 they effected the grand achievement, and our flag-staff was chopped down six feet from the ground, and left reclining on the terrace. Thus ends the first act of this tragedy. I hope the catastrophe may be happy.

Extract of a letter from William Eaton, Esq. Consul of the United States at Tunis, to the Secretary of State, dated

TUNIS, December 8, 1800.

ON the 25th ult. after having dispatched duplicates of my letter from the 1st to the 16th, it was intimated to me that there was an American ship in the road of Porto Farino. Instantly I sent off an express to enquire for facts. On the 27th I received a note from Captain Coffin, of the *Anna Maria*, informing me that he had been ten days in the road, without being able to communicate with the shore, by reason of the weather, which was extremely bad. On the 28th I asked a boat of the Bey, to board her, which he said should be ready on the 30th. Accordingly, on the 30th, I embarked at Tunis in an open boat, and arrived on board, ten leagues, at eight in the evening of the same day. On the morning

following, 1st Dec. I had the honour of receiving your letter of the 30th August, covering an invoice and bills of the ship's lading. Yesterday I returned to Tunis. Such part of the cargo as was between decks was chiefly discharged before I left the ship. The *quality* of the articles are acknowledged to be good; but it is objected that the *plank* and the *oars* are *too short*, and the government affect to be dissatisfied; that the keels, guns and powder, are not come forward. I believe the fact to be the government is dissatisfied that any thing is come forward. If this opinion requires evidence, I consider it sufficient to state that the United States are the only nation which have, at this moment, a rich unguarded commerce in the Mediterranean, and that the Barbary regencies are *pirates*. I take to myself the merit of having once more, at least suspended an expedition which was prepared for us—but we are yet deficient, and I am not without apprehension that this deficiency will be resorted to as a pretext for surprising our merchantmen; in which case they might do us incalculable mischief. These are considerations which, it is supposed, should compel exertions to fulfil our obligations with this regency.

The immense concessions he has received the summer past from Spain, Denmark, Sicily, Sweden, have so diminished the condition of our peace in his eye, that he says, *It is a trifle for so great a commercial nation, in consideration for the advantages of a free trade in this sea.*

To all whom it doth or may concern:

KNOW YE, by these presents, that I, James Leander Cathcart, agent and consul for the United States of America, in and for the city and regency of Tripoli in Barbary, finding just cause to complain of Jusef Bashaw, supreme commandant of said city and regency of Tripoli, and his ministers, towards the government and citizens of the United States of America, and conceiving it my duty to protest against said conduct: Now KNOW YE, that I

do hereby protest against the said Jusef Bashaw, supreme commandant of said city and regency, and against his ministers and counsellors, in behalf of the government of the United States of America, myself and fellow-citizens, for the following reasons, viz.

1st. BE IT KNOWN, that on the 17th of August, 1799, said Jusef Bashaw, supreme commandant of the regency of Tripoli, at the instigation of Morad Raiz, admiral of the cruisers of this regency, refused to receive the printed passports issued by the consul of the United States of America in this regency, in obedience to his orders from government, thereby claiming a superiority or preference to the regencies of Algiers and Tunis, he being duly informed that the said passports were accepted in the same form by the chiefs of said regencies, and in order as is my firm belief to have a pretext to send the merchant vessels belonging to the citizens of the United States, into this port for examination, said admiral Morad having publicly declared that he would go to sea with the vessels under his command, without any passport from this office, if they were not modified to his liking, and worded similar to the passports of the British; and the said Jusef Bashaw, on application being made by the said consul of the United States, refusing to exert his authority, is a clear and sufficient evidence that he was accessory to the insolent demand of said Morad, or more properly speaking, that said Morad acted, if not by his orders, at least with his tacit consent, thereby forcing the said consul of the United States to deviate from his instructions and to submit from imperious necessity to a humiliation incompatible with the honour and dignity of the nation he has the honour to represent.

2d. BE IT KNOWN, that in the month of October, 1799, James Leander Cathcart, consul for the United States of America in this regency, having received several bales of cloth to dispose of, that said Jusef Bashaw sent the Broker, Leon Farfara, to the consular house, requesting said consul to give him the preference in the sale of said cloth, promising to pay for the same like any

other individual, and as cloths were sold of the same quality. I, knowing how he had served the late Venetian and Swedish consuls on a similar occasion, sent said Leon Farfara to inform him, that the cloth was not mine, and that I expected to be paid immediately, in order to be enabled to make a remittance to my correspondent, which he the said Bashaw promised to do; I, therefore, confiding in his promise, which I was taught to believe was sacred to all true Mussulmen, and more especially to a prince of the august family of Caramauly, did deliver unto him sundry pieces of cloth, to the value of five thousand seven hundred and eighty seven yuslicks, current coin of this regency, which at that time was worth Spanish dollars, two thousand three hundred and fourteen, and eighty cents, two yuslicks and one half being then equal to one dollar silver; but at present the coin of this regency having depreciated, owing to the great quantity of alloy mixed in the coinage, a dollar passes for three yuslicks, which makes a difference of one fifth part or 20 per cent. that I have repeatedly demanded the above sum, and have always been put off from time to time with promises, until the 22d day of September, 1800, when some oil belonging to said Bashaw being selling at public vendue, I sent my dragoman to purchase a barrel for the use of my house, value about eighteen dollars, which the hasnadar refused to give unto him, unless I sent the money to pay for it first. I sent the dragoman immediately to the Bashaw to know the reason, who repeated the same words, saying the oil was not his, but belonged to the crew of the cruisers; that if I wanted oil I must first send the cash. I immediately sent for Farfara, who had acted as broker in the sale of the cloth, and desired him to demand a positive answer from the Bashaw, whether he intended to pay me or not; that I was resolved to be kept no longer in suspense, and offered to take the money at the present value, which is only 1929 dollars, in full of all demands; the Bashaw sent the same answer which he had sent above fifty times before, that he would pay me, but at present it was not convenient, and desired Leon Farfara to inform me that

if I had a mind I might take one of the Swedish prizes for my money, which I declined. Knowing that he, having a quantity of prizes and other goods on hand for exportation, would probably force me to take a cargo of said goods to Leghorn or elsewhere, thereby exposing the United States to become responsible for said goods or their value, should any accident happen to said vessel, in the same manner as the claim originated upon Sweden, which was the first and principal cause of the present war, I therefore have deemed it more expedient to entirely lose the aforementioned sum, than to run a risque which might involve my country in a war.

And as it appears from the above detail that the said Bashaw never intends to pay me the above sum in cash, according to agreement, notwithstanding I have his receipt or promissory note, under the great seal of this regency, and I having waited above one year for the payment of the said sum without effect, I therefore debit the United States the said sum in my account current, leaving the government of the said United States to make the said claim a national claim; no individual being bound to be responsible for the arbitrary acts of the chiefs of the Barbary States; at the same time making myself responsible to the United States for said sum, or any part thereof which may be recovered from said Jusef Bashaw hereafter.

3d. BE IT KNOWN, that in the months of May, September, and October, 1800, the said Jusef Bashaw, supreme commandant of the said regency of Tripoli, having made certain demands upon the United States in direct violation of the 10th article of the treaty existing between the United States of America and the regency of Tripoli, which the consul of the United States resident here found incompatible with the honour and interest of the nation he represents to comply with, that the said Jusef Bashaw, in direct violation of the 12th article of the said existing treaty, did publicly declare that he would only wait until he receives answers

from the President of the United States of America, which, if not satisfactory, that he would then declare war against said United States, as is more fully explained in my dispatches to government, copies of which were forwarded to our consuls at Algiers and Tunis. And whereas it is particularly specified in the 10th article of said treaty, that the money and presents demanded by the Bey or Bashaw of Tripoli, is a full and satisfactory consideration on his part and on the part of his subjects, for said treaty of perpetual peace and friendship, and that no pretence of any periodical tribute or farther payment is ever to be made by either party; and said Bashaw of Tripoli having acknowledged the receipt of the money and presents stipulated by said treaty, I find myself justifiable both to God and my country in having refused to comply with the said Bashaw's unjust demands upon said United States of America.

AND WHEREAS, it is stipulated in the 12th article of the aforesaid treaty, that in case any dispute arises from a violation of any of the articles of said treaty, no appeal shall be made to arms, nor shall war be declared on any pretence whatever; but if the consul residing at the place where the dispute shall happen, shall not be able to settle the same, an amicable reference shall be made to the mutual friend of both parties, the Dey of Algiers; the parties thereby engaging to abide by his decision; and he, by virtue of his signature to the said treaty, having engaged for himself and his successors to declare the justice of the case according to the true interpretation of the said treaty, and use all the means in his power to enforce the observance of the same:—

NOW, KNOW ALL MEN by these presents, that I, James Leander Cathcart, consul for the United States of America, in said regency of Tripoli, do protest and declare, that the demands made by the Bashaw of Tripoli upon the United States of America are of such a nature, that I cannot settle the dispute arising therefrom; and that I conceive that I should not only be deviating from my

official duty, but likewise acting as an accomplice and in conjunction with the said Bashaw of Tripoli, to treat our good friends, the Dey and Divan of Algiers, with indignity and disrespect, was I to refrain from making the aforesaid amicable reference. I therefore, in virtue of these presents, do make the aforesaid amicable reference, transmitting the whole to the consul-general of the U. S. of America at Algiers, who is possessed of every information relative to the state of our affairs in this regency, having received duplicates of my dispatches for the government of the U. States; at the same time leaving it at the discretion of the consul-general of the United States at Algiers for the time being, to take such measures as he in his judgment may think most likely to promote the interests of the United States, and to maintain the peace of our country with this regency upon honourable and equitable terms.

4th. BE IT KNOWN, That on the 25th of September, 1800, Raiz Amor Shelli, commander of a Tripoline cruiser of 18 guns, captured the American brig *Catharine*, James Carpenter, master, of and from New-York, and bound to Leghorn, valued at 50,000 dollars, or thereabouts; that said vessel was kept in possession of the subjects of Tripoli, until the 15th of October in the evening, and was then delivered up to the consul of the United States, in consequence of the Bashaw of Tripoli having wrote a letter to the President of the United States, the purport of which, being already known, needs no repetition; and that said vessel was exposed to much loss and peril, as appears by the master of said brig, his protest, already forwarded to our consul-general at Algiers; and that said brig was plundered of effects, valued by said master, James Carpenter, at 397 hard dollars, whereof was recovered to the value of 180 dollars, the value of 217 dollars being irrecoverably lost; notwithstanding the Bashaw had given positive orders to Hamet, Raiz or minister of marine, to cause every article that could be found to be restored to their lawful owner;

yet said Raiz of the marine did not comply with the Bashaw's orders; (and he being the Bashaw's brother-in-law, it was out of my power to compel him) but on the contrary prevaricated from day to day, from the 16th to the 21st of October, with an intent, no doubt, to share the spoils with the aforesaid Raiz Amor Shelli, and on the night of the 21st inst. sent Ibram Farfara to inform me, that if the brig did not sail by day-light in the morning, the port would be embargoed; and gave me to understand that if I did not promise to pay him anchorage for said brig, that she should be detained until the embargo should be taken off. This demand I absolutely refused to comply with. On the 22d, at day-light, I ordered the brig to get under way, and could not get the Pilot to go on board until said Ibram Farfara paid the Raiz of marine 5 dollars and 75 cents anchorage, which, notwithstanding it being an unjust demand, I complied with, sooner than have the brig detained one day longer.

I, therefore, for foresaid reasons, and for each of the aforementioned arbitrary acts, do protest against the foresaid Jusef Bashaw, supreme commandant of the regency of Tripoli in Barbary, and against his ministers and counsellors; but more especially against said Morad Raiz, admiral of the cruisers of this regency, for being the cause of my altering the national passports of the United States of America; and against said Hamet, Raiz, or minister of marine, for the reasons before mentioned, as well as for falsely, insidiously, and slanderously asserting in my presence and in the presence of Captain Carpenter, that the consul-general of the United States, Richard O'Brien, and the broker or banker of said United States, Micaiah Cohen Bacri, had informed him, when he was last at Algiers, that the government of the United States had alone paid to the house of Bacri & Co. one hundred thousand dollars for their influence, thereby irritating the said Jusef Bashaw against the government and citizens of the United States of America; as the said Jusef Bashaw seemingly gave credit

to the falsehood of said Hamet Raiz, and emphatically said that the government of the United States had treated an Algerine Jew better and with more liberality than they had the said Bashaw of Tripoli, notwithstanding I gave the direct lie without ceremony or hesitation to said Hamet, and told the Bashaw that I wondered how he could give credit to so barefaced a falsehood, for even had the United States given the abovementioned sum, the party concerned would be the last people in the world to divulge the same, it not comporting with their honour or interest, especially to Hamet Raiz, who was not only an enemy to the United States, but likewise to his excellency the Bashaw of Tripoli, he having by his false insinuations endeavoured to persuade the Bashaw to annul the treaty of peace and amity at present subsisting between the said United States and this regency, to the prejudice of his character, honour, and dignity, whose word and signature I had always supposed to have been inviolably sacred; and that said Jusef Bashaw, in answer to the above, said, "you say that Hamet Raiz *lies*, and I say he tells truth;" thereby discrediting all I had said, and giving full credit to the imposition of said Hamet Raiz, or minister of marine.

NOW KNOW ALL MEN, That for the reasons afore assigned, I, James Leander Cathcart, agent and consul for the United States of America, in the regency of Tripoli, having shewn sufficient cause to enter this protest against the said Jusef Bashaw, supreme commandant of the regency of Tripoli, his afore-mentioned ministers and counsellors, I do by these presents most solemnly protest against the conduct of said Jusef Bashaw, his ministers and counsellors, as being unjust and in direct violation of the 10th and 12th articles of the existing treaty between the United States and the said regency of Tripoli; and I, James Leander Cathcart, do further declare that the dispute arising from the violation of said treaty is of such a nature, that I cannot adjust the same before I receive express instructions from the President of the United

States of America, or until our good friends, the Dey and Divan of Algiers shall decide upon the justice of the cause, according to the true interpretation of the existing treaty between the United States of America and this regency; and that I do hereby make an amicable reference to our good friends the Dey and Divan of the regency of Algiers, promising in the name of the United States of America to abide by their decision agreeable to the true meaning of the stipulation contained in the 12th article of the treaty of peace and amity concluded between the United States of America and the regency of Tripoli, by the intervention of the late Hassan Bashaw, Dey of Algiers, and under the immediate guarantee of said regency, the said treaty having been duly ratified by the reigning Dey of Algiers, Mustapha Bashaw, whom God preserve.

Now I, James Leander Cathcart, agent and consul of the United States of America, conceiving it my duty so to do, do now transmit this said protest to the Chancery of the United States at Tunis, in order that it may be there duly registered, and from thence forwarded to the consul-general of the United States of America at Algiers, in order to prevent, as much as depends upon me, any appeal being made to arms, leaving the conducting of the whole affair entirely at the discretion of the consul-general of the United States of America for the time being, as before mentioned, not doubting but he will take such measures as he in his judgment may think most likely to promote the interests of the United States of America and maintain the peace of our country with this regency upon honourable and equitable terms.

In testimony of the above, I have hereunto subscribed my (L. S.) name and affixed the seal of my office, at the Chancery of the United States of America, in the city of Tripoli in Barbary, this 29th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred; and in the 25th year of the independence of the United States of America.

(Signed)

JAMES L. CATHCART.

IN the Spring of 1801, the absolute threats of the Bashaw of Tripoli to commence hostilities against the United States induced our Executive to send a small squadron into the Mediterranean, under the command of Commodore Dale. The following were his orders.—

Extract of a letter from the Secretary of the Navy to Commodore Dale, dated

MAY 30, 1801.

RECENT accounts received from the consul of the United States, employed near the regencies of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, give cause to fear that they will attack our commerce, if unprotected, within the Mediterranean; but particularly such apprehension is justified by absolute threats on the part of the Bey of Tripoli.

Under such circumstances, it is thought probable that a small squadron of well appointed frigates appearing before their ports will have a tendency to prevent their breaking the peace which has been made, and which has subsisted for some years, between them and the United States. It is also thought that such a squadron, commanded by some of our most gallant officers, known to be stationed in the Mediterranean, will give confidence to our merchants and tend greatly to increase the commerce of the country, within those seas.

I am therefore instructed by the President to direct that you proceed with all possible expedition, with the squadron under your command, to the Mediterranean. It will be proper for you to stop at Gibraltar and obtain permission from the governor for depositing provisions there, for the use of your squadron. It is not presumed there will be any refusal; but, should he deem it improper, you will then leave a letter with Mr. Gavino, the American consul, for the captain of the provision vessel that will be sent hereafter, directing him where to proceed.

On your arrival at Gibraltar you will be able to ascertain whether all or any of the Barbary powers shall have declared war against the United States. In case all are tranquil, you will water your ships, proceed off the port of Algiers, and send to the consul, Mr. O'Brien, whom you will inform that you have arrived—that the views of your government are perfectly friendly—that you have a letter for him and the Dey—and that you request to see him; or that he send some person, in whom he can confide, for the letters—or that he send a permission for one of your officers to go to the city.—You will have on board certain goods, which you will deliver on his requisition. They are for the biennial presents to the regency. The *George Washington* is preparing to carry timber and other stores for at least one year's annuity; and you have on board the *President*, thirty thousand dollars, which it is hoped and expected Mr. O'Brien will be able to induce the regency to receive for another year. The balance may go some time hence. But if Mr. O'Brien cannot induce the Dey to receive money instead of stores, you will retain the thirty thousand dollars, excepting 4 or 5,000 dollars, which, on Mr. O'Brien's requisition, may (if he should think it useful to commence with) be given him on your arrival, and which amount may be replaced, if the Dey shall afterwards agree to receive the 30,000 dollars in full for one year's annuity, out of the 10,000 dollars hereafter mentioned as being intended for the Bey of Tripoli, and the stores will be sent as soon as possible.

When your business is arranged at Algiers to your satisfaction, you will proceed to Tunis, and there cause the letters you carry to be delivered to Mr. Eaton, the consul. A ship is preparing and will sail as soon as possible, with stores, agreeable to treaty with that regency.

From thence you will proceed to Tripoli; on your arrival there send for Mr. Cathcart, American consul for that port, to whom deliver his letters, and either by him or one of your officers (which ever may be deemed most proper) send the President's letter to

the Bey. You have on board ten thousand dollars, as a present from the President; the whole, or such part thereof as you may have on your arrival at Tripoli, and which Mr. Cathcart may conceive useful, will be given the Bey, provided he has conducted himself peaceably towards the United States.

You will be careful not to solicit the honour of a salute from any of those powers; if you do, they will exact a barrel of powder for every gun they fire.

You will enjoin upon your officers and men the propriety and utility of a proper conduct towards the subjects of all those powers. A good understanding with them being extremely desirable.

Should you find the conduct of the Bey of Tripoli such as you may confide in, you will then coast with your squadron the Egyptian and Syrian shores as far as Smyrna, and return by the mouth of the Adriatic—thence pay the Bey of Tripoli another visit; finding him tranquil, proceed to Tunis and again shew your ships; and thence coast the Italian shore to Leghorn, where you may stay some days, and then proceed along the Genoese to Toulon, which port it will be instructive to your young men to visit. From thence proceed again to Algiers. If there should be no hostile appearance on the part of those powers, and you should be well assured that no danger is to be apprehended from either of them, you may, on the 15th October, commence your return homewards; but if there should be any cause for apprehension from either of those powers, you must place your ships in a situation to chastise them, in case of their declaring war or committing hostilities, and not commence your return to the United States, until the 1st day of December.

On your return you will go into Hampton Road, and repair yourself to this place as soon as you can. Order the *Philadelphia* to Philadelphia, if the season will permit; if not, let her go with the *Essex* to New-York—the *Enterprise* send to Baltimore.

But should you find, on your arrival at Gibraltar, that all the Barbary powers have declared war against the U. States, you will then distribute your force in such manner, as your judgment shall direct, so as best to protect our commerce and chastise their insolence—by sinking, burning, or destroying their ships and vessels wherever you shall find them. The better to enable you to form a just determination, you are herewith furnished with a correct state of the strength and situation of each of the Barbary powers. The principal strength, you will see, is that of Algiers. The force of Tunis and Tripoli is contemptible, and might be crushed with any one of the frigates under your command.

Should Algiers alone have declared war against the United States, you will cruize off that port so as effectually to prevent any thing from going in or coming out; and you will sink, burn or otherwise destroy their ships and vessels wherever you find them.

Should the Bey of Tripoli have declared war, as he has threatened, against the United States, you will then proceed direct to that port, where you will lay your ship in such a position as effectually to prevent any of their vessels from going in or out. The *Essex* and *Enterprise*, by cruising well on towards Tunis, will have it in their power to intercept any vessels which they may have captured. By disguising your ships, it will be some weeks before they will know that the squadron is cruising in the Mediterranean, and give you a fair chance of punishing them.

If Tunis alone, or in concert with Tripoli, should have declared war against the United States, you will chastise them in like manner—by cruising with the squadron, from the small island of Maratimo, near the island of Sicily, to Cape Blanco, on the Barbary shore; you may effectually prevent the corsairs of either from intercepting our commerce in the material part of the Mediterranean sea, and may intercept any prizes they may have made.

Any prisoners you may take you will treat with humanity and attention, and land them on any part of the Barbary shore most

convenient to you. This mode will be humane, and will shew that we have no sort of fear what such men can do. It will also tend to bring those powers back to a sense of justice which they owe to us. But you will be careful to select from them such Christians as may be on board, whom you will treat kindly, and land, when convenient, on some Christian shore. Should you have occasion, you may accept their services.

Extract of a letter from Commodore Dale, commanding the United States squadron in the Mediterranean, to the Secretary of the Navy, dated

GIBRALTAR-BAY, 2d July, 1801.

ON my arrival here I found, lying at anchor, the High Admiral of Tripoli, in a ship mounting 26 guns, nine and six pounders, 260 men; and a brig of 16 guns, 160 men. He has been out 36 days, says he is not at war with America, nor has he taken any thing. He came in here for water, and is under quarantine at present. From every information I can get here, Tripoli is at war with America.

Extract of a letter from Commodore Dale to the Secretary of the Navy, dated

TUNIS-BAY, July 18, 1801.

MR. O'BRIEN informed me, "that the Dey of Algiers had been complaining very much of the United States in not making their annual payments good, and had gone so far as to say that he would not put up with it much longer. He was now confident, he said, that the Dey would not speak so big, and had no doubt that the arrival of the *President* at Algiers had much more weight with the Dey, than if the *Washington* had arrived with stores. He did not think it a proper time to mention to the Dey, about receiving 30,000 dollars instead of stores." Mr. O'Brien took the cloth and linen on shore with him.

I arrived at Tunis-Bay the 17th instant, and sent a letter on shore to Mr. Eaton; the 18th he came on board. The *Essex* and the ship *Grand Turk* arrived the same day. From Mr. Eaton's information, this regency has been much in the same way as Algiers, and the appearance of our ships will have the same effect on the great and mighty Bey of Tunis.

Extract of a letter from Commodore Dale, to the Secretary of the Navy, dated

MALTA HARBOUR, August 18, 1801.

I ARRIVED off Tripoli the 24th ult. the 25th, I received a letter from Mr. Nissen, consul for Denmark, at Tripoli; he was requested by Mr. Cathcart to act for him in his absence, should there be a necessity for it. The letter was wrote at the request of the Bey, to know if my intentions in coming off Tripoli, were to make peace or war. I wrote him that my intentions in the first instance were friendly, but the act of his excellency in declaring war against the United States, had put that disposition out of my power, and that I was determined to take his vessels of every description, and his subjects wherever I could find them; but at the same time I should be glad to know his reasons for declaring war, and on what principles he expected to make peace. That on those points I wished information as soon as possible, that I might inform the President of the United States, and ascertain his determination respecting the business. The next day the Bey sent off a Jew to negotiate for a peace or truce. I informed him, that his excellency had not answered my letter; that I was not empowered to make a new treaty, but if the Bey would answer my letter, and send off one of his officers, and was serious in the business, I would then treat with him about a truce. The Jew went on shore. I have not heard from him since. The Bey wrote me previous to this, that he had good reasons for declaring war against the United States, but if I would come on shore, he was very certain we should be able to make a peace. He said he did not like the 1st and 12th

articles in the old treaty, and did not wish to have any thing to do with the Dey of Algiers.

I am happy to inform you that the *Enterprise*, on the 1st inst. on her passage to this place, fell in with a polacre ship, mounting 14 guns and 80 men, a corsair belonging to Tripoli. The enclosed is a copy of Mr. Sterrett's letter to me, which will give you an account of the action and the result of it.—Mr. Sterrett is a very good officer, and deserves well of his country. After being 18 days off Tripoli, and seeing nothing in that time but two small vessels, Tunisians, one bound in and the other out, and receiving information that the Bey had boats stationed along the coast, both to the eastward and westward; on the 11th inst. I determined to run along the coast, to the westward, as far as the island of Pidussa, from Pidussa to this place for water. I arrived here the 16th inst. saw nothing on my passage.

Copy of a letter from Lieutenant Andrew Sterrett, to Commodore Dale, dated on board the United States schooner Enterprise.

AT SEA, August 6, 1801.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to inform you, that on the 1st August, I fell in with a Tripolitan ship of war, called the *Tripoli*, mounting 14 guns, commanded by Raiz Mahomet Sous. An action immediately commenced within pistol shot, which continued three hours, incessant firing. She then struck her colours. The carnage on board was dreadful, she having 20 men killed and 30 wounded; among the latter was the Captain and first Lieutenant. Her mizzen mast went over the side. Agreeable to your orders, I dismantled her of every thing but an old sail and spar. With heart-felt pleasure I add, that the officers and men throughout the vessel, behaved in the most spirited and determined manner, obeying every command with promptitude and alertness. We had not a

man wounded, and sustained no material damage in our hull or rigging.

I remain your most obedient servant,
ANDREW STERRETT.

Extract of a letter from Commodore Dale, to the Secretary of the Navy, dated

GIBRALTAR BAY, October 4, 1801.

HAVING completed my water on the 21st of August, I sailed again. On the 30th I brought to a Greek ship, from Constantinople and Smyrna, bound into Tripoli, loaded with beans and merchandize and having on board one Tripolitan officer, 20 soldiers, 14 merchants, 5 women, 4 of them black, and one white child, all Tripolitans: I took them all on board. I thought this a favourable opportunity to try to bring about and settle an exchange of prisoners with the Bey, should his corsairs take any Americans, (I say God forbid.) I accordingly sent three of the Tripolitans on shore in a small boat, with a letter to Mr. Nissen, the Danish consul, requesting him to make known the contents of it to the Bey. The next day, Mr. Nissen came off at the Bey's request, to know if I would make a truce. Mr. Nissen informed me, that he had told the Bey, before he came off, that he could not say any thing to me on that subject until he had answered my letters on that point. The Bey told him to go off and try, and if I would, he would then talk to me about the exchange of prisoners, and a peace. My mind was made up on that subject, knowing I had no orders to make a truce, little was said on that subject. Mr. Nissen told me that the Bey said that he would not give one American for all the soldiers, and that only eight of the merchants were his subjects. He cared very little about any of them. At length, the Bey agreed to give three Americans for twenty-one soldiers, and three for the eight merchants.—Circumstanced as I was, I was under the necessity to act as I did, namely, to put them all on board

the Greek ship again, and permit them to go into port. I wrote to Mr. Nissen to inform the Bey, that I agreed to the exchange of three Americans for the soldiers, but I did not consider the merchants as prisoners, nor could I fix on any thing respecting them, until I knew the determination of my government, and that the present transaction was not to be a precedent in any future negotiation. This transaction took place on the 3d of September, the ship's company then very sickly, 94 men on the doctor's list, and a number more complaining; not knowing to what extent the sickness might go, and not having more than one month's provision on board, at eight P. M. I was under the necessity of coming to a determination to give up the blockade of Tripoli, and proceed for Gibraltar.

Mr. Gavino informed me about a month ago, that the Tripolitan Admiral had laid up his two corsairs here, and took his passage, with eight of his officers, on board of an English ship bound to Malta; leaving the captain of the brig and 20 men, to take care of the two vessels, and bring the ship home, if he had an opportunity; sent the remainder of his men over to Tetuan in boats.

I think it necessary that two frigates should remain in those seas all the winter, under the present circumstances. The *Philadelphia* to rendezvous at Sarragosa, the south-east end of the Island of Sicily. I shall give Capt. Barron orders to shew himself off Tripoli and Tunis every now and then, to let those fellows know and see that we are on the watch for them.—The *Essex* to rendezvous at Gibraltar and Algeziras, as may be most convenient, to keep a good look out, and know what is going on in this quarter.

DURING this summer, Mr. Cathcart and General Eaton conceived the project of coöperating with the exiled Bashaw of Tripoli, who had been driven from his throne by his brother. Gen. Eaton says—

ABOUT this time (28th June) I received a letter from Mr. Cathcart, dated at Leghorn, June 15th, which suggested to me the plan of using Hamet Bashaw, the legitimate sovereign of Tripoli, then an exile in Tunis, as an instrument in favour of the United States, to chastise the perfidy of our enemy his younger brother, who had treasonably usurped the government. I did not then enter decidedly into the measure; doubting whether any construction of my original instructions from government, would authorise the discretion.

But on the 17th July following Commodore Dale arrived with his squadron, at Portoforine, forty miles from Tunis; and on the 18th on his board, he put into my hands the letter from the Department of State, dated 20th May preceding; which, by his discretionary instructions, removed that obstacle. This discretion was highly proper at that time and on that station. For Tunis may be said, by a figure, to be a scite on the enemy's flank, from which his whole camp may be reconnoitred without his having the means of preventing it; and from which he may be annoyed in his operations without the capacity of resistance. I soon entered into convention with Hamet Bashaw, conditioned on his part, that, on his being restored to his dominion, he should place the usurper and family into our hands as hostages of a perpetual peace. And I sketched the project to the department of state, in my report of 5th September following.

The moment of the appearance of a force on the Barbary coast, was peculiarly favourable, both as it affected Tunis and Tripoli. It checked for a moment the arrogance of the former; and it gave a paralytic shock to the latter. The enemy was securely calculating on the booty he expected from American captures—he had no apprehensions of a force so near him; and was consequently unprepared to counteract its operations. His best corsairs, comprising his chief naval force, and the chosen strength of his Turkish soldiery, were either blockaded at Gibraltar, or were at sea, not in a capacity to return immediately to his succour. He had but a

few guns, badly mounted, on his castle batteries; not soldiers to man them; and scarcely a centinel on their ramparts. His interior was agitated by dissensions, and his capital distressed by famine. Of this last circumstance, however, I was not informed till after the departure of the Commodore for his station. It had been carefully concealed from me until the alarmed commerce of Tunis betrayed it in a demand of the Bey for my passports of safe conduct to his merchantmen bound to that port with provisions. At once to seize the advantages which the occasion offered, and to silence the Bey's demand for passports, which, if granted, would, according to Barbary's exclusive privileges, have covered the property at all events, I announced Tripoli in a state of blockade, and dispatched an express vessel to the commodore with the information. He confirmed the blockade, pledged himself for its support. Nine days afterwards he appeared in the road of Tunis, on his way to Gibraltar, having quitted the enemy's coast by reason of sickness in his ship. He left with me, however, a letter of instructions to keep up the idea of a blockade. On the eleventh, having sprung a mast, he appeared again in the bay with a signal to speak the consul—I went on board. He then stated to me that he, in fact, had no orders which would authorize him to act offensively—nor yet to hold a prisoner he might take—that he had consequently released the crew of the corsair captured by Lt. Sterrett, as well as sundry considerable merchants of Tripoli, who had fallen into his hands coming from Smyrna, on the Bashaw's promise to give up seven Americans in exchange, when taken. That he expected fresh instructions at Gibraltar; believing that the information of the war had seasonably reached the United States; when he should return to Tripoli—he enjoined on me, at the same time, to keep up the colour of a blockade—I never saw the commodore afterwards; though I kept the enemy three months in a state of blockade when we had not a ship of war within three hundred leagues of his port; his chief commerce and whole supplies of provisions depending on Tunis, and my passports being still withheld.

The statement General Eaton here makes of the force and situation of Tripoli, I believe to be perfectly correct—for it was not much better defended at the time we were captured. The General further adds—

Being myself in a very imperfect state of health, from the convalescence of a fever which had reduced me very low the preceding summer, my physician advised me to take a sea voyage. Accordingly I embarked in the United States transport, the *George Washington*, and proceeded to Leghorn.—The Bey of Tunis, immediately after my departure, demanded passports of my chargé des affaires—who wrote me and received my answer.

On my arrival at Leghorn, the President's answer to the Bey's demand for forty 24 pound battery guns, came to hand, unsealed. It conveyed, in pretty explicit language, a resolution *no longer to owe to humiliating concessions our right to navigate the seas freely.*

This Mr. Cathcart and myself construed as assurance of the approbation of government to our measures; and as an encouragement to perseverance.

Being informed from Tunis that overtures of reconciliation had been made by the ruling Bashaw of Tripoli to his exiled brother, it was resolved that I should return immediately to Tunis, in order to defeat his designs.

We now viewed the project with Hamet Bashaw more essential to the object of effecting a peace than ever before. It was thought a very unfortunate circumstance that a construction of the constitution should have prohibited Commodore Dale from receiving discretionary orders on leaving the U. States for the expedition: the consequence certainly was, that the fair prospects which presented themselves on his first arrival on the enemy's coast failed in execution—and that the expedition of 1801 effected nothing essential to the issue of the war. The measure of setting the Tripol-

itan prisoners at liberty, which was calculated by benevolent experiment to move the gratitude of the Barbarian, operated, in effect, a quite different sentiment on his mind; for he attributed to fear those acts of generosity which a civilized enemy would have acknowledged proofs of magnanimity. His corsairs escaped the vigilance of our ships and got safe home. About one hundred Swedish captives were employed making gun-carriages on the castles, and in repairing their platforms and parapets. He had found means to procure supplies of ammunition and a competence of provision—and was now in a pretty good situation of defence. If he succeeded in getting possession of his rival brother, it would relieve him from apprehensions of an internal revolt, and would tend to render the terms of peace with the United States much more exorbitant; or the war, on his part, more active and pernicious to our commerce.—There being no direct passage to Tunis to be procured, it was thought advisable, both on account of dispatch and safety, to embark in my own armed ship *Gloria*—which I accordingly did, on the 28th February, and arrived March 12th. She was a new, well built Danish ship, of about 300 tons, captured by the Bey of Tunis, and finally abandoned by the Danish negociator, which I had purchased; but for which I was refused a Mediterranean passport on a construction of our law—in consequence of which I had mounted upon her deck fourteen 12 and 6 pounders, and on her forecastle and quarter six smaller guns. On my arrival at Tunis I found Hamet Bashaw actually on the point of departing for the kingdom of Tripoli, under the escort of forty armed Turks, sent by the ruling Bashaw for his *protection*! Despairing of the aids he had anticipated from the Americans—and refused further supplies of provisions by the Bey of Tunis, he was compelled to this alternative. I reanimated his hopes and his prospects; but he was watched by his escort, and finally constrained to embark in a Russian ship for his passage. The Bey of Tunis now demanded my passports for him and his retinue, and renewed his demand for passports for his merchant-

men to Tripoli. I refused to grant either one or the other. He became outrageous—threatened the nation with war, and myself with chains. I began to be apprehensive of real danger, and was desirous of communicating this state of things to the commanding officer on the coast. There was no American vessel of war near, and it would be improper and unsafe to confide this information to accidental conveyance.

There were then with me, at the American house, Doctor William Turner, and Mr. Charles Wadsworth, of the navy; and Captains George G. Coffin, and Joseph Bounds, American masters of merchantmen, whom I consulted, and, with their advice, dispatched the *Gloria* to the commanding officer, with a detail of facts; and suggested to him the exertions I thought requisite to prevent the friendly Bashaw falling into the enemy's hands, as well as to seize the Tripolitan soldiers who guarded him; and at the same time I requested he would give the *Gloria* a warrant to act under my orders till the arrival of the commodore.

The *Gloria* fell in with Capt. M'Niel, the only commander on the coast, three days after leaving port, who approved of my measures; sent back the ship with his warrant to act under my orders, offensively against the Tripolitans, until the arrival of the commodore; and went himself in search of the Bashaw.

Mean time I had wrought upon the Bey's minister to countenance and aid my project, in consideration of my promise to give him ten thousand dollars on condition of *his fidelity, and in case of its success*. I thought it good policy to secure the minister; not so much for the service he would render, as to check the mischief which seemed impending. He confessed it was the intention of the enemy Bashaw, by this illusive overture, to get possession of the rival brother, in order to destroy him; and he permitted my dragoman, under an injunction of secrecy, to communicate the design to Hamet Bashaw. This determined him to go to

Malta under a pretext to his people of evading the Swedish and American cruisers. He arrived safely—dismissed his escort, and reported himself to me.

Having now gained what I considered the most important point in our plan, the security of the friendly Bashaw, I immediately dispatched the *Gloria* to convey the intelligence to our commodore and to the government.

The ship arrived seasonably at Gibraltar; but what was my astonishment to learn that, instead of meeting there a squadron, prepared to seize this advantageous position, to find a solitary captain of a frigate, just from his counting-house, ready to stamp defeat and pass censure on a measure, the ground of which he could not have surveyed! Captain Murray discarded this project, and dismissed my ship in a manner most injurious and most disgraceful to me; but proceeded himself to Tunis, where he arrived early in June, and tarried six days with me without intimating any thing of his proceeding at Gibraltar, though he expressed his dissent to the plan concerted with Hamet Bashaw. The *Gloria* arrived a day or two after the *Constellation's* departure. But a general discontentment prevailed among the crew. Two of them had been taken off by Captain Murray at Gibraltar; two or three others deserted after arrival at Tunis; and all were unwilling to go to sea, it being known that sundry cruisers of the enemy were out.

During these transactions, it appears the Sapatapa had betrayed to the ruling Bashaw the plot of his brother with the Swedes and Americans to dethrone him. The Swedish admiral had embraced the project, and entered into some arrangements with Captain M'Niel to give it effect; but waited the arrival of the American squadron—for as an offensive and defensive alliance was understood to exist between the Swedish court and government of the United States, so far as related to Tripoli that admiral had orders

to act with the advice and concurrence of the American Commodore.

The alarm excited in the apprehensions of the usurper by these manœuvres induced him to come forward with propositions of peace; first through the mediation of Tunis, then of Algiers; and to call to the defence of his city as many of his Moorish and Arabic subjects as were still in submission.

On the 17th July, 1802, the brig *Franklin*, Capt. A. Morris, of Philadelphia, was sent into Bizerte,¹ a port in the kingdom of Tunis, sixty miles from the capital, by sea—and the next day vessel and cargo were put up at public auction in Tunis.

On the 11th, I wrote the advice, which Captain Murray answered, August eighteen. In consequence of which I took the depositions. The day after its date I received the advice from Captain Murray. Notwithstanding the engagements he had entered into with Hamet Bashaw, as appears by his letter of 18th August, he abandoned the enemy's coast the 28th of the same month—and from that day, till some time in April or May of the year 1803, no American ship nor vessel of war appeared in sight of Tripoli.

The capture of the *Franklin*, and the safe arrival to Tripoli of the captives, in sight of the *Constellation*, gave the court of Tunis a contemptible opinion of the vigilance and enterprize of our frigates. The deserters from the *Gloria* at Tunis had promulgated the transactions which took place at Gibraltar, respecting this ship, in such a manner that they became known to the Sapatapa. It was a matter of exultation at that piratical court, that the "*American Consul was abandoned by his countrymen.*" And the occasion was seized to "*humble his pride!*"

The ship intended for a cruiser, and part cargo commissioned for by the Sapatapa as part payment for his cargo of oil, had arrived

¹ The present Bizerta.

the 13th January, 1802; but were rejected by the minister because I would not furnish passports to his coasters for Tripoli; and by the event of peace they sunk more than cent. per cent. in value. My project with Hamet Bashaw was considered as blown out. The expense of the *Gloria* had continued from the 1st March without produce; and I saw no immediate prospect of relief from this expense; for I could obtain no information from the commodore—though I knew he had arrived at Gibraltar 25th May—and thought he must have been informed of the arrangements made to terminate the war—as the dispatches, conveying the intelligence, arrived at Gibraltar a little before him, and were copied in the consular office there—and as he lay seventy-seven days in that port between the 24th May and 19th August, he must have had ample time to read them.

It was at this juncture of affairs, that the Sapatapa required immediate settlement.

Besides bringing forward the privateer ship and merchandize above mentioned for the minister, I had made him very considerable remittances in cash on the score of the *Anna Maria's* cargo, and other matters. On presenting my accounts, he struck out the sum before stated, as conditionally engaged for his *secret service*.—Against this I remonstrated; alleging that he had forfeited right to the gratuity on account of having shifted his ground, offered himself as the mediator of peace in behalf of the enemy, and, as I had good reasons to believe, had betrayed to him the whole affair. At any rate the condition was in no sense fulfilled; and of course no obligation on my part towards him. He affected not to understand any thing about this subject; but insisted on the deduction as an *error*! We had frequently before compared accounts, and agreed.—The case went before the Bey. I demanded that the Sapatapa should produce his books in evidence—he said he kept none—he *was not a trader*—but he swore by the head of his master that his statement was honest—his master, of course

gave judgment against me—there is no appeal from that decision. Nor could I obtain forbearance. The minister, when retired from the hall of justice, said, with a sarcastic cant, “*we know how to keep Consuls to their promises!*”

It was in this dilemma that I found myself compelled to apply to the commercial agent of the Bey for a loan of 34,000 dollars, on a credit of six months, 2,000 dollars of which were discounted by him for use.

Mr. Cathcart having been made acquainted with the conduct of Capt. Murray, wrote, on the 25th August, a letter to the Department of State. This document will do something to establish what I am desirous of shewing, that our project with Hamet Bashaw was the result of deliberation—and that I acted in concurrence with an agent who held the highest confidence of government.

Thus stood affairs with me until the 8th September, when the Bey of Tunis, as if sedulously calculating to harrass my feelings, conceived the project of sending the *Gloria* to America, with a letter to the President of the U. States, demanding a frigate of thirty-six guns—the letter was accompanied to me with his passport to the ship as a protection against Tripolitans,¹ and his peremptory order to dispatch her without delay. I availed myself of this protection, at the risque of the Bey’s resentment, to send the ship to Leghorn, and ordered the crew discharged—the discussion of the Bey’s renewed demand for a frigate, with his minister, and his letter to the President may, at least, add one more proof of the arrogance and exorbitance of his disposition towards the United States as communicated.

Though our ships of war had now all left the coast, I still kept up a correspondence with Hamet Bashaw; till at length he pro-

¹ Those Beys reciprocally respect each other’s passports, even on an enemy’s ship—and as they always give a passport for a year to prize vessels when sold, it very much helps the sale of their prizes.

ceeded to Derne, and was affectionately received by his subjects; who renewed their allegiance to him. He now sent two agents to me; one of his generals and his secretary, to bring this intelligence; who arrived about the 1st December. The Bashaw was soon after joined by a nephew, who had been banished to Cairo, at the head of a multitude of mountain Arabs, so that he found himself with a force sufficient to act against the usurper, and only waited the arrival of our squadron to block him by sea when he should move and invest him by land. His agents had been with me about sixty days, *incog.* when Commodore Morris appeared, for the first time, February 22d, 1803, in the road of the Goletta, for the purpose of contesting the Bey's claim to property belonging to his subjects, taken upon the Imperial Polacca, the *Paulina*. The Commodore went on shore under the pledge of the Bey's honour that he should be treated with the same distinctions as officers of the same rank of other friendly powers. After some discussions, he satisfied the Bey's claim, as was supposed; and entered into some engagements with the agents of Hamet Bashaw, for which he held the express sanction of the government. These agents renewed to the United States, in the name of their Sovereign, the condition to deliver the usurper, his family and admiral into our hands as hostages of peace; and, they assured us that it only required a force to prevent their escape by sea, to ensure the success of the project; for the subjects of Tripoli were very universally attached to the legitimate Bashaw, and incensed against the usurper for his barbarities. They said the object could be carried without the squadron's firing a gun! The Commodore promised to be before Tripoli in June following, for this purpose. The agents urged more expedition, and wept to urge in vain!

While with me, I had exhibited to the Commodore a view of my affairs; mentioned to him what I supposed would be the balance, which was 22,000 dollars, due on my note to the Bey's agent,

and the cause in which it originated—read to him my letter of 9th November, 1802, to the Department of State, wherein it was stated that I should have need of twenty-three thousand dollars for defraying expenses incident to my measures with Hamet Bashaw. He expressed his entire satisfaction with my transactions, and his opinion that government would indemnify me, especially for the amount which the Bey's minister had fraudulently extorted from me, as he had repeatedly heard the commercial agent confess was the case. He was requested, on going to pay his visit of *congé* to the Bey, to say something to the minister (to whom it appeared the cash was going) to engage his forbearance until I could receive relief from America. This he said he would do. And every thing seemed to have resumed a tranquil appearance at Tunis. But the next morning the Bey's agent came forward with additional claims on the score of the prize; some trifling articles of no great value. A contest of words, contradictions and reproaches ensued on the subject. The parties became incensed against each other. The Commodore left the American house; and, instead of going to take leave of the Bey, as is always customary, and for which carriages were waiting, shaped his course for the marine to embark. It was at this moment of irritation and distrust, that the agent followed after; refused him a passage in his sandals to the Goletta, and demanded payment of the balance of my note.

The next day, at the palace, I remonstrated with the Bey against this violation of faith and outrage offered to the dignity of my nation, mingling on the occasion something of those feelings which a sense of the personal indignities I had suffered at his court could not but excite in my own breast, with such plainness as to produce my expulsion from his kingdom. This may, indeed, have been a premeditated matter; for I am conscious that I had rendered myself politically obnoxious both to his and to the resentment of his minister, by having uniformly resisted their exorbitant

exactions. During more than four years agency at the court, I never yielded a concession incompatible with the dignity and interest of my country. This was to them an unprecedented ground to be assumed by a tributary Consul! If, in any instance, I may have made a sacrifice, it has been to parry a certain danger; and chiefly occasioned by the delays of the United States in forwarding their peace stipulations; or to some incident in which I had no volition.—Even the Bey himself, notwithstanding his decision in favour of his minister against me, in the case before stated, bore testimony in presence of every American present, to the zeal and integrity of my conduct as an agent, and even expressed his personal respect for me as an honest man; but alleged that my *head was too obstinate*; and said he *must have a consul with a disposition more congenial to the Barbary interests!*

Though I felt no regret in leaving the country, the manner in which I was hurried out of it left many of my individual concerns unsettled, vastly to my injury. The prohibitions to which I had been previously subjected by the government, in consequence of my adherence to positions relative to the commerce of this regency with the enemy, which duty compelled me to hold, had operated also greatly to my disadvantage; for which there is no remedy.

Having gone through this statement of events, which produced the items of my claim now before this honourable House, and brought into view the most considerable transactions of my agency, both as they relate to my exertions to keep the peace at Tunis and to assist the operations of the war against Tripoli, I beg it may be considered, that so far as respects the latter I have been but the chief acting agent of a measure which was recommended and urged by not only Mr. Cathcart, an agent of the government, best acquainted with the probabilities of its success, but by every other agent and citizen of the United States with whom I could consult, and who were entitled to my confidence—a measure ultimately adopted by every commanding officer who has appeared on that sta-

tion since it took shape, and approved by the Executive. That I have taken no steps in the measure but what resulted from the position on which I was placed, and the nature of my duty; and but what met the concurrence of Mr. Cathcart and such other officers of the government as were on the ground: that so far as my agency had any influence on the measure it succeeded: and that if we have not experienced all the benefits calculated to result from its full effect, it ought to be attributed to the *inertia* of a commander, or commanders, over whose conduct I had no controul: that it was not apprehended any expences to the United States would accrue from the measure; but on the contrary, that such expences as should be incident to its prosecution would be defrayed out of its success; and that it would be a public saving both of life and property; as would eventually have been the case, if it had been prosecuted with suitable energy.

It may not be improper to recite, that my ship *Gloria* was to be employed *on this emergency* only till *the arrival of a commodore on the coast*. But it was impossible to imagine his arrival would be delayed eleven months after the plan was mature for execution—or that, on his arrival and finding it in that stage, he should make no effort to give it effect. He was entreated to send only one of his ships with the agents, to the friendly Bashaw, in order to encourage his perseverance until he could bring the whole squadron to co-operate with him.—This he refused, on a pretext that the ships were on short rations, and must all accompany him to Gibraltar to provision.

This may have been the case, but it is nevertheless true that the whole squadron lay nine days after arriving at that port, without taking in even a biscuit or a bucket of water: the commodore was occupied with *His Royal Highness*, the Duke of Kent, soliciting a court of admiralty to adjudicate upon David Valenzin, the Jew, whom he picked out of an Imperial vessel, near Malta. It is true that the first appearance of this commodore before Tripoli, was

not till the 22d of May, 1803. It is true, that during this term of a year, from his first arrival on the station, he never burnt an ounce of powder, except at a royal salute fired at Gibraltar, in celebration of the birth day of *His Britannic Majesty*, or on similar occasions. And it is equally true, that during the period of seventeen months he commanded the whole force of the U. States in the Mediterranean, he was only nineteen days before the enemy's port!

I certainly feel no inclination to act the informer: nor would I state these facts were it not that those delinquencies have most deeply affected me, rifled me of my honour and, for aught I know reduced me to extreme poverty. Whereas had I been supported with that energy, nay, with that integrity, which was due to the confidence of the government in the Commander in Chief of the expedition, I should have saved both my honour and my property. I should at least have saved myself the mortification of this appeal to the equity and sensibility of the national legislature. And it is confidently believed my country would have experienced lasting benefits from my exertions.

It is presumed the project with Hamet Bashaw is still feasible. The very circumstance of his *existence* is evidence of his holding a position formidable to the enemy; for it is well known a Turkish despot never lets a rival exist whom he can destroy. And, I must be permitted still to adhere to the opinion, which has actuated my conduct in this affair, that it is the most eligible way of securing a permanent peace with that regency; for there is *no faith in treaties with the ruling Bashaw!*

Besides the impression to be made on the world by this species of chastisement, it would have a beneficial influence on the other Barbary regencies. To them the precedent would be dreadful; for it would be no very difficult matter, in case of war, to start a rival in either of those regencies, the government of Algiers being military elective, and the Beylique of Tunis, though hereditary,

now held by usurpation. This may account, perhaps, for the Sapatapa having, after deliberation, seceded from his engagements with me in favour of re-establishing the legitimate Bashaw of Tripoli.

But whether the project be yet practicable or not, it is believed sufficient evidence has been produced to convince the understanding of every one who is willing to be convinced, that the object which that enterprize aimed to secure was worth an experiment. With the discretionary instructions I held, I should have thought myself chargeable with a criminal omission, had I not used every effort to secure it: for if a prominent occasion offers which might place the life and dominion of the enemy into our hands, would it not have been treacherous to have neglected it?

It may be asserted without vanity or exaggeration, that my arrangements with the rival Bashaw did more to harass the enemy in 1802, than the entire operations of our squadron. Yet the force sent into the Mediterranean that season, was adequate to all the purposes of the war, and, with the favourable positions which had been secured, might have put an end to it in sixty days after arriving at the port, had the arrival been seasonable. This is not my solitary opinion. The Bey of Tunis himself, when hearing of the plan concerted between the Americans and the rival Bashaw, exclaimed—"Said Joseph is ruined!" meaning the ruling Bashaw of Tripoli. But it is now pretended the enterprize was abandoned on the score of *economy*! Oliver Cromwell *sounded the Lord* whenever he had occasion to veil his sinister views from *men*! *Economy* seems to be the mask of the day with us to disguise the most palpable and inexcusable neglects of duty; for it is hackneyed by every hypocrite whose baseness wants a shield for delinquency, or whose jealousy seeks to blast the merit of that vigilance and energy which cannot but upbraid his remissness. Hence the very commander who recoils at the prodigality of seeing a single ship employed in the prosecution of a measure which might have de-

cided the fate of the enemy, and at a moment when no alternative existed, seems wholly unconcerned at having employed the whole operative naval force of the United States an entire year, in the Mediterranean, attending the *travels of a woman!*

Let it not be inferred from these strictures, that your petitioner is an infidel to the doctrine of economy! On the contrary—*he believes*—but not in a mis-application of the term, nor a perversion of the principle. Without the arrogance of believing himself capable of advising—may he not be permitted to ask—if this kind of concern for the public weal should have influence to circumscribe the provisions which the necessary operations of the present moment require on the Barbary coast, will it not betray us into degradations and sacrifices which will be felt by the latest generations of posterity? Can there be a doubt that the regencies are all covertly leagued in the war? Is not the question at issue between them and us, whether we will yield ourselves *tributary*, and subscribe to conditional *articles of slavery*; or take an attitude more analogous to our national glory and interest? Is there a citizen in America who would not rather contribute something extraordinary for an effectual resistance to the pretensions of these Beys, than by an illusive calculation of gaining by withholding those contributions, take the yoke of a Barbary pirate, subscribe to voluntary chains, and leave the blush of ages embalmed on our tombs!

Let my fellow-citizens be persuaded that there is no bourn¹ to the avarice of the Barbary princes—like the insatiate grave, they can never have enough. Consign them the revenue of the United States as the price of peace, they would still tax our labours for more *veritable expressions of our friendship*.—But it is a humiliating consideration to the industrious citizen, the sweat of whose brow supports him with bread, that a tythe from his hard earnings must go to purchase oil of roses to perfume a pirate's beard!

¹ Bounds, limit.

It would be indeed something astonishing that those pitiful hordes of sea-robbers should have acquired such an ascendancy over the small and even considerable states of Christendom, were it not easily accounted for upon commercial principles. It is true, that Denmark and Sweden (and even the United States, following the example) gratuitously furnish almost all their materials for ship-building and munitions of war; besides the valuable jewels and large sums of money we are continually paying into their hands for their forbearance, and for the occasional ransom of captives. Holland and Spain bring them cash, naval constructors, engineers and workmen in their dock-yards. Without these resources they would soon sink under their own ignorance and want of means to become mischievous. Why this humiliation! Why furnish them the means to cut our own throats! It is from a degrading counting-house policy in the cabinets of the more powerful nations of Europe, to keep these marauders in existence as a check upon the commercial enterprize of their weak neighbours—and from a principle of commercial rivalry among the tributaries, which aims to supplant each other in the friendship of these chiefs by the preponderance of bribes: a principle, however, which ultimately defeats its own object—for the Beys, like apostate lawyers, take fees on both sides, and by a rule of inversion, turn their arguments against the client who has the heaviest purse.

But what good reason is there why the United States should follow in the train of those tributaries? We have not chosen to accept the right of free navigation, nor any other of the appendages of liberty as the grant of an European power—and shall we humiliate ourselves to accept them as the fief of a Barbary pirate, because the circumscribed powers of Denmark and Sweden, economical Holland and dormant Spain, afford us precedents? Or because it would be convenient to England and France? I don't know what need we have of Europe any more than that quarter has of us. It is an acknowledged fact, that during the late war

there was a period when the produce of the United States supported the existence of England. If we find her interfering in our foreign relations to the annoyance of our commerce, can we not retaliate the injury by starving her in her own Island? France is perhaps more invulnerable; but France has vulnerable points. She may recollect that Achilles perished of a wound in his heel.—As for the other nations of Europe, have we not as little to fear as to hope from them? Why not then once more leave the beaten tract of European policy and bad example, and once more demonstrate to the world that we have the means and the enterprize to defend and protect our national rights!

Is the inveteracy of habits an argument against this experiment? What hinders the government of the United States from saying to those piratical descendants from the Isle of Lesbos, as the Romans to a Grecian pirate of antiquity, "Tuta! we can, by our arms, force you to reform the abuses of your bad government?" The enterprize and intrepidity of a Rogers, a Preble, and a Sterrett have proved to us that those Mussulmen are no more impregnable to a manly front than other savages.

In addition to the ordinary inducements of the Barbary states to commit piracies on our commerce, there is another incentive equally powerful, which may have escaped the notice of the people of the United States, and yet which affects only us. We are the rivals of Algiers and Tunis in one principal article of commerce in the Mediterranean; which is bread corn. Immense quantities of that essential life article are annually shipped from both those regencies to the ports of Spain and Italy; and occasionally to other ports of Christendom in that sea. This article of commerce at Algiers, as well as all others, is farmed by the Jew house of Bocri and Busnah; who are well known to have a preponderating influence in all the affairs of that government.

At Tunis, the government itself monopolises the entire commerce of the kingdom. In both regencies that rivalry cannot

but excite a spirit of hostility to our commerce; more particularly so as this is the chief article of exportation in both countries; from which the governments receive their principal revenue, and an article which always commands ready sale and cash payment, or advantageous barter.

In case of a rupture with either or both those regencies, a plentiful supply of this article to those ports in the Mediterranean, and a close blockade of the enemy's ports, might bring them to their senses. It would be, next to an invasion of their country, the most wounding blow which could be inflicted.—It would convince them that they have as much need of our friendship as we have of theirs. Are not such the principles of reciprocity we should wish to establish?

ON the 15th April, in this year, the Bashaw of Tunis wrote to the President of the United States, for forty pieces of cannon, 24 pounders, &c.

As has been observed, the expedition of Commodore Dale was attended with little or no success. He left the station, and was succeeded by Commodore Morris, in the spring of 1802. The reprehensible conduct of this dilatory commodore, is sufficiently exposed in the preceding remarks of Gen. Eaton. It was in April or May when he arrived on the station, and we hear nothing of his making his appearance on the Barbary coast until the February following. These circumstances of his delinquency, and his treatment of Valenzin, the Jew, ought to stamp his character with eternal infamy!

On the 15th of June, the brig *Franklin*, Captain Morris, from Philadelphia, was captured by a Tripolitan corsair, adjacent to Carthage; and another American brig, which was in company, got off. On the 26th she was carried into Algiers—of the crew there were eight—they were all loaded with chains.

Extract of a letter from Andrew Morris, Captain of the brig Franklin, to James Leander Cathcart, Esq. Consul of the United States, &c. &c. dated

TRIPOLI, July 22, 1802.

I TAKE this early opportunity to inform you of my capture. I sailed with the brig *Franklin*, belonging to Messrs. Summerl & Brown, of Philadelphia, from Marseilles, with an assorted cargo for the West-Indies, on the 8th ultimo; and on the night of the 17th following, then off Cape Palos, was boarded by one of three Tripoline corsairs, mounting four carriage and four swivel guns, that sailed from this place on or about the 20th May. I shall pass over the occurrences of that night, as you are well acquainted with the conduct of these barbarians towards the unfortunate that fall into their hands. They proceeded with the prize to Algiers, where we arrived the 26th, and, as I conjecture by the representations of Mr. O'Brien, they were obliged to make a hasty retreat on the 27th following; but not without giving me an additional load of chains. What with calms and contrary winds, we did not reach Biserta, in the neighbourhood of Tunis, until the 7th inst. where, after a tarry of five days, we departed, leaving the brig there in charge of their agent, and arrived here on the 19th inst. Through the interference of Mr. Nissen, his Danish majesty's consul here, I have the liberty of the town, and by a lucky event, a Mr. Bn. M'Donough has claimed my two officers and one seaman, and has obtained their release as British subjects: two more, that were foreigners, which I reported as passengers, have likewise been liberated; so that they have only myself and three seamen captives. You will readily agree with me, that this will lessen the value of the capture to the Bey.

The three galliotts are now all in port; they are to sail immediately; it is said Murad Raiz, alias Lisle, is to go in one of them, or in a small Italian Polacre, of 12 guns.

THIS year was distinguished by no other events than what have been mentioned; and it would puzzle the most scrutinizing enquirer to find out what our mighty commodore and his squadron were doing through the whole season: for, as Gen. Eaton says, during the term of a year from his first arrival on the station, he never burnt an ounce of powder, except at a royal salute, fired at Gibraltar, in celebration of the birthday of his Britannic majesty; and that during the period of 17 months, he commanded the whole force of the United States in the Mediterranean, he was only *nineteen days* before the enemy's port!

On the 22d May, 1803, Commodore Morris, for the first time, made his appearance off Tripoli! And what did he achieve? Nothing: after tarrying 19 days, he returned to his usual employment, and was succeeded in his command by Commodore Preble. During, or in the course of this summer, Captain Rodgers destroyed a Tripolitan corvette, and took a number of prisoners. It was on the 5th of October, when Commodore Preble arrived at Tangier Bay, and I should have mentioned that Capt. Rodgers had the command of the squadron from the time Commodore Morris left it, until Preble arrived. His operations off Tripoli, the fate of the *Philadelphia*, &c. have all been related, and need not a recapitulation.

CHAPTER XV
SKETCH OF GENERAL EATON'S EXPEDITION

LINES ADDRESSED TO GEN. EATON,

*On reading the Congressional debate respecting his Golden Medal. Written on
board the U. States frigate Essex.*

AND was it, then, a subject of debate,
With those wise *Solons*, in the house of state,
Whether should *Derne's* conq'rer stand or fall,
Or matchless bravery meet reward at all?
Whether should EATON, *unexampled* brave,
Who fought to rescue, and who bled to save
Three hundred captive souls from chains and death,
Whose lives hung, trembling, on a murd'rer's breath,
Whether his name descend to future days,
On the bright *Medal* of a nation's praise?
Or, should his trophies be by all forgot,
Mix with the rubbish of the times, and rot?

"Small was his force, half naked were his foes,
"And, tho' so num'rous, easy to oppose."
Thus argu'd *Randolph*; *Clay* the same avows,
And fain would pluck the laurel from his brows—
The sword of vict'ry from his hand would wrest,
And tear the badge of valor from his breast;
But thank them not, though justice still is found,
And grateful honours wreath his temples round.

And was it nought those burning sands t' explore,
Where feet of Christians never trod before?
Where freedom's banners ne'er had been unfurl'd,
Since the bold Romans flourish'd o'er the world?
'Midst fierce Barbarians, whom no laws can bind,
Wild as the waves, and treach'rous as the wind,
To rear that standard and so long defend,
With less than *twelve* on whom he might depend?

To storm a citadel of tenfold might,
 And hold that fortress till the flag of white
 Woo'd him to yield it, on the terms of peace—
 Who gave his captive countrymen release?
 For EATON's boldness first appall'd the foe,
 Who, forc'd like Pharaoh, let the people go.

When the blest shade of WASHINGTON, above,
 Saw the bold chief thro' Lybian deserts move,
 The sword of vengeance waving in the sky,
 Resolv'd to free his brethren, or to die,
 Those patriot 'lev'n, attending on his way,
 His visage beam'd a more celestial ray;
 To WARREN and MONTGOM'RY shew'd the sight,
 Then sunk in glory, and absorb'd in light.

Oh! did he live! did *Vernon's* boast again
 Shine in our fields, or in our councils reign,
 His voice from EATON never would withhold,
 Altho' with pearls enrich'd, the burnish'd gold;
 But by his hand would ardently be prest,
 The conscious symbol to his dauntless breast.

Then let mean envy *Randolph's* spite betray,
 And dart thine arrows, impious hand of *Clay*!
 The hand of heav'n—for heav'n rewards the brave,
 Will bless thee, EATON, e'en beyond the grave.
 While gratitude shall warm Columbia's breast,
 Thy name shall live, thy merits stand confest;
 Thy deeds shall brighten on th' historic page
 Year after year, and age succeeding age—
 Wreaths of thy fame, transferr'd by bards sublime,
 Shall bloom forever mid the wrecks of time.

SOME circumstances relative to the origin of this expedition have been already mentioned. The disinterested patriotism, the enterprize, the activity and the intrepidity of this second Leonidas, cannot be too highly appreciated, or too much extolled. Had he not been basely deserted by Com. Barron, who had promised to aid his exertions, he would unavoidably have marched triumphantly to Tripoli, and saved the United States 60,000 dollars, besides a large amount of national honour.—The

following letter will exhibit a brief statement of the Generals co-operations with the Ex-Bashaw, and of his conquest of Derne.

I LEFT the United States in the squadron, in pursuance of this project, July 4, 1804. On the 15th November following sailed from Syracuse for Alexandria, Egypt—arrived 28th, proceeded to Grand Cairo; with much difficulty drew Hamet Bashaw from the Mameluke army. In February formed a camp on the left of Alexandria, consisting of twelve different nations, chiefly Arabs. On the 6th March, entered the desert of Lybia, (modern Barca) were fifty days passing to the rear of Derne; during which time we suffered every privation—were twenty-five days without meat, and fifteen without bread, subsisting on half a pint of rice per man. Three days we were without any thing; supporting existence by roots dug in the sand, and by a species of wild fennel and sorrel, which we sometimes found in the ravines. On the 26th April, I summoned the garrison of Derne to surrender; the governor, a Turkish general, laconically answered—"My head, or yours!" On the 27th, I carried the city by assault; early in the charge, in which we turned the flank of and routed eight hundred Turks with only seventy Christians, I received a ball through my left wrist. At 4 P. M. we were in complete possession of the city; and at 5, my wound was dressed by a surgeon from the brig *Argus*. On the 13th May, the enemy's army, which had long been preparing for the expedition, attacked us in quarters, and were defeated with great loss and shame, being driven quite to their fortified camp. These events undoubtedly produced the solicitude in Joseph Bashaw for peace with the United States. Though a negociation was opened about the middle of May, no armistice was provided for us on the coast; consequently we continued our hostilities till the 10th of June, every day skirmishing, when the enemy were totally defeated before the walls of Derne; and the next day took flight to the desert, for Upper Egypt. We now received intelligence of peace and ransom, and consequently abandoned the

coast, and the unfortunate too credulous friends we had created there. Our object was to have overthrown the usurper at Tripoli, forced a peace with the regency, and to have marched our fellow-citizens in slavery triumphantly from their cells to our fleet. We should have succeeded if we had been fairly seconded. The number of Americans, through the desert and in the assault of the 27th April, was only *eleven*. I had one company of Greeks, recruited in Alexandria; and one company of French artillery, found in the same place. Lieutenant O'Bannon, of the marine corps, and Lieutenant Mann, of the navy, who accompanied me, merit honourable mention.

The vessels employed before Derne were the brig *Argus*, Captain Hull; the schooner *Nautilus*, Captain Dent; and the sloop *Hornet*, Lieutenant Evans—all of whom behaved with distinguished courage and good conduct. Lieutenant Evans, laid his sloop, of six brass sixes only, within pistol shot of a water battery, of nine long nine pounders, and silenced it with grape in three-quarters of an hour. During the conflict, a shot from the enemy's battery carried away his ensign halliards. Lieutenant Blodget seized the flag, went up the shrouds, and, amidst an incessant shower of musketry, nailed it to the mast head, without receiving any injury; though, in the transaction, a musket ball lodged in his watch while in his fob—which miracle saved his life.

Those of us who did duty on shore, and had passed the desert, were ninety-five days and nights without undressing, except to change linen.

I am, Sir, very truly,
Your friend and well wisher,

Washington, February 22, 1807.

WILLIAM EATON.

GEN. EATON had entered into stipulations with the Ex-Bashaw to restore him to his throne and his family; and Com. Barron, after

having favoured his views and applauded his conduct—after having pledged his faith both to Eaton and the Ex-Bashaw to give them all the aid which they required, at the moment when they put their designs in execution—at the moment when success attended their first efforts, and their yet immature project, a dishonourable peace is concluded, under the auspices of Barron, who pronounces it a “moment highly favourable to treat of peace,” when he had not been in sight of Tripoli for eight months—some of his frigates had not ever been nearer it than Malta; seldom, if ever, more than two of them cruising off the port, and generally not but one; his squadron had never been displayed to the enemy’s view, nor a shot exchanged with the batteries of Tripoli since Com. Preble left the coast, except *en passant*; and what is a truth, equally demonstrable, no visible preparations were making at headquarters for the investment of the ensuing summer, which could give the enemy any uneasiness.

A concise statement of these facts may be seen in the report of the committee of Congress to whom was referred the petition of Hamet Caramauli, Ex-Bashaw of Tripoli.

*Report of the committee to whom was referred the application of
HAMET CARAMAULI, Ex-Bashaw of Tripoli.*

THE Ex-Bashaw founds his claim on the justice of the U. States, from his services and sufferings in their cause, and from his having been deceived and amused with the prospect of being placed on his throne, as legitimate sovereign of Tripoli, and frequently drawn from eligible situations for the purpose of being made the dupe and instrument of policy, and finally sacrificed to misfortune and wretchedness. The committee, from a full investigation of the documents which have been laid before Congress, with other evidence that has come within their knowledge, are enabled to lay before the Senate a brief statement of facts in relation to the Ex-Bashaw, and the result of their deliberations thereon.

This unfortunate prince, by the treason and perfidy of his brother, the reigning Bashaw, was driven from his throne, an exile to the regency of Tunis; where the agents of the United States in the Mediterranean found him; and as early as August, eighteen hundred and one, entered into a convention to co-operate with him, the object of which was to obtain a permanent peace with Tripoli, to place the Ex-Bashaw on his throne, and procure indemnification for all expences in accomplishing the same. This agreement was renewed in November following, with encouragement that the United States would persevere until they had effected the object; and in eighteen hundred and two, when the reigning Bashaw had made overtures to the Ex-Bashaw, to settle on him the two provinces of Derne and Bengazi, and when the Ex-Bashaw was on the point of leaving Tunis, under an escort furnished him by the reigning Bashaw the agents of the United States prevailed on him to abandon the offer, with assurance that the United States would effectually co-operate and place him on the throne of Tripoli.

The same engagements were renewed in eighteen hundred and three, and the plan of co-operation so arranged that the Ex-Bashaw, by his own exertions and force, took possession of the province of Derne; but the American squadron, at that time under the command of Commodore Morris, instead of improving that favourable moment, to co-operate with the Ex-Bashaw, and to put an end to the war, unfortunately abandoned the Barbary coast, and left the Ex-Bashaw to contend solely with all the force of the reigning Bashaw, and who in consequence was obliged, in the fore part of the year eighteen hundred and four, to give up his conquest of Derne and fly from the fury of the usurper into Egypt. These transactions were from time to time not only communicated by our agents to government, but were laid before Congress in February, eighteen hundred and four, in the documents accompanying the report of the committee of claims on the petition of Mr. Eaton,

late consul at Tunis, which committee expressed their decided approbation of his official conduct, and to which report the committee beg leave to refer.

In full possession of the knowledge of these facts, the government of the United States, in June, eighteen hundred and four, dispatched Commodore Barron with a squadron into the Mediterranean, and in his instructions submitted to his entire discretion the subject of availing himself of the co-operation of the Ex-Bashaw, and referring him to Mr. Eaton, as an agent sent out by government for that purpose.

After Commodore Barron had arrived on the station in September, eighteen hundred and four, he dispatched Mr. Eaton and Capt. Hull into Egypt to find the Ex-Bashaw, with instructions to assure him that the commodore would take the most effectual measures with the forces under his command, to co-operate with him against the usurper, his brother, and to establish him in the regency of Tripoli. After encountering many difficulties and dangers, the Ex-Bashaw was found in Upper Egypt with the Mamelukes, and commanding the Arabs; the same assurances were again made to him, and a convention was reduced to writing, the stipulations of which had the same objects in view; the United States to obtain a permanent peace and their prisoners; the Ex-Bashaw to obtain his throne. Under these impressions, and with the fullest confidence in the assurances he had received from agents of the United States, and even from Commodore Barron himself, by one of his (the Bashaw's) secretaries, whom he had sent to wait on the Commodore for that purpose, he gave up his prospects in Egypt—abandoned his property in that country, constituted Mr. Eaton General and commander in chief of his forces; and with such an army as he was able to raise and support, marched through the Lybian desert, suffering every hardship incident to such a perilous undertaking; and with his army, commanded by Gen. Eaton, aided by O'Bannon and Mann, three American officers, who shared with

him the dangers and hardships of the campaign, and whose names their country will forever record with honour, attacked the city of Derne in the regency of Tripoli, on the twenty-seventh day of April, one thousand eight hundred and five, and after a well fought battle took the same; and for the first time, planted the American colours on the ramparts of a Tripolitan fort. And in several battles afterwards, one of which he fought without the aid of the Americans, (they having been restrained by orders, not warranted by any policy, issued as appears by Mr. Lear, the American consul) defeated the army of the usurper with great slaughter, maintained his conquest, and without the hazard of a repulse would have marched to the throne of Tripoli, had he been supported by the co-operation of the American squadron, which in honour and good faith he had a right to expect. The committee would here explicitly declare, that in their opinion no blame ought to attach to Commodore Barron; a wasting sickness, and consequent mental as well as bodily debility, had rendered him totally unable to exercise the duties of commanding the squadron, previous to this momentous crisis, and from which he has never recovered; and to this cause alone may be attributed the final failure of the plan of co-operation, which appears to have been wisely concerted by the government, and hitherto bravely executed by its officers.

But, however unpleasant the task, the committee are compelled by the obligations of truth and duty, to state further, that Mr. Lear, to whom was entrusted the power of negotiating the peace, appears to have gained a complete ascendancy over the Commodore, thus debilitated by sickness; or rather having assumed the command in the name of the Commodore,¹ to have dictated every measure to have paralyzed every military operation by sea and land; and

¹ *Extract of a letter from Capt. Dent.*—"It was generally believed by the officers in the Mediterranean, that Mr. Lear had a great ascendancy over the commodore in all his measures relative to the squadron, and from frequent observations of Mr. Lear's intimacy with the commodore during his debilitated state, I am of the same opinion."

finally, without displaying the fleet or squadron before Tripoli, without consulting even the safety of the Ex-Bashaw or his army, against the opinion of all the officers of the fleet, so far as the committee have been able to obtain the same, and of Commodore Rodgers (as appears from Mr. Lear's letter¹ to the secretary of state, dated Syracuse harbour, July 5th, 1805,) to have entered into a convention with the reigning Bashaw, by which, contrary to his instructions, he stipulated to pay him sixty thousand dollars, to abandon the Ex-Bashaw, and to withdraw all aid and assistance from his army. And although a stipulation was made that the wife and children of the Ex-Bashaw should be delivered to him on his withdrawing from the territories of Tripoli, yet that stipulation has not been carried into execution, and it is highly probable was never intended to be. The committee forbear to make any comment on the impropriety of the order issued to Gen. Eaton to evacuate Derne, five days previous to Mr. Lear's sailing from Malta, for Tripoli, to enter on his negociation; nor will the committee condescend to enter into a consideration of pretended reasons, assigned by Mr. Lear, to palliate his management of the affairs of the negotiation; such as *the danger of the American prisoners in Tripoli, the unfitness of the ships for service, and the want of means to prosecute the war*; they appear to the committee to

¹ "I must here pay a tribute of justice to Commodore Rodgers, whose conduct during the negotiation on board was mixed with that manly firmness, and evident wish to continue the war, if it could be done with propriety, while he displayed the magnanimity of an American, in declaring that we fought not for conquest, but to maintain our just rights and national dignity, as fully convinced the negotiators, that we did not ask but grant peace.

"You will pardon me if I here introduce a circumstance evincive of the spirit of our countrymen. At breakfast this morning, Commodore Rodgers observed, that if the Bashaw would consent to deliver up our countrymen without making peace, he would engage to give him two hundred thousand instead of sixty thousand dollars, and raise the difference between the two sums from the officers of the navy, who he was perfectly assured, would contribute to it with the highest satisfaction."

have no foundation in fact, and are used rather as a veil to cover an inglorious deed, than solid reasons to justify the negociator's conduct. The committee are free to say, that in their opinion it was in the power of the United States, with the force then employed, and at a small portion of the sixty thousand dollars thus improperly expended, to have placed Hamet Caramauli, the rightful sovereign of Tripoli, on his throne; to have obtained their prisoners in perfect safety,¹ without the payment of a cent, with assurance, and probable certainty, of eventual remuneration for all expence; and to have established a peace with the Barbary powers that would have been secure and permanent, and which would have dignified the name and character of the American people.

Whatever Hamet, the Ex-Bashaw, may have said in his letter of June 29th, 1805, to palliate the conduct which first abandoned and then ruined him, the Senate cannot fail to discern that he was then at Syracuse, in a country of strangers to his merits, and hostile to his nation and religion, and where every circumstance conspired to depress him; which, together with the fear of starving, left him scarcely a moral agent.

Upon these facts, and to carry into effect the principles of duty arising out of them, the only remuneration now left in the power of the United States to make, the committee herewith present a bill for the consideration of the Senate. The committee are confident that the legislature of a free and Christian country, can never leave it in the power of a Mahometan to say *that they violate their faith, or withhold the operations of justice from one who has fallen a victim to his unbounded confidence in their integrity and honour.*

¹ *Extract from a letter of Commodore Rodgers.*—"I never thought the prisoners were in danger."

Extract from a letter of Lieutenant Wormely, then a prisoner in Tripoli.—"I do not believe that there was any danger to be apprehended for our lives, even if Gen. Eaton and Hamet Bashaw had marched under the walls of Tripoli."

THUS betrayed and abandoned by the idle squadron, which had nothing else to do but yield him the promised assistance, the brave General Eaton was obliged to fly from Derne, and the Ex-Bashaw and his army to escape for their lives. But the universal plaudits bestowed on the General on his arrival in America, and the approbation of government, are sufficient testimonials of the high sense of merit which the Americans entertain of his services, and must be a great alleviation of the mortifying chagrin which he felt at being so ungenerously deserted in the very extremity of a perilous enterprize. Notwithstanding General Eaton was the chief cause of what they call bringing the Bashaw to *terms*, yet he was never consulted in the negotiations of peace; but when the names of Barron, of Morris, and of Lear are lost in oblivion, that of Eaton will shine still more conspicuous on the catalogue of American heroes.

TREATY

Of peace and amity between the United States of America, and the Bashaw, Bey and subjects of Tripoli in Barbary.

ARTICLE 1. There shall be, from the conclusion of this treaty, a firm, inviolable and universal peace and a sincere friendship between the President and citizens of the United States of America, on the one part, and the Bashaw, Bey and subjects of the regency of Tripoli in Barbary, on the other, made by the free consent of both parties, and on the terms of the most favoured nation. And if either party shall hereafter grant to any other nation any particular favour or privilege, in navigation or commerce, it shall immediately become common for the other party, freely, where it is freely granted to such other nation; but where the grant is conditional, it shall be at the option of the contracting parties to accept, alter or reject such conditions in such manner as shall be most conducive to their respective interests.

Art. 2. The Bashaw of Tripoli shall deliver up to the American squadron now off Tripoli, all the Americans in his possession; and all the subjects of the Bashaw of Tripoli, now in the power of the United States of America, shall be delivered up to him; and as the number of Americans in possession of the Bashaw of Tripoli, amount to three hundred persons, more or less, and the number of Tripoline subjects in the power of the Americans, to about one hundred, more or less, the Bashaw of Tripoli shall receive from the United States of America, the sum of sixty thousand dollars, as a payment for the difference between the prisoners herein mentioned.

Art. 3. All the forces of the United States, which have been, or may be in hostility against the Bashaw of Tripoli, in the province of Derne, or elsewhere within the dominions of the said Bashaw, shall be withdrawn therefrom, and no supplies shall be given by, or in behalf of the said United States, during the continuance of this peace, to any of the subjects of the said Bashaw, who may be in hostility against him, in any part of his dominions; and the Americans will use all means in their power to persuade the brother of the said Bashaw, who co-operated with them at Derne, &c. to withdraw from the territory of the said Bashaw of Tripoli; but will not use any force or improper means to effect that object; and in case he should withdraw himself as aforesaid, the Bashaw engages to deliver up to him his wife and children now in his power.

Art. 4. If any goods belonging to any nation with which either of the parties are at war, should be loaded on board vessels belonging to the other party, they shall pass free and unmolested, and no attempts shall be made to take or detain them.

Art. 5. If any citizens or subjects, with their effects, belonging to either party, shall be found on board a prize vessel taken from an enemy by the other party, such citizens or subjects shall be

liberated immediately, and their effects so captured shall be restored to their lawful owners or their agents.

Art. 6. Proper passports shall immediately be given to the vessels of both the contracting parties on condition that the vessels of war belonging to the regency of Tripoli, on meeting with merchant vessels belonging to citizens of the United States of America, shall not be permitted to visit them with more than two persons at a time, besides the rowers; these two only shall be permitted to go on board, without first obtaining leave from the commander of said vessel, who shall compare the passport and immediately permit said vessel to proceed on her voyage; and should any of the said subjects of Tripoli insult or molest the commander or any other person on board a vessel so visited, or plunder any of the property contained in her, on complaint being made by the consul of the United States of America resident at Tripoli, and on his producing sufficient proof to substantiate the fact, the commander or rais of said Tripoline ship or vessel of war, as well as the offenders, shall be punished in the most exemplary manner. All vessels of war belonging to the United States of America on meeting with a cruiser belonging to the regency of Tripoli, on having seen her passport and certificate from the consul of the United States of America residing in the regency, shall permit her to proceed on her cruise unmolested and without detention. No passport shall be granted by either party to any vessels, but such as are absolutely the property of citizens or subjects of said contracting parties, on any pretence whatever.

Art. 7. A citizen or subject of either of the contracting parties, having bought a prize vessel, condemned by the other party or by any other nation, the certificate of condemnation and bill of sale shall be a sufficient passport for such vessel for two years, which, considering the distance between the two countries, is no more than a reasonable time for her to procure proper passports.

Art. 8. Vessels of either party putting into the ports of the other, and having need of provisions or other supplies, they shall be furnished at the market price; and if any such vessel should so put in, from a disaster at sea, and have occasion to repair, she shall be at liberty to land and re-embark her cargo without paying any duties; but in no case shall be compelled to land her cargo.

Art. 9. Should a vessel of either party be cast on the shore of the other, all proper assistance shall be given to her and her crew. No pillage shall be allowed, the property shall remain at the disposition of the owners, and the crew protected and succoured till they can be sent to their country.

Art. 10. If a vessel of either party shall be attacked by an enemy within gun shot of the forts of the other, she shall be defended as much as possible. If she be in port, she shall not be seized or attacked when it is in the power of the other party to protect her; and when she proceeds to sea, no enemy shall be allowed to pursue her from the same port, within twenty-four hours after her departure.

Art. 11. The commerce between the United States of America and the regency of Tripoli; the protection to be given to merchants, masters of vessels and seamen; the reciprocal right of establishing consuls in each country, and the privileges, immunities and jurisdictions, to be enjoyed by such consuls, are declared to be on the same footing with the most favoured nations respectively.

Art. 12. The consul of the United States of America shall not be answerable for debts contracted by citizens of his own nation, unless he previously gives a written obligation so to do.

Art. 13. On a vessel of war, belonging to the United States of America, anchoring before the city of Tripoli, the consul is to inform the Bashaw of her arrival, and she shall be saluted with

twenty-one guns, which she is to return in the same quantity or number.

Art. 14. As the government of the United States of America has, in itself, no character of enmity against the laws, religion or tranquility of Mussulmen, and as the said states never have entered into any voluntary war or act of hostility against any Mahometan nation, except in the defence of their just rights to freely navigate the high seas, it is declared by the contracting parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two nations. And the consuls and agents of both nations respectively, shall have the liberty to exercise his religion in his own house. All slaves of the same religion shall not be impeded in going to said consul's house, at hours of prayer. The consuls shall have liberty and personal security given them, to travel within the territories of each other, both by land and sea, and shall not be prevented from going on board any vessel that they may think proper to visit. They shall have likewise the liberty to appoint their own dragoman and brokers.

Art. 15. In case of any dispute arising from the violation of any of the articles of this treaty, no appeal shall be made to arms; nor shall war be declared on any pretext whatever; but if the consul residing at the place where the dispute shall happen, shall not be able to settle the same, the government of that country shall state their grievances in writing, and transmit it to the government of the other; and the period of the twelve calendar months shall be allowed for answers to be returned, during which time no act of hostility shall be permitted by either party; and in case the grievances are not redressed, and a war should be the event, the consuls and citizens, or subjects of both parties reciprocally, shall be permitted to embark with their effects unmolested, on board of what vessel or vessels they shall think proper.

Art. 16. If in the fluctuation of human events, a war should break out between the two nations, the prisoners captured by either party shall not be made slaves, but shall be exchanged rank for rank. And if there should be a deficiency on either side, it shall be made up by the payment of five hundred Spanish dollars for each captain, three hundred dollars for each mate and supercargo, and one hundred Spanish dollars for each seaman so wanting. And it is agreed that prisoners shall be exchanged in twelve months from the time of their capture; and that the exchange may be effected by any private individual legally authorised by either of the parties.

Art. 17. If any of the Barbary states, or other powers, at war with the United States of America, shall capture any American vessel, and send her into any of the ports of the regency of Tripoli, they shall not be permitted to sell her, but shall be obliged to depart the port on procuring the requisite supplies of provisions; and no duty shall be exacted on the sale of prizes captured by the vessels sailing under the flag of the United States of America, when brought into any port of the regency of Tripoli.

Art. 18. If any of the citizens of the United States, or any persons under their protection, shall have any disputes with each other, the consul shall decide between the parties, and whenever the consul shall require any aid or assistance from the government of Tripoli to enforce his decisions, it shall immediately be granted to him; and if any dispute shall arise between any citizen of the United States and the citizens or subjects of any other nation having a consul or agent in Tripoli, such disputes shall be settled by the consuls or agents of the respective nations.

Art. 19. If a citizen of the United States should kill or wound a Tripoline or, on the contrary, if a Tripoline shall kill or wound a citizen of the United States, the law of the country shall take place, and equal justice shall be rendered, the consul assisting at

the trial. And if any delinquent shall make his escape, the consul shall not be answerable for him in any manner whatever.

Art. 20. Should any of the citizens of the United States of America die within the limits of the regency of Tripoli, the Bashaw and his subjects shall not interfere with the property of the deceased, but it shall be under the immediate directions of the consul, unless otherwise disposed of by will. Should there be no consul, the effects shall be deposited in the hands of some person worthy of trust, until the party shall appear who has a right to demand them, when they shall render an account of the property. Neither shall the Bashaw or his subjects give hindrance in the execution of any will that may appear.

[*Signed with the names of both the contracting parties.*]

LIST OF THE NAVAL FORCE

Which might have been employed before Tripoli, by the middle of July, actually at rendezvous at Syracuse, the fourth and eleventh.—

Frigates—

1. President,	44 guns.
2. Constitution,	44
3. Congress,	36
4. Constellation,	36
5. Essex,	32
6. John Adams,	32

Brigs.—

1. Argus,	18
2. Syren,	18
3. Vixen,	14
4. Franklin,	8

Schooners.—

1. Enterprise,	14
2. Nautilus,	14

Sloop.—

1. Hornet,	8
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Carrying in all 318 guns & mortars

Gun-Boats from the United States.—

No. 1 not sail'd.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

7 not arrived.

Nos. 8, 9.

Gun-boats from Tripoli—two.

Gun-boats from the Adriatic—six.

Total number of guns, including 33 belonging to the gun-boats, 351.

Commodore Preble attacked Tripoli successfully with less than one third this force; and with no collateral circumstances in his favour.

This force, in coöperation with Eaton and the Ex-Bashaw, would undoubtedly have coerced the tyrant of Tripoli in a very short time.

The size of this volume will not admit of my mentioning much more of the public transactions of the United States with Tripoli; but as the case of David Valenzin, the Jew, has been hinted at, I shall here insert the report of the committee of claims, to whom was referred the petition of the said David Valenzin; by which it will be seen, that it was the evident intention of Commodore Morris, and some other gentlemen of the navy, to have defrauded

him of his cash, as they had of his liberty—that he was suffered to languish in painful suspense for a long time, destitute of food and clothing, when in fact, he had two thousand sixty-four dollars and eleven cents in the bank of discount and deposit, in the place where he was; and that this cruel treatment was the cause of his death.

REPORT

Of the Committee of Claims, to whom was referred the petition of David Valenzin.

UNDER the peculiar circumstances of this case, your committee feel it a duty they owe to the House and to themselves, not only to present the facts which have governed their opinion, but also to state minutely the whole progress of the enquiry.

The petition was referred to the committee on the 10th day of November, 1804. It was accompanied by no evidence whatever. Neither the petitioner, nor any person in his behalf, appeared to exhibit proof in support of the claim, or to point out the source from which it might be obtained. It was not even known to any member of the committee by whom the petition was presented. On the 15th November, the committee thought proper to transmit the petition to the Secretary of the Navy, with a request that he would furnish whatever evidence might exist in his department, respecting the transactions complained of by the petitioner. The answer of the Secretary was necessarily delayed until Commodore Morris, who was then in the *Potomac*, and hourly expected, should arrive in this city. On the 30th November, the committee received from the Secretary the documents which accompanied their former report. The only information derived from these documents, which could reflect any light upon the subject, was a declaration subscribed by Commodore Morris, in which it was stated that on the 17th January, 1803, Lieut. Sterrett, by his order, captured and brought in for trial the Imperial polacca *Paulina*, Lucca Radish,

master, bound from Malta to Tripoli, having on board Tripoline subjects, among whom was David Valenzin, the petitioner, who appeared principal in the charter-party and claimant of the greater part of the cargo; that the commodore attempted to procure an adjudication of the prize at Malta, but was refused by the governor of that island; that he then proceeded to Gibraltar, in the hope of trying the validity of the capture at that place, but the Duke of Kent, then governor of Gibraltar, declined taking cognizance of the affair; that he was compelled in consequence to send the papers with the Tripolitan to America; that David Valenzin was, at the time of the capture, a subject of the Bey of Tripoli, the papers which had been secreted by him, clearly proving him to be such; and that he was declared to be so both by Mr. Cathcart and his own servant.

From this representation alone the committee did not feel themselves justified in recommending any relief for the petitioner; at the same time apprehensive that other facts might exist material in the case, they delayed their report until the 12th December, when, no further evidence appearing, the report, with the papers received from the navy department, was presented to the House. Upon the suggestion of a member in his place, that the petitioner had expressed to him a desire to be heard before the committee, and that evidence would be adduced to establish the claim, the report and petition were ordered to be recommitted. The committee convened the next morning, and the petitioner appeared, attended by a stranger, who being acquainted with the petitioner's language, had kindly offered to assist him as an interpreter. The petitioner then declared himself a Jew, born at Venice; that his mother dying when he was sixteen years old, his father removed to Tripoli, where he established himself as a merchant; that his brother and himself arriving to years of maturity, left their father and commenced business at Rosetta, in Egypt, from whence, for many years past, they had carried on a circuitous traffic with Tripoli, through

Smyrna and Malta; that in one of these voyages he was captured by the American squadron, divested of all his property and papers, and sent a prisoner to this country, where he had long expected a trial; that he had been offered his liberty by the Secretary of the Navy, and a passage to the Mediterranean in a public vessel, which he had declined until the legality of his capture should be determined; that he knew not what disposition had been made of his effects, nor in what way to obtain his papers.

After hearing the petitioner, the committee the same morning addressed a letter to the Secretary of the navy, requesting further information in the case, if in his power to furnish it; particularly, what disposition had been made of the polacca? For what purpose Valenzin had been brought a prisoner to the United States? And in whose possession were his papers, if any were found upon him at the time of his capture? The answer, which is said to furnish the only official information, relative to the case, existing in that department, contained a letter from Daniel C. Heath, prize-master on board the polacca. This letter, the writer of which, it is understood, immediately left the city on a furlough, barely states that the prize, by order of Commodore Morris, had been delivered up to Lucca Radish, her commander; that he knew not why Valenzin was brought hither as a prisoner; and that his papers were committed to the care of Lieut. Sterrett. As no notice was taken in this letter of the petitioner's property, the committee were left to conclude that it had passed with the polacca into the hands of her captain, nor were they undeceived in this respect until some time afterwards. They also remained ignorant in whose hands the papers were deposited until the morning of the 27th December, when, by accident, they learned that the marshal of the district of Maryland had them in his custody. The committee made no delay in communicating this fact to the House. A resolution was instantly adopted, empowering the committee to send for such persons and papers as might be necessary to the investigation of the

claim.—They availed themselves of this authority by issuing their warrant and dispatching a messenger to Baltimore the next day. He returned on the 30th with all the papers and documents said to have been found on board the polacca at the time she was captured. These were numerous, written partly in Arabic, partly in a corrupt dialect of the Italian, spoken on the coast of Barbary, and wholly unintelligible to every member of the committee. By the aid, however, of two gentlemen in the House acquainted with the Italian language, they were enabled to make some progress in translating a few of what appeared the most important documents. Whilst the committee were thus employed, Commodore Morris, who had taken his departure shortly after his communication already mentioned, returned to this city and at the request of the committee immediately appeared before them. He repeated the statement he had before given, and seemed confident that the petitioner was a Tripolitan, rightfully captured, and his property lawful prize; that he had two complete sets of papers, the one clearly shewing him to be a subject of Tripoli the other, of a more recent date, fraudulently calculated to prove him a subject of the Emperor of Germany; the latter being readily produced by him at the time of his capture, whilst the former were found concealed in the bottom of a cask. He added, that as the polacca was not in a condition to cross the Atlantic, he had ordered her to be delivered to Lucca Radish, the master; and *as the property taken from the petitioner was of a perishable nature, he had directed it to be sold at Malta, for the benefit of the captors.* The committee being thus, for the first time, informed of the sale of the petitioner's property, were particular in their enquiries as to its amount, and the manner and proceeds of the sale. To these inquiries the commodore made no other answer than by referring the committee to Mr. Heath, the prize-master who, he made no doubt would furnish all the necessary information on the subject. Mr. Heath, it appeared, had left Washington the 20th December, the day on which his letter to the Secretary of the Navy was delivered to the

committee, nor could it be ascertained by the most diligent enquiries, in what direction he had gone. This circumstance, added to the extreme difficulty of decyphering the petitioner's papers; the doubtful evidence which resulted even from such as could be translated, and the reserve manifested by those who possessed originally the means of information, served to produce a delay which the committee deeply regretted, but which by their utmost efforts they could not avoid. Being informed that William Eaton, Esq. late consul at Tunis, was daily expected in Washington; that he had seen the petitioner in the Mediterranean and was well acquainted with his language, the committee indulged a hope that from him, at least, some useful information might at length be derived.

Meanwhile it was perceived that the petitioner's apparel was not such as to render him comfortable during the inclemency of the season; believing the government bound to provide him with necessary food and clothing until the proper measures were taken for his liberation, the committee on the 5th January, addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, in which they freely communicated to him the embarrassments they experienced in the investigation—the further delay which must inevitably attend it—the destitute condition of the petitioner—and requesting to be informed whether, as the head of a department, he did not consider it compatible with his duty to make some temporary provision for the petitioner's relief. To this letter an answer was received the 17th of the same month. On that day Mr. Eaton, who had just arrived, attended the committee. He assisted them in further translating the Italian, but was unable to interpret the Arabic originals, the import of which is still undiscovered. From an attentive examination of the papers, one circumstance appeared strongly marked. In such as bore date prior to the commencement of hostilities between the United States and Tripoli, wherever the petitioner's name occurred, he was uniformly denominated *a subject of Tripoli*. In those dated subsequent to

that event he was as uniformly styled an *Austrian* or *Imperial subject*. The former are those which were said to be secreted at the time of his capture. Amongst the latter is a passport, purporting to be signed by the Imperial Consul at Rosetta. The unfavourable presumption which naturally arose from conduct so equivocal, was in some measure removed by the remarks of Mr. Eaton; who declared it as his opinion that *Jews* (and the petitioner was evidently of the number) throughout the coasts of the Mediterranean, were not considered as the proper subjects of any nation: particularly that none of the Barbary powers would in any case recognise them as such—unless for some special or mercenary purpose; and finally, that the petitioner appeared to him one of those *sea-pedlars*, (such was his expression) who are frequently found in that part of the world, but whose residence is never known.

At this stage of the enquiry your committee did not deem it so essential to decide the propriety of the original capture, as to discover whether the captors had conformed to the requirements of law in relation to the prisoner or the prize.—No certain evidence had yet been obtained of the amount and value of the property taken—nor indeed of its actual sale.

Accidentally hearing, on the 17th January, that the account of sales had been returned to the navy department, and the proceeds deposited in the bank, the committee immediately wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, desiring information on these points. His answer, of the next day, did not communicate the information desired, inasmuch as no returns, it seemed, had been made to that department. The secretary, however, mentions that he had heard, informally, a sum of money had been deposited in the bank by the prize-master, which was said to have proceeded from the sale of Valenzin's property.

The presence of Mr. Heath now appeared to your committee indispensable. A suggestion that he might be at Havre-de-Grace or at Dover, had induced them to write him as early as the 11th

January, directed to both those places, but without success. On the 19th the committee made out their warrant and sent a messenger in pursuit of him. On the morning of the next day it is understood, the unfortunate petitioner, in a moment of insanity, put a period to his own existence!

Notwithstanding this melancholy catastrophe, your committee have thought it their duty to complete, as far as might be in their power, the enquiry they had thus far pursued; and as the messenger returned with Mr. Heath on Sunday last, they have since proceeded to take his examination, which is subjoined, and which appears to be a free disclosure of all the circumstances attending his management of the prize. He testifies, after explaining the time and manner of the capture, that David Valenzin, and several other prisoners, were put on board the *Enterprise*, and sent to Tunis; from which place he received the order of Commodore Morris, to deliver to the Bey of Tunis, or his order, the greater part of the cargo.—The residue being the property of David Valenzin, and but a small proportion of it in a perishing condition, was sold by order of the commodore, and the sales completed by the 8th June, 1803. The gross amount of sales was \$2,665 70—the nett proceeds, after deducting charges and expences, were \$2,144 11. This sum, after deducting five doubloons paid to Commodore Morris, leaving a balance of 2,064 dollars 11 cts. was by him deposited, with the approbation of the Secretary of the Navy, in the bank of discount and deposit in this city, on the 17th December, 1803. On which day also he left his papers relative to the disposal of the cargo with Mr. Goldsborough, clerk in the navy department.

From the whole evidence, thus collected, your committee are clearly of opinion, that in whatever light the original capture is to be viewed, the disposition of the prize was irregular and illegal. If it was the intention of the captors to consummate their right to the property captured, it was obviously their duty to transmit the

same, accompanied by the necessary papers, without delay, to the United States, for adjudication. Even admitting the propriety of selling such of the prize goods as were in a perishing condition, still the residue, with the proceeds of such as were necessarily sold, might and ought to have been thus transmitted at the time the prisoner was sent to the United States. By the sale of the property under the attending circumstances, it is worthy of consideration, whether a serious if not an insurmountable obstacle may not have been created to a trial of the validity of the capture in a court of maritime jurisdiction. To subject the claimant or claimants to the inconvenience and expence of seeking redress from the ordinary courts of law in a case so situated, can be neither right nor reasonable. Justice therefore, evidently requires that provision be made by the legislature for their indemnification.

Your committee are also of opinion that until David Valenzin was duly liberated from his imprisonment, an obligation rested upon the government of the United States to provide for his decent support; and that of course the individuals who have generously contributed to his necessities, and who have defrayed the expence of his interment, ought to be remunerated. With these impressions, your committee respectfully offer to the House the following resolutions, viz.

Resolved, That provision ought to be made by law for restoring to the legal representatives of David Valenzin the value of the property captured from him in the Mediterranean, by the American squadron, in the month of January, 1803.

Resolved, That provision ought to be made by law for indemnifying the individuals who during the imprisonment of the said David Valenzin, contributed to his support—and who have defrayed the expences of his interment.

CHAPTER XVI

RETURN HOME

I HAVE before mentioned, that on the 5th of June, 1805, I entered on board the United States frigate *Essex*, of which Capt. Cox was then commander. The next morning we sailed for Syracuse, and arrived there a few days after.—There were a great number sick on board the ship, and two of the *Philadelphia's* crew, James Ingalsen and John Garrabrant, soon after died. This place was the *rendezvous* of our squadron. There we lay till about the middle of July. While here I went ashore, and meeting a Mr. Irving, we proposed visiting the cave of Dionysius. We hired a boy to conduct us thither for a quarter of a dollar; it is about two miles from town. We passed through several very pleasant gardens, groves of orange trees, and beautiful vineyards. When we came to the entrance of the cave he struck fire and lighted a torch. We entered it by a gradual descent. It is hewn out of a solid rock. I do not exactly know the dimensions of it; but should suppose it to be about 100 feet in length, 40 in breadth and 30 in height. At the top it is quite narrow, and at the farthest end of it is a winding communication to the palace of the tyrant, where he used to sit and sate his infernal ears with the groans of his subjects. This communication, from its ingenious construction, is called Dionysius' ear. It is formed in such a winding manner as to convey a low whisper to the apartment above, in distinct accents. Our guide fired off a pistol, which made a report louder than a twenty-four pounder in the open air. Here are to be seen the staples and rings in the sides of the wall, where the wretched victims of a despot's cruelty were often fastened, to groan out their lives in tortures, merely for the amusement of their tormentor.

They were placed in an erect posture against the wall—an iron ring around their necks—their arms extended and pinned to the wall, and their feet chained to the floor. In this situation many a hapless wretch, without the least shadow of a crime, has wasted his life in fruitless lamentations and excruciating agonies. Just released from Turkish slavery, the reflections and sensations which a sight like this inspired are to be conceived, but not described.

Contiguous to the cave is a spacious amphitheatre, cut out of the like stone. It is covered with moss and very much decayed.

On our return we visited the catacombs. Their entrance is through a Church, where we found a grey old Italian, who lighted a torch and conducted us into this subterraneous repository of the dead. It is partitioned into vaults—about twelve feet wide, arched, and between seven and eight feet in height.

From the time I was liberated from Tripoli until my arrival in America, I was considered as and did the duty of captain's clerk. As I contemplate publishing a pamphlet, supplementary to this volume, I must beg to be excused for an abrupt conclusion.

FINIS

P O E T R Y,

PUBLISHED IN

The Albany Register,

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1867.

BY WILLIAM RAY.

INDEPENDENCE

TUNE—"Anacreon in Heaven."

MORE free than the Mohawk that glides thro' our plains,
Republicans! meet round this joyous libation;
From freedom-blest millions resound the bold strains—
From earth-tilling peasants, the lords of our nation,
Loud echoes to fame,
The day shall proclaim,
That gave Independence her blood-written name,
And own'd Nature's equal eternal decree—
Heav'n ne'er form'd you slaves—man was born to live free.

While JEFFERSON o'er us sublimely sits head,
No treason the league-union'd states can dissever;
Of freedom the guardian—of tyrants the dread,
His name will grow dearer and dearer forever;
When worlds cannot save—
Green garlands shall wave,
And Liberty blossom o'er Jefferson's grave,
To prove nature's equal eternal decree—
Heav'n ne'er form'd us slaves—man was born to live free.

From no haughty lordlings our tenures we hold,
From natives we bought the rich soil we inherit,
Our great and our mighty—the wise and the bold,
The badge of their pow'r is the pledge of their merit;
If, traitors, they yield
The blood-purchas'd field
No wealth shall avail them—no dignity shield;
They curse Nature's equal eternal decree—
Heav'n ne'er form'd us slaves—man was born to live free.

Where late yell'd the savage, and wolves howl'd for prey,
 Gay villages rise and the arts flourish round us;
 And science forth beams like the dawning of day,
 Nor earth holds our commerce, nor ocean can bound us;
 Lo! India's vast shore
 Our seamen explore!
 See Lybia's wild deserts an EATON march o'er!
 To prove Nature's equal eternal decree—
 Heav'n ne'er form'd us slaves—man was born to live free.

Those heav'n-belov'd heroes, who fought, bled and died,
 To give us our wisdom-built free constitution,
 Stars mounting, the ruins of time shall outride—
 Their virtues out-blazon the earth's dissolution!
 Through death's darkest gloom
 Fresh laurels shall bloom,
 And youth spring immortal from Washington's tomb!
 To prove Nature's final eternal decree—
 Heav'n ne'er form'd us slaves—man was born to live free.

Then free as yon Mohawk that glides through the plains,
 Republicans! meet round this joyous libation;
 From freedom-blest millions resound the bold strains—
 From earth-tilling peasants, the lords of our nation,
 Loud echoes to fame,
 The day shall proclaim,
 That gave Independence her blood-written name,
 And own'd Nature's equal eternal decree—
 Heav'n ne'er form'd us slaves—man was born to live free.

Amsterdam, N. Y., July 4, 1807.

WAR;
OR A PROSPECT OF IT,

From recent instances of British outrage.

VOT'RIES of Freedom, arm!
The British Lion roars!
Legions of valor, take th' alarm—
Rush, rush to guard our shores!

Behold the horrid deed—
Your brethren gasping lie!
Beneath a tyrant's hand they bleed—
They groan—they faint—they die.

Vet'rans of seventy-six,
Awake the slumb'ring sword!
Hearts of your murd'rous foes transfix—
'Tis vengeance gives the word.

Remember Lexington,
And Bunker's tragic hill;
The same who spilt your blood thereon,
Your blood again would spill.

Ye who have seen your wives,
Your children, and your sires,
To British ruffians yield their lives,
And roast in savage fires;

Our cities lost in flames—
Your mothers captive led—

Rise and avenge their injur'd names,
Ye kindred of the dead.

But not Revenge alone,
Should urge you to the field!
Let Duty lead you firmly on,
And Justice be your shield.

Sure as we fail to join
And crush our impious foes,
War, fire and sword, and death combine,
And woes succeed to woes.

Behold, with blushes red,
The sea like blood appears;
Our streams are bridg'd with fancied dead,
And brim'd with orphans' tears;

But Union can perform
The wonders of a host—
Avert the danger, quell the storm,
And drive them from our coast.

Unite, and side by side
Meet vict'ry or your graves;
That moment we in War divide,
That moment we are slaves.

July 20, 1807.

CASH

WISE moralists in vain have told
How sordid is the love of gold,
Which they call filthy trash;
Thou stranger of these eyes of mine,
Ten thousand virtues still are thine,
Thou all-sufficient CASH!

Though thy intrinsic worth be small,
Yet, money, thou art all in all—
Though transient as a flash,
In passing just from hand to hand,
The earth is at thy sole command—
It gravitates to CASH.

Possess'd of thee, we may defy
Not death itself—but very nigh,
For when the tyrant's lash
Is felt (and ah! 'twas felt by me)
It *did*—it *will* the vassal free—
Then who despises CASH?

By nature void of ev'ry grace,
If thou hast (reader! view thy face)
But this cosmetic wash;
'Twill whiten and improve the skin,
Thy monkey-nose, thy cheeks, thy chin,
Are beautified by CASH.

And though your mental pow'rs be weak,
(To you who money have I speak)
Ne'er fear to cut a dash;

For men of genius and of sense,
If *poor*, will make a *poor* defence
Against the man of CASH.

Or, should you for the basest crimes,
Become indicted fifty times,
This settles all the hash;
For bills which leave the poor no hope
T' escape the dungeon, or the rope,
Are cancell'd, all, by CASH.

Nay, 'twill be found that money can
The grovelling beast transform to man,
Though diff'rent natures clash;
For 'tis a fact beyond dispute,
The miser's far beneath the brute—
A lump of living CASH.

And yet what crowds around him wait—
Behold him cloth'd in pow'r and state—
The garter, star and sash;
Fools fly before the potent nod
Of him whose flesh, whose soul, whose God,
Whose heav'n itself is CASH.

But, sons of Plutus, lest you go
To those infernal *mines* below,
Where teeth are said to gnash,
Give to the needy—bribe the grave—
O, if you wish your souls to save,
Be gen'rous of your CASH.

TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLES

In the election of Governor Tompkins.—Quidism deprecated.

CALL'D to the governmental chair,
By half a million's voice;
A character so bright, so fair,
Is worthy of the choice.

A name, expiring envy owns,
Has robb'd her of her breath;
And fell detraction vents her groans,
As in the pangs of death.

And malice casts a dying glance,
And bites her serpent-tongue—
For all she ever could advance,
Was—"Tompkins is too young!"

And youth is an atrocious crime,
—Devoid of sense or wit—
So Walpole, on a certain time,
Declar'd to William Pitt.

When William, saucy youth, replied,
Though vast your life appears,
Your crimes, your follies and your pride,
Are equal to your years.

No matter whether *young* or *old*—
Where born, of *whom* or *when*;
For true republicans all hold
To *principles*—not *men*.

And now, while war impending low'rs,
And threatens to descend;
From discord, O ye gracious pow'rs,
Our citizens defend.

From governors, though grey with age,
Who base apostates prove,
And sacrifice to party rage
Their patriotic love:

From senators who strive to bribe
The councils of the state,
And all the treason-fav'ring tribe,
However *would-be* great:

From demagogues of ev'ry name,
Who all their arts employ,
The people's passions to enflame—
The people to destroy.

The monarchist, we often find,
Is loyal to his king;
The hog acts after his own kind,
The scorpion hath his sting:

Some fed'ralists are men of *worth*,
Some virtues have, though hid;
But, of all animals on earth,
O save us from the *Quid!*

TO THE MEMORY OF COMMODORE PREBLE

WHILE War, fierce monster, stain'd with guiltless blood,
Roars, threats, and rages round th' infuriate flood;
While hostile Britons murd'ring fleets employ
T' infest our harbours and our ships destroy—

Impress our tars in their inglorious cause,
In base defiance of all nations' laws;
When each bold vet'ran, in his country's name,
Is call'd to save her freedom and her fame;
When few whose brav'ry and whose nautic skill
Can duly execute her sovereign will;
What sighs of sorrow waft from shore to shore,
With these sad tidings—“*Preble is no more!*”

Erst when mad Tripoli, in prowess vain,
With her rapacious corsairs block'd the main;
Pour'd round our ships in predatory swarms,
With purple banners and audacious arms—
Our neutral cargoes plunder'd on the waves,
And made our free-born citizens her slaves;
When our late frigate groan'd upon the shoals,
So deeply freighted with three hundred souls,
Who sigh'd in durance till yon lamp of night
Full twenty changes had renew'd its light,
'Twas *Preble* first that dauntless squadron led,
Where *Somers* perish'd, and *Decatur* bled;
Where *Wadsworth*, *Israel*, met in death their fate,
With kindred martyrs equally as great;
'Twas *Preble* first those barb'rous pirates show'd—
Justice was all the tribute that we ow'd,
And prov'd that when Columbia vengeance bears,
'Tis nought but *mercy* that the victim spares.

Let British bards, in mercenary lays,
 Chaunt forth elegiac strains to Nelson's praise;
 Though oft victorious, and though madly brave,
 He fought that tyranny might crush the slave;
 He fought that tyrants o'er the world might rule,
 And died a mad-man, as he liv'd a fool.

But *Preble's* cause e'en heav'n itself might own,
 In heav'n 'tis cherish'd, and through earth 'tis known!
 In heav'n 'tis warbled from enraptured choirs,
 It charms their numbers, and it tunes their lyres—
 The cause of FREEDOM—dear to him who knows
 The adverse horrors, and the poignant woes
 Of slav'ry, dungeons, hunger, stripes and chains,
 With dismal prospects of augmented pains!
 To free the captive, noble, gen'rous deed,
 Who would not swear to fight, or sigh to bleed?
 To free the captive, *Preble* wing'd his aid,
 And greater valor never was display'd,
 When round our prison's solitary walls
 Burst the dread meteor-bomb-shells—rain'd the balls!
 Our hearts for liberty or death beat high,
 And who for freedom would not wish to die?
 To him we look'd, on him our hopes relied—
 The friend of seamen, and the seaman's pride;
 To him we look'd, and righteous heav'n implor'd
 To speed the vengeance of his slaught'ring sword;
 Nor is he now, though vain his efforts prov'd,
 The less lamented or the less belov'd;
 But each late captive, year succeeding year,
 Will bless his mem'ry, and his name revere.

Yes, gallant chief! though virtuous, just and brave,
 Thine is the lot of man—the dreary grave!
 With heroes sainted, who have gone before,
 Like them we priz'd thee, and like them deplore!
 And though thine arm, of Barb'ry once the dread,

Lies cold and wither'd 'midst the unconscious dead,
Unfading laurels at thy name shall bloom,
Spring from thy dust, and flourish round thy tomb!

Lamented chief! though death be calmly past,
Our Navy trembled when he breath'd his last!
Our Navy mourns him, but it mourns in vain,
A *Preble* ne'er will live—ne'er die again!
Yet hope desponding, at the thought revives,
A second *Preble*!—a *Decatur* lives!
His worth, *his* merit, *well* are understood,
His hand is skilful and his heart is good;
Bold shall he chase yon demons of the wave,
For all who know him—know him to be brave.

To him Columbia casts her streaming eyes,
Wipes their free torrent, and suspends her sighs.

September 7, 1807.

SPRING

[*Published in the* NORTHERN BUDGET—*Troy, May 3, 1808.*]

HOW pleasing, now, to range the fields,
When nature all her fragrance yields,
And when she deigns to bring,
Of vernal joys, the green-rob'd train,
Who dance, enraptur'd, o'er the plain,
Led by the charmer, SPRING.

The lambs their sprightly gambols play,
The birds awake the matin lay,
And mount upon the wing—
Convene, and, forming dulcet choirs,
Sate their chaste, innocent desires,
And hail the smiling SPRING.

Not the sweet voices of the *Nine*,
Should *Orpheus* and *Apollo* join,
And each attune the string,
Could half the music yield, for me,
As, warbling from yon bush and tree,
The melody of SPRING.

Though, naked and forlorn, the trees
(Like sailors shipwreck'd on the seas)
Late felt the Winter's sting,
'Tis thine to clothe them, and to warm,
To feed them—to repel the storm—
So beautiful is SPRING.

Though modern bards, and those of yore,
Have sung thy praises o'er and o'er,
Again the Muse shall sing
Of all thy virtues, and thy pow'r
To charm the bud into a flow'r,
Thou soul-enliv'ning SPRING.

Confin'd to cities' noisy sports,
Whether in Congress, or in courts,
'Tis but a joyless thing;
Midst the dull round of pleasures stale,
The cit but seldom can inhale
The balmy breath of SPRING.

While tumults craze the heads of state,
The rich, voluptuous and the great,
Or President, or King;
The peasant, in his homely fare,
Devoid of titles, wealth or care,
Tastes all the sweets of SPRING.

But since the fairest flow'r must fade—
Must meet destruction all that's made,
When Death his dart shall fling,
Let us enjoy the passing hour,
Till we arrive where ev'ry flow'r
Blooms in eternal SPRING.

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GATEWAY OF OLD WAR PRISON, DARTMOOR

To accompany Extra Number 15 of the Magazine of History with Notes and Queries.

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THE NARRATIVE OF JONATHAN RATHBUN

**OF THE CAPTURE OF FORT GRISWOLD, THE MASSACRE THAT
FOLLOWED, AND THE BURNING OF NEW LONDON,
CONN., SEPTEMBER 6, 1781.**

**WITH THE NARRATIVES OF RUFUS AVERY
AND STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD,
EYE WITNESSES.**

NEW LONDON, CONN.

1840

**NEW AND REVISED EDITION, INCLUDING THE NARRATIVE
OF THOMAS HERTTELL, 1832.**

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Reproduction of original Title Page as near as possible

NARRATIVE
OF
JONATHAN RATHBUN,
WITH
ACCURATE ACCOUNTS
OF THE
CAPTURE OF GROTON FORT,
THE
MASSACRE THAT FOLLOWED,
AND THE
SACKING AND BURNING OF NEW LONDON,
*September 6, 1781, by the British Forces, under the
command of the*
TRAITOR BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BY RUFUS AVERY
AND
STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD,
Eye witnesses of the same.

TOGETHER WITH AN
INTERESTING APPENDIX.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Personal narratives of private soldiers of our Revolution are invaluable, though as short as they are few in number (not a dozen in all are known to the writer).

This little volume, which bears no place of publication, was probably published at New London. It includes the names of the killed and wounded at the capture of Fort Griswold, and we have added the account of Thomas Herttell, taken from the *New York Sun* of —, 1832 (it has only once appeared in book form, and that many years ago).

As Rathbun has been accused of "doctoring" Avery's narrative, we print the latter's account, after Rathbun's version, taken from what is said to have been the only copy made from the original MS. Yet we find even in this some variations. Rathbun probably thought a more "hifalutin" style would help the sale of his book.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

Whoever reads the Narratives which follow, will feel himself indebted to Mr. Rathbun, the proprietor of the work, for the indefatigable industry, with which, for several years, he has employed himself in collecting the materials. When more than seventy years of age, he found himself in poverty; and as a measure of relief he conceived the plan of this publication, which he has now the happiness of presenting to the patronage of a discerning public. He has often been forced by the necessities which a destitute old age, infirm health and a sick family imposed on him, to solicit the charities of the beneficent for his relief. Now he has the pleasing consciousness of offering to his fellow citizens a work which will no doubt nurture the spirit of patriotism wherever it may be circulated; while the moderate profits which he anticipates will relieve, at least to a good degree, the wants of his old age. He justly feels, in the opinion of the writer of this Preface, that his patrons will find themselves doubly repaid by the value of his book, and at the same time experience the satisfaction of saving one of the last soldiers of the American Revolution from the pain of begging his daily bread. The Narrative of Mr. Rathbun, with which the volume opens, will still further disclose the claims which he has on the patronage of all who value the blessing of a free government.

The Narrative of Mr. Avery has never before been given to the public, and will be found to contain the most interesting incidents of the capture of Groton Fort, expressed in the descriptive and glowing language of an eye witness.

The other articles need only be read to be highly appreciated. They are thought to add much to the value of the work.

The whole presents to the public a connected view of many

minute particulars respecting the events of the fatal 6th of September, 1781, which have never before appeared in print; and though history has recorded the outlines and monuments stand to perpetuate the sanguinary facts, those who read this account will have an impression of that day which none but an actor in the scene can impart.

Fathers, read it to your children, and early impress on their minds a love for Freedom, and teach them to detest a traitor like Arnold, and to scorn the inhuman and dishonorable conduct of the frenzied villain who murdered our brave Ledyard with his own sword after surrendering!

For the perusal of the young, it is especially appropriate, as what they can obtain from history will be explained to their understandings, and when those in the vicinity tread the ground of New London and Groton, they will feel as if a voice echoed from the now peaceful hills, inspiring them with new ardour and zeal for their rights as freemen, and boldness in defending their country from foreign invasion.

NARRATIVE OF JONATHAN RATHBUN

I WAS born in Colchester, Connecticut, in 1765. When sixteen years of age, I joined as a volunteer a company of militia, belonging to my native town, and marched to the relief of New London, intelligence having just reached us of an attack on that place by the British, under the conduct of the traitor Benedict Arnold. We left home to the number of about one hundred men, early in the morning of the 7th of September, 1781, the day after the battle. On our arrival in New London we witnessed a scene of suffering and horror which surpasses description. The enemy were not to be found, but they had left behind them the marks of their barbarism and cruelty. The city was in ashes. More than one hundred and thirty naked chimneys were standing in the midst of the smoking ruins of stores and dwelling houses. Very little property had escaped the conflagration except a part of the shipping, which on the first alarm was sent up the river. But though the city was destroyed it was far from being deserted. Numerous companies of militia from the neighborhood were pouring into the town; and the inhabitants, who had fled from their burning dwellings, were returning to gaze with anguish on the worthless remains of their property. Women were seen walking with consternation and despair depicted in their countenances, leading or carrying in their arms their fatherless and houseless babes, who in a few short hours had been bereaved of all that was dear on earth. Their homes, their provisions, and even their apparel were the spoils of the enemy or lay in ashes at their feet. Some were inquiring with the deepest distress for the mangled bodies of their friends, while others were seen following the carts which bore their murdered fathers, husbands or brothers to the grave. More than forty widows were made on that fatal

day. Never can I forget the tears, the sobs, the shrieks of woe which fell from the kindred of our brave countrymen, who then gave their lives to achieve our national independence. It was my melancholy duty to assist in the burial of the dead, which brought me directly into the midst of these heart-rending scenes where the wife first recognized her husband, the mother her son, the sister her brother, in the body of a mangled soldier so disfigured with wounds and clotted with blood and dust, as to be scarcely known! Often on my visits to New London have I walked near the spot where I helped to inter my slaughtered countrymen; and though many years have since rolled away the recollection is still fresh in my mind, awakening anew the strong feelings of sympathy I then felt, and rousing into activity the love of my country.

I recollect several interesting facts, connected with the capture of Fort Griswold and the burning of New London, which, I believe, are not mentioned in the narratives of Messrs. Avery and Hempstead.

After the capture of the fort and the massacre which followed, the enemy laid a line of powder from the magazine of the fort to the sea, intending to blow up the fort, and complete the destruction of the wounded within and around it. Stillman Hotman, who lay not far distant, wounded by three strokes of the bayonet in his body, proposed to a wounded man near him to crawl to this line and saturate the powder with their blood, and thus save the magazine and fort, and perhaps the lives of some of their comrades, not mortally wounded. He alone succeeded in reaching the line, where he was found dead lying on the powder which was completely wet with his blood. I do not find his name among the killed in the list of Mr. Avery.

Another fact of a different character was currently reported at the time and deserves to be recorded to the deeper disgrace of the infamous Arnold. He had a sister living in New London, with

whom he dined on the day of the battle, and whose house was set fire to, as is supposed, by his orders, immediately afterwards. Perhaps he found her too much of a patriot for his taste and took this step in revenge.

The next year, 1782, I was led by the spirit which the scenes I had witnessed in New London had fanned into a flame, to leave my father's house and the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, and to enlist as a private in the Connecticut State troops. Never shall I forget the impressive circumstances under which I took the soldier's oath. With five others of my townsmen, who enlisted with me, I was marched into the meeting house on the first Monday in April, it being freeman's day, and there in the presence of a large concourse of people, we swore to discharge our duty faithfully. We were ordered to Fort Stanwich, in Stamford, Connecticut, where I remained during all but the last month of my term of service. Here I was subjected to the usual hardships of a military life. Many a time have I been out for several days on scouting parties, sometimes to the distance of twenty-five miles. These were not only attended with fatigue, cold and hunger, but with no little peril of life. On one occasion a rifle ball passed through my hat and cut away the hair of my head, but a kind Providence protected me.

A party of fourteen men, under Lewis Smith, were surprised by a body of mounted troops to the number of sixty, by whom they were ordered to surrender. Lewis Smith perceiving the hopelessness of resistance against such an overwhelming force, inquired of the British officer in command, whether if they should surrender, they would be treated as prisoners of war. The answer was, yes; but no sooner had they lowered their muskets, than the enemy shot them down.

As a specimen of the hardships to which the private soldier in time of war is constantly liable, I may mention the following.

One evening the orderly sergeants passed around among the men and with a whisper commanded us to equip ourselves without noise; and then we were marched out of the fort to a woods two miles distant, and ordered to lie down on the frozen ground, where we passed a bitter cold night with only a single blanket and our overcoats to protect us. We afterwards learned that this step was taken to avoid the enemy, who it was reported were that night to attack the fort with an overwhelming force. From such exposures and hardships as these my constitution received a shock, from which I have never recovered. The sickness of my father was considered a sufficient reason for giving me a discharge; and after eleven months' service I left Stamford for Colchester. On reaching home I was immediately taken sick, and for six months was unable to do any business. From that time mingled mercies and misfortunes have attended me. The infirmities thus contracted in the service of my country disabled me from arduous manual labor, and much of my life has therefore been spent in trade and other light employments. My heaviest misfortune, however, has been the sickness of my excellent wife, who for forty years has been confined to her bed, and for whose medication and comfort, with the other expenses of my family, the earnings of my industry have proved insufficient, especially since the infirmities of old age have come upon me. But of none of these things do I complain. They are wisely appointed, and have been greatly alleviated by the kindness of a generous community. I mention them for the sole object of interesting my countrymen in my present effort to supply my wants through this little book.

JONATHAN RATHBUN.

NARRATIVE OF RUFUS AVERY

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TRANSACTIONS AT NEW LONDON
AND GROTON, ON THE 6TH SEPTEMBER, 1781, IN HIS OWN WORDS

I HAD charge of the garrison the night previous to the attack. The enemy had not yet appeared near us, nor did we expect them at this time more than ever; but it is true "we know not what shall be on the morrow." About three o'clock in the morning, as soon as daylight appeared, so as I could look off, I saw the fleet in the harbor, a little distance below the light-house; it consisted of thirty-two in number, ships, brigs, schooners and sloops. It may well be imagined that a shock of consternation, and a thrill of dread apprehension flashed over me. I immediately sent for Captain William Latham, who was captain of said fort, and who was near by. He came and saw the fleet, and sent notice to Colonel Ledyard, who was commander of the harbor, and also of Forts Griswold and Trumbull. He ordered two large guns to be loaded with heavy charges of good powder, &c. Captain William Latham took charge of the one which was to be discharged from the northeast part of the fort, and I had to attend the other, on the west side, and thus we as speedily as possible prepared to give alarm to the vicinity, as was to be expected in case of danger, two guns being the specified signal for alarm in distress. But a difficulty now arose from having all our plans communicated by a traitor! The enemy understood our signal was two regular guns, and they fired a third, which broke our alarm, and caused it to signify good news or a prize, and thus it was understood by our troops, and several companies which were lying back ready to come to our assistance in case of necessity were by this measure deterred from coming. The reader may well suppose, though time would not permit us to consider, or anticipate long, yet the sense of our helplessness without additional strength and arms,

was dreadful; but the trying events of the few coming hours we had not known! Colonel Ledyard now sent expresses from both forts, to call on every militia captain to hurry with their companies to the forts. But few came: their excuse was that it was but a false alarm, or for some trifling alarm. The enemy's boats now approached and landed eight hundred officers and men, some horses, carriages and cannon, on the Groton side of the river, about eight o'clock in the morning; and another division on the New London side, below the light-house, consisting of about seven hundred officers and men. The army on [the] Groton bank was divided into two divisions. Colonel Ayres¹ took command of the division southeast of the forts, consisting of about half, sheltering them behind a ledge of rocks about one hundred and thirty rods back. Major Montgomery with his division about one hundred and fifty rods from the fort, behind a high hill. The army on New London side of the river, had better and more accommodating land to march on than that on Groton side. As soon as their army had got opposite Fort Trumbull they divided, and one part proceeded to the city of New London, plundered and set fire to the shipping and buildings, the rest marched down to Fort Trumbull. Captain Adam Shapley, who commanded, seeing that he was likely to be overpowered by the enemy, spiked his cannon and embarked on board the boats which had been prepared for him in case of necessity; but the enemy were so quick upon him that before he and his little handful of men could get out of the reach of their guns, seven men were badly wounded in the boats. The remaining one reached Fort Griswold, where, poor fellows, they met a mortal blow.

Ayres and Montgomery got their army stationed about nine o'clock in the morning. When they appeared in sight, we threw a number of shots among them, but they would immediately contrive to disappear behind their hills. About ten o'clock they sent

¹ Eyre.

a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the fort. When the flag was within about forty rods from the fort, we sent a musket ball in front of them and brought them to a stand. Colonel Ledyard called a council of war, to ascertain the minds of his officers and friends about what was best to be done in this momentous hour, when every moment indicated a bloody and decisive battle. They all agreed in council to send a flag to them. They did so, choosing Captain Elijah Avery, Captain Amos Staunton, and Captain John Williams, who went immediately to meet the British flag and receive their demand, which was to give up the fort to them. The council was then inquired of what was to be done, and the answer returned to the British flag was, that "the fort would not be given up to the British." The flag then returned to their division commanded by Ayres, but soon returned to us again; when about a proper distance our flag met them and attended to their summons, and came back to inform Colonel Ledyard that the enemy declared that "if they were obliged to take it by storm, they should put the Martial Law in full force," that is, "what they did not kill by ball, they should put to death by sword and bayonet!" Colonel Ledyard sent back the decisive answer, that "we should not give up the fort to them, let the consequences be what they would."

While these flags were passing and repassing, we were exchanging shots with the British at Fort Trumbull, as they had got possession of it before the battle commenced in action at Fort Griswold. We could throw our shot into Fort Trumbull without any difficulty, but the British could not cause theirs to enter Fort Griswold, because they could not aim high enough. They had got possession and in use, some of our best pieces and ammunition, which were left in Fort Trumbull when Captain Shapley left it and retreated. About eleven o'clock in the morning, when they perceived what we were about to do, they started with both their divisions, Colonel Ayres advancing with his in solid columns. As

soon as they reached the level ground, and in a proper range, we saluted them with an eighteen pounder, then loaded with two bags of grapeshot. Captain Elias H. Halsey was the one who directed the guns, and took aim at the enemy. He had long practiced on board a privateer, and manifested his skill at this time. I was at the gun with others when it was discharged into the British ranks, and it cleared a very wide space in their solid columns. It has been reported, by good authority, that about twenty were killed and wounded by that one discharge of grapeshot. As soon as the column was broken by loss of men and officers, they were seen to scatter and trail arms, coming on with a quick step towards the fort, inclining to the west. We continued firing, but they advanced upon the south and west side of the fort. Colonel Ayres was mortally wounded. Major Montgomery now advanced with his division, coming on in solid columns, bearing around to the north until they got east of the redoubt or battery, which was east of the fort, then marching with a quick step into the battery. Here we sent among them large and repeated charges of grapeshot, which destroyed a number, as we could perceive them thinned and broken. Then they started for the fort, a part of them in platoons, discharging their guns; and some of the officers and men scattering, they came around on the east and north side of the fort. Here Major Montgomery¹ fell, near the northeast part of the fort. We might suppose the loss of their commanders might have dismayed them, but they had proceeded so far and the excitement and determination on slaughter was so great, they could not be prevented. As soon as their army had entirely surrounded the gar-

¹ Montgomery was killed with spears, or boarding pikes, in the hands of Captain Adam Shapley, and the negro Jordan Freeman; and Lambo Latham, the second negro patriot of the day, killed a British officer, and was himself killed, receiving thirty-three bayonet wounds.

There was no "negro pew" in that fort, although there was some praying as well as fighting.—William Anderson, of New London, 1853—(*The Colored Patriots of the Revolution*, by W. C. Nell, 1855.)

In 1805 or 1806, an Irish gentleman came to New London and disinterred Montgomery's skull to re-inter it in the family cemetery in Ireland.

rison, a man attempted to open the gates; but he lost his life in a moment, before he could succeed. There was hard fighting and shocking slaughter, and much blood spilt before another attempt was made to open the gates, which was at this time successful; for our little number, which was only one hundred and fifty-five officers and privates (the most of them volunteers), were by this time overpowered. There was then no block house on the parade as there is now, so that the enemy had every chance to wound and kill every man. When they had overpowered us and driven us from our station at the breastwork into the fort, and Colonel Ledyard saw how few men he had remaining to fight with, he ceased resistance. They all left their posts and went on to the open parade in the fort, where the enemy had a fair opportunity to massacre us, as there were only six of us to an hundred of them! This, this was a moment of indescribable misery! We can fight with good hearts while *hope* and prospects of victory aid us; but, after we have fought and bled and availed nothing, to yield to be massacred by the boasting enemy, "tries men's hearts!" Our ground was drenched with human gore; our wounded and dying could not have any attendance, while each man was almost hopeless of his own preservation; but our country's danger caused the most acute anxiety. Now I saw the enemy mount the parapets like so many madmen, all at once seemingly. They swung their hats around, and then discharged their guns into the fort, and then those who had not fallen by ball, they began to massacre with sword and bayonet. I was on the west side of the fort, with Captain Edward Latham and Mr. C. Latham, standing on the platform, and had a full view of the enemy's conduct. I had then a hole through my clothes by a ball, and a bayonet rent through my coat to my flesh. The enemy approached us, knocked down the two men I mentioned, with the breech of their guns, and I expected had ended their lives, but they did not. By this time that division which had been commanded by Montgomery, now under charge of Bloomfield, unbolted the other gates, marched into the

fort and formed into a solid column. I at this moment left my station and went across the parade, towards the south end of the barracks. I noticed Colonel William Ledyard on the parade stepping towards the enemy and Bloomfield,² gently raising and lowering his sword as a token of bowing and submission; he was about six feet from them when I turned my eyes off from him, and went up to the door of the barracks and looked at the enemy who were discharging their guns through the windows. It was but a moment that I had turned my eyes from Colonel L. and saw him alive, and now I saw him weltering in his gore! Oh, the hellish spite and madness of a man that will murder a reasonable and noble-hearted officer, in the act of submitting and surrendering! I can assure my countrymen that I felt the thrill of such a horrid deed, more than the honorable and martial-like war of months! We are informed that the wretch who murdered him, exclaimed, as he came near, "Who commands this fort?" Ledyard handsomely replied, "I did, but *you* do now:" at the same moment handing him his sword, which the unfeeling villain buried in his breast! The column continued marching towards the south end of the parade, and I could do no better than to go across the parade before them, amid their fire. They discharged three platoons, as I crossed before them at this time. I believe there were not less than five or six hundred of the British on the parade and in the fort. They killed and wounded every man they possibly could, and it was all done in less than two minutes! I had nothing to expect but to drop with the rest; one mad-looking fellow put his bayonet to my side, swearing "by — he would skipper me!" I looked him earnestly in the face and eyes, and begged him to have mercy and spare my life! I must say, I believe God prevented him from killing me, for he put his bayonet three times into me, and I seemed to be in his power, as well as Lieutenant Enoch Stanton, who was stabbed to the heart and fell at my feet

² The Bromfield or Bloomfield was doubtless Stephen Bromfield of the 40th. In the British Army List, for 1781, he is "Blomfield," and in that for 1732, "Bromfield."

at this time. I think no scene ever exceeded this for *continued* and barbarous massacre after surrender. There were two large doors to the magazine, which made a space wide enough to admit ten men to stand in one rank. There marched up a platoon of ten men just by where I stood, and at once discharged their guns into the magazine among our killed and wounded, and also among those who had escaped uninjured, and as soon as these had fired another platoon was ready, and immediately took their place when they fell back. At this moment Bloomfield came swiftly around the corner of the building, and raising his sword with exceeding quickness, exclaimed, "Stop firing! or you will send us all to *hell* together!" I was very near him when he spoke. He knew there must be much powder deposited and scattered about the magazine, and if they continued throwing in fire we should all be blown up. I think it must before this have been the case, had not the ground and everything been wet with human blood. We trod in blood! We trampled under feet the limbs of our countrymen, our neighbors and dear kindred. Our ears were filled with the groans of the dying, when the more stunning sound of the artillery would give place to the death shrieks. After this they ceased killing and went to stripping, not only the dead, but the wounded and those who were not wounded. They then ordered us all who were able to march, to the N. E. part of the parade, and those who could walk to help those who were wounded so bad as not to go of themselves. Mr. Samuel Edgcomb Jr. and myself were ordered to carry out Ensign Charles Eldridge, who was shot through the knee joints; he was a very large heavy man, and with our fasting and violent exercise of the day we were but ill able to do it, or more than to sustain our own weight; but we had to submit. We with all the prisoners were taken out upon the parade, about two rods from the fort, and ordered to sit down immediately, or they would put their bayonets into us. The battle was now ended. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon, and since the hour of eight in the morning, what a scene of carnage, of anxiety, and of loss had

we experienced. The enemy now began to take care of their dead and wounded.³ They took off six of the outer doors of the barracks, and with four men at each door, they brought in one man at a time. There were twenty-four men thus employed for two hours, as fast as they could walk. They deposited them on the west side of the parade in the fort, where it was the most comfortable place, and screened from the hot sun which was pouring down upon us, aggravating our wounds and causing many to faint and die who might have lived with good care. By my side lay two most worthy and excellent officers, Captain Youngs Ledyard and Captain Nathan Moore, in the agonies of death. Their heads rested on my thighs, as I sat or lay there. They had their reason well and spoke. They asked for water. I could give them none, as I was to be thrust through if I got up. I asked the enemy, who were passing by us, to give us some water for my dying friends and for myself. As the well was near they granted this request; but even then I feared they would put something poison into it, that they might get us out of the way the sooner; and they had said, repeatedly, that the last of us should die before the sun set! Oh, what revenge and inhumanity pervaded their steeled hearts! They effected what was threatened in the summons, sent by the flag in the morning, to Colonel Ledyard, "That those who were not killed by the musket, should be by the sword," &c. But I must think they became tired of human butchery, and so let us

³ Arnold's report to Clinton shows that the British lost five officers: Lieutenant-Colonel William Montgomery, 54th regiment; Captain George Craigie, 40th regiment; Lieutenant Henry Williams Smith, 40th regiment; Ensigns Thomas Hyde and Archibald Willock, 40th regiment, besides forty-six non-commissioned officers and privates killed and one hundred and twenty-nine wounded.

In addition, the *Connecticut Gazette* of Sept. 21st, said "Seven or eight dead bodies floated ashore on Groton Neck, and three elsewhere." This would make the total loss two hundred and seven and shows Fort Griswold to have been one of the bloodiest of encounters of the Revolution, in proportion to the numbers engaged.

The Major "Ayres" referred to so often was Edward, of the 40th regiment. He was not killed, though badly wounded.

It is worth noticing that the 54th was (or had been) André's regiment; and that Simcoe may have been present, as he was of the 40th.

live. They kept us on the ground, the garrison charged, till about two hours had been spent in taking care of their men; and then came and ordered every man of us that could walk, to "rise up." Sentries were placed around with guns loaded and bayonets fixed, and orders given that every one who would not, in a moment, obey commands, should be shot dead or run through! I had to leave the two dying men who were resting on me, dropping their heads on the cold and hard ground, giving them one last and pitying look. Oh God, this was hard work. They both died that night. We marched down to the bank of the river so as to be ready to embark on board the British vessels. There were about thirty of us surrounded by sentries. Captain Bloomfield then came and took down the names of the prisoners who were able to march down with us. Where I sat I had a fair view of their movements. They were setting fire to the buildings and bringing the plunder and laying it down near us. The sun was about half an hour high. I can never forget the whole appearance of all about me. New London was in flames! The inhabitants deserted their habitations to save life, which was more highly prized. Above and around us were our unburied dead and our dying friends. None to appeal to for sustenance in our exhausted state but a maddened enemy—not allowed to move a step or make any resistance, but with loss of life—and sitting to see the property of our neighbors consumed by fire, or the spoils of a triumphing enemy!

Reader, but little can be described, while much is felt. There were still remaining, near the fort, a great number of the British who were getting ready to leave. They loaded up our large ammunition wagon that belonged to the fort with the wounded men that could not walk, and about twenty of the enemy drew it from the fort to the brow of the hill which leads down to the river. The declivity is very steep for the distance of thirty rods to the river. As soon as the wagon began to move down the hill, it pressed so hard against them that they found they were unable to

hold it back, and jumped away from it as quick as possible, leaving it to thrash along down the hill with great speed, till the shafts struck a large apple tree stump, with a most violent crash, hurting the poor dying and wounded men in it in a most inhuman manner. Some of the wounded fell out and fainted away; then a part of the company where I sat ran and brought the men and the wagon along. They by some means got the prisoners who were wounded badly, into a house⁴ near by belonging to Ensign Ebenezer Avery, who was one of the wounded in the wagon. Before the prisoners were brought to the house the soldiers had set fire to it, but others put it out and made use of it for this purpose. Captain Bloomfield paroled, to be left at home here, these wounded prisoners, and took Ebenezer Ledyard, Esq. as hostage for them, to see them forthcoming when called for. Now the boats had come for us who could go on board the fleet. The officer spoke with a doleful and menacing tone, "Come, you rebels, go on board." This was a consummation of all I had seen or endured through the day. This wounded my feelings in a thrilling manner. After all my sufferings and toil, to add the pang of leaving my native land, my wife, my good neighbors, and probably to suffer still more with cold and hunger, for already I had learned that I was with a cruel enemy. But I was in the hands of a higher power—over which no human being could hold superior control—and by God's preservation I am still alive, through all the hardships and dangers of the war, while almost every one about me, who shared the same, has met either a natural or an unnatural death. When we, the prisoners, went down to the shore to the boats they would not bring them near, but kept them off where the water was knee deep to us, obliging us, weak and worn as we were, to wade to them. We were marched down in two ranks, one on each side of the boat. The officer spoke very harshly to us, to "get aboard immediately." They rowed us down to an armed sloop, commanded by one Cap-

⁴ The blood stains on the floor of this house were visible up to 1881, as Avery (who died in 1828) enjoined upon his family not to efface them.

tain Thomas, as they called him, a refugee Tory,⁵ and he lay with his vessel within the fleet. As soon as we were on board, they hurried us down into the hold of the sloop, where were their fires for cooking, and besides being very hot it was filled with smoke. The hatch-way was closed tight, so that we were near suffocating for want of air to breathe. We begged them to spare our lives, so they gave us some relief by opening the hatch-way and permitting us to come upon deck, by two or three at a time, but not without sentries watching us with gun and bayonet. We were now extremely exhausted and faint for want of food; when after being on board twenty-four hours, they gave us a mess of *hogs' brains*; the hogs which they took on Groton banks when they plundered there. After being on board Thomas's sloop nearly three days, with nothing to eat or drink that we could swallow, we began to feel as if a struggle must be made, in some way, to prolong our existence, which after all our escapes, seemed still to be depending. In such a time, we can know for a reality how strong is the love of life. In the room where we were confined were a great many weapons of war, and some of the prisoners whispered that we might make a prize of the sloop. This in some way was overheard and got to the officer's ears, and now we were immediately put in a stronger place in the hold of the vessel; and they appeared so enraged that I was almost sure we should share a decisive fate, or suffer severely. Soon they commenced calling us, one by one, on deck. As I went up they seized me, tied my hands behind me with a strong rope-yarn, and drew it so tight that my shoulder-bones cracked and almost touched each other. Then a boat came from a fourteen-gun brig, commanded by one Steele. Into this boat I was ordered to get, without the use of my hands, over the sloop's bulwarks, which were all of three feet high, and

⁵ The Tory part of Arnold's force was a detachment of two organizations—a party of the "American Legion" (commonly known as the Refugees) commanded by Lieut.-Col. Upham—one of the officers, Captain Samuel Wogan, was wounded,—and the Third Battalion of the New Jersey Volunteers, Alexander Van Buskirk, commanding.

then from these I had to fall, or throw myself into the boat. My distress of body and agitated feelings I cannot describe; and no relief could be anticipated, but only forebodings of a more severe fate. A prisoner with an enemy, an enraged and revengeful enemy, is a place where I pray my reader may never come. They made us all lie down under the seats on which the men sat to row, and so we were conveyed to the brig; going on board, we were ordered to stand in one rank by the gunwale, and in front of us was placed a spar, within about a foot of each man. Here we stood, with a sentry to each of us, having orders to shoot or bayonet us if we attempted to stir out of our place. All this time we had nothing to eat or drink, and it rained and was very cold. We were detained in this position about two hours, when we had liberty to go about the main deck. Night approached and we had no supper, nor anything to lie upon but the wet deck. We were on board this brig about four days, and then were removed on board a ship commanded by Captain Scott, who was very kind to the prisoners. He took me onto the quarter deck with him, and appeared to have the heart of a man. I should think he was about sixty years of age. I remained with him until I was exchanged. Captain Nathaniel Shaw came down to New York with the American flag, after me and four others who were prisoners with me, and belonged to Fort Griswold, and who were brave and fine young men. General Mifflin⁶ went with the British flag to meet this American flag. I sailed with him about twenty miles. He asked me many questions, all of which I took caution how I answered, and gave him no information. I told him I was very sorry that he should come to destroy so many, many brave men, burn their property, distress so many families and make such desolation. I did not think they could be said to be honorable in so doing. He said, "We might thank our own countrymen for it." I told him I had no thanks for him. I then asked the General if

⁶ We have been unable to identify this British officer.—(Ed.)

I might ask him a few questions. "As many as you please." I asked him "how many of the army who made the attack upon New London and Groton were missing? As you, sir, are the commissary of the British army, I suppose you can tell." He replied, "that by the returns there were two hundred and twenty odd missing, but what had become of them he knew not." We advanced, and the flags met and I was exchanged and permitted to return home. Here I close my narrative; for, as I was requested, I have given a particular and unexaggerated account of that which I saw with mine own eyes.

RUFUS AVERY,

Orderly Sergeant under Captain William Latham.

RUFUS AVERY'S NARRATIVE

(From the original Ms.)

As I belonged to the garrison at Fort Griswold when Benedict Arnold's army came to New London and Groton on the sixth of September, 1781, and made their attack on both places, I had every opportunity to know all the movements through the day and time of the battle. I am requested to give a particular account of the conduct of the enemy. I had charge of the garrison the night before the enemy appeared anywhere near us, or were expected by anyone at that time to trouble us, but about three o'clock in the morning, as soon as I had daylight so as to see the fleet, it appeared a short distance below the lighthouse. The fleet consisted of thirty-two vessels in number—ships, brigs, schooners and sloops. I immediately sent word to Captain William Latham, who commanded the said fort and who was not far distant. He very soon came to the fort and saw the enemy's fleet, and immediately sent a notice to Colonel William Ledyard, who was commander of the harbor, Fort Griswold and Fort Trumbull. He soon arrived at the garrison, saw the fleet, then ordered two large guns to be loaded with heavy charges of good powder. Captain William Latham took charge of one gun that was discharged at the northeast part of the fort, and I took charge of the gun on the west side of the fort, so as to give a "larum" to the country in the best manner it could be done. We discharged then regular "larums." Two guns was the regular "larum," but the enemy understood that, and they discharged a third gun similar to ours and timed it alike, which broke our alarm, which discouraged our troops [from] coming to our assistance. Colonel William Ledyard immediately sent out two expresses, one from each fort, to call on every captain of a militia company of men, to hurry them to our relief; but not many came to our assistance. Their

excuse was that they supposed it to be only a false alarm. The discharge of the third gun by the enemy entirely changed the alarm. It was customary when a good prize was brought into the harbor, or on the receipt of any good news, to rejoice by discharging three cannon; and this the enemy understood. They landed eight hundred officers and men, and some horses and large guns and (gun) carriages on the beach at Eastern Point, Groton side of the river, about eight o'clock in the morning, and on New London side of the river below the lighthouse on the beach seven hundred officers and men at the same time. The army on the Groton side was divided into two divisions, about four hundred in each division. Colonel Eyre took command of the division southeast of the fort, about one hundred and thirty rods from the fort, behind a ledge of rocks. Major Montgomery took command of his division about one hundred and fifty rods from the fort, behind a high hill of land. The army on New London side of the river found better and more accommodating land for marching than on Groton side, and as soon as they got against Fort Trumbull they separated into two divisions. One went on to the town of New London, and plundered and set fire to the shipping and buildings, and the other division marched directly down to Fort Trumbull. Captain Shapley, who commanded the fort, saw that he was likely to be overpowered by the enemy, spiked up the cannon and embarked on board his boats, which were prepared for him and his men if wanted; but the enemy were so quick upon him that before he and his small company could get out of gunshot in their boats, a number of his men got badly wounded. Those who were able to get to Fort Griswold reached there, and most of them were slain. Colonel Eyre and Major Montgomery had their divisions stationed about nine o'clock in the morning. As soon as they appeared in sight we have a number of shot at them, but they would endeavor to disappear immediately. About ten o'clock in the forenoon they sent their flag to demand of Colonel Ledyard the surrender of the fort. The party with the flag approached within about forty rods

of the fort, and we discharged a musketball before them and brought them to a stand. Colonel Ledyard called a council of war to take the minds of his fellow-officers and friends as to what was to be done. They agreed to send a flag to meet theirs, and chose Captain Elijah Avery, Captain Amos Stanton and Captain John Williams. They immediately met the British flag, and received a demand to give up the fort to them. Our flag soon returned with the summons, which was to deliver the fort up to them. Inquiry was made of the council as to what must be done, and the answer was sent to the British flag that the fort would not be given up. Their flag went back to Colonel Eyre's division and soon returned to within about seventy rods of the fort, when they were again met by our flag, which brought back to Colonel Ledyard the demand if they had to take the fort by storm they should put martial law in force; that is, whom they did not kill with balls should be put to death with sword and bayonet. Our flag went to the British flag with Colonel Ledyard's answer that he should not give up the fort to them, let the consequence be what it might. While the flags were passing between us we were exchanging shots with the British at Fort Trumbull, of which they had got possession before the commencement of the battle at Fort Griswold. We could heave a shot into Fort Trumbull among the enemy without difficulty, but they could not raise so high as to come into Fort Griswold. Having obtained possession of our good powder and shot left by Captain Shapley in the fort, they used it against us. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon the enemy found out what we were determined to do. Both divisions started; that of Colonel Eyre came on in solid column. As soon as he got on level ground we were prepared to salute them with a gun that took in an eighteen pound ball, but was then loaded with two bags of grapeshot. Captain Elias Henry Halsey directed the gun and took aim at the enemy. He had practiced on board of privateers, and he did his duty well. I was present with him and others near the gun, and when the shot struck among the enemy it cleared a wide space in their solid

column. It was reported on good authority that about twenty men were killed and wounded by that charge of grapeshot. As soon as the enemy's column was broken by their loss of officers and men, they scattered, and trailed their arms and came on with a quick march and oblique step toward the fort, inclining to the west. During this time we hove cannon and musket shot among the enemy. Colonel Eyre's division came up to the south side and west side of the fort, where he was mortally wounded.¹ Major Montgomery, who started with his division at the same time that Eyre did to come to the fort in solid column, inclined to the north, until they got east of the redoubt or battery which is east of the fort, when a large number of them came very quick into the battery. Our officers threw a heavy charge of grapeshot among them, which destroyed a large number. They then started for the fort, a part of them in platoons, discharging their guns as they advanced, while some scattering officers and soldiers came round to the east and north part of the fort. As soon as the enemy got round the fort one man attempted to open the gate. He lost his life. There was hard fighting some time before the second man made the trial to open the gate, which he did. Our little number of one hundred and fifty-five officers and soldiers, most of whom were volunteers when the battle began, were soon overpowered. Then there was no blockhouse on the parade as there is now, and the enemy had every opportunity to kill and wound almost every man in the fort. When they had overpowered us and driven us from our stations at the breastwork of the fort, Colonel William Ledyard seeing what few officers and men he had left to do any more fighting, they quit their posts and went on the open parade in the fort, where the enemy had every opportunity to massacre us, as there was about six of the enemy to one of us. The enemy mounted the parapet seemingly all as one, swung their hats around once, and discharged their guns, and then they did not kill with ball they meant to kill with the bayonet. I was on the west side of the fort with Captain Ed-

¹ A mistake—he survived, to die many years later.

ward Latham and Mr. Christopher Latham on the platform; had a full sight of the enemy's conduct and within five feet of these two men. I had at that time a ball and bayonet hole in my coat. As soon as the enemy discharged their guns they knocked down the two men before-mentioned with the breech of their guns, and put their bayonets into them, but did not quite kill them. By this time Major Montgomery's division, then under the command of Captain Bromfield (the other gates having been unbolted by one of the men) marched in through the gates and formed a solid column. At this time I left my station on the west side of the fort and went across the south part of the parade towards the south end of the barrack. Colonel William Ledyard was on the parade, marching towards the enemy under Captain Bromfield, raising and lowering his sword. He was then about six or eight feet from British officer. I turned my eyes from Ledyard and stepped up to the door of the barrack, and saw the enemy discharging their guns through the windows. I turned myself immediately about, and the enemy had executed Colonel Ledyard in less time than one minute after I saw him. The column then continued marching toward the south end of the parade. I could do no better than to pass across the parade before the enemy's column, as they discharged the volleys of three platoons, the fire of which I went through. I believe there was not less than five or six hundred men of the enemy on the parade in the fort. They killed and wounded nearly every man in the fort as quick as they could, which was done in about one minute. I expected my time to come with the rest. One mad-looking fellow put his bayonet to my side and swore "by—— he would skipper me." I looked him very earnestly in the face and eyes, and asked for mercy and to spare my life. He attempted three times to put the bayonet in me, but I must say I believe God forbade him, for I was completely in his power, as well as others that was present with the enemy. The enemy at the same time massacred Lieutenant Enoch Stanton within four or five feet of me. A platoon of about ten men marched up near where I stood, where two large

outer doors to the magazine made a space wide enough for ten men to stand in one rank. They discharged their guns into the magazine among the dead and wounded and some well ones, and some they killed and wounded. That platoon fell back and another platoon came forward to discharge their guns into the outer part of the magazine where the others did. As they made ready to fire Captain Bromfield came suddenly round the corner of the magazine, and very quickly raised his sword, exclaiming "stop firing! You'll send us all to hell together." (Their language was bad as well as their conduct; I was near him when he spoke.) Bromfield knew, there must be, of course, much powder scattered about the magazine and a great quantity deposited there; but I expect the reason it did not take fire was that there was so much human blood to put it out. They did not bayonet many after they ceased firing their guns. I was amongst them all the time, and they very soon left off killing, and then went stripping and robbing the dead and wounded, and also those that were not wounded. They then ordered each one of us to march out to the northeast part of the parade, and them that could not go themselves from their wounds, were to be helped by those that were well. Mr. Samuel Edgcomb, Jr., and myself were ordered to take Ensign Charles Eldredge out of the magazine. He was a very large, heavy man, who had been shot in the knee joint. We poor prisoners were taken out on the parade about two rods from the gate of the fort, and every man ordered to sit down immediately—and if not obeyed at once the bayonet was to be put into him. The battle was then finished, which was about one o'clock in the afternoon; the enemy began to take care of their dead and wounded. The first thing they did was to take off six of the outer doors of the barrack, and with four men to a door would bring in one man at a time on each door. There were twenty-four men at work about two hours, as fast as they could walk and deposit them on the west side of the parade in the fort, where it was the most comfortable place they could find, while we poor prisoners were put in

the most uncomfortable spot on the parade in the fort, where the sun shone down so very warm on us that it made us feel more unhappy. Some of the wounded men lay dying. Captain Youngs Ledyard and Captain Nathan Moore were among the number. I sat on the ground with the other prisoners and these two fine men lay on the ground by me, Ledyard's head on one thigh and Moore's head on the other. They both died that night. While I was with them they had their reason, and requested water for their thirst. I asked of the enemy water for my brother prisoners to drink, as well as for myself. They granted my request. The well was within two rods of us. I watched them when they brought the water to me for us to drink, to see that they did not put anything in it to poison us; for they had repeatedly said that we must all die before the sun went down, because that was in the summons sent to Colonel William Ledyard, that those who were not killed by the musket ball should die by the sword and bayonet. But happy for us that was alive they did not offer to hurt any one man, and they said that was a falsehood. They kept us on the ground in the garrison about two hours after the battle was over, and then ordered every man that was able to walk, rise up immediately. Sentries with loaded guns and fixed bayonets were placed around us, with orders to shoot or bayonet anyone that did not obey the officer. I was obliged to leave two dying men that were resting on me as they lay on the ground beside me. We marched down on the bank by the river so as to be ready to embark to go on board the British fleet. Then, about thirty of us, every man was ordered to sit down, and as at other times was surrounded by sentries. Captain Bromfield came and took the names of the wounded who were able to march down with us. I sat where I had a fair view of the enemy's conduct. The sun was about half an hour high, and they were setting fire to the buildings and bringing down plunder by us as we were placed at the lower part of the village. At the same time a large number of the enemy between us and the fort were getting ready to quit the ground. They

loaded up our very large, heavy ammunition wagon that belonged to the fort with the wounded men who could not go themselves, and about twenty of the soldiers drew it out of the fort and brought it to the brow of the hill on which the fort stood, which was very steep and about thirty rods distance. As soon as the enemy began to move the wagon down the hill, they began to put themselves in a position to hold it back with all their power. They found it too much for them to do; they released their hold on the wagon as quick as possible to prevent being run over by the wagon themselves, leaving it to run down the hill with great speed. It ran about twelve rods to a large apple-tree stump, and both shafts of the wagon struck very hard and hurt the wounded men very much. A great number of the enemy were near where the wagons stopped, and they immediately ran to the wagon and brought that and the wounded men by where we prisoners were sitting on the ground, and deposited them in the house nearby, that belonged to Ensign Ebenezer Avery, who was one that was in the wagon when it started down the hill. Some of the enemy had set fire to the house before the wounded prisoners were placed in it, but the fire was put out by some of the others. Captain Bromfield paroled the wounded men who were left, and took Ebenezer Ledward, Esq., as a hostage for them left on parole, to see them forthcoming if called for. By this time the enemy's boats came up to the shore near where we prisoners were. The officers spoke with a doleful sound: "Come you rebels, go on board the boats." That touched my feelings more than anything that passed for the day. I realized that I should have to leave my dear wife and my good neighbors and friends, and also my native land, and suffer with cold and hunger, as I was in the power of a cruel foe or enemy; but I was still in the hands of a higher Power, which was a great consolation to me, for I am sensible that God has preserved my life through many hardships, and when in danger of losing my life many times in the wars, etc. When we prisoners had marched down to the shore, the boats that were to receive us

were kept off where the water was about knee deep, and we were marched down in two ranks, one on each side of the boat. The officer that had the command very harshly ordered us to "get on board immediately." There were about twelve prisoners in a boat. They rowed us down to an armed sloop commanded by one Captain Thomas as they called him, a refugee Tory, who lay with his vessel within the fleet. As soon as they put us on board the sloop they sent us down in the hold of the vessel, where they had a fire for cooking which made it very hot and smoky. They stopped up the hatchway, making it so close that we had no air to breathe. We begged that they would spare our lives, and they gave us some relief by opening the hatchway and letting one or two of us come on deck at a time during the night, but with sentries with guns and bayonets to watch us. They did not give us anything to eat or drink for about twenty-four hours, and then only a mess made of hog's brains that they caught on Groton bank, with other plunder. While we were on board Thomas' sloop we had nothing to eat or drink that we could hardly swallow. This continued about three days. There were a number of weapons of war where we were placed in the vessel, and some of the prisoners whispered together that there was an opportunity to make a prize of the sloop. This somehow got to the officers' ears, and they immediately shut us all down in the hold of the vessel. I felt very certain that we would have to suffer, for they seemed so enraged that they appeared to have an intention to massacre us all. They soon got ready, and began to call us upon deck one by one. As I came up they tied my hands behind me with strong rope yarns, binding them together; and winding the rope yarn so hard as to nearly bring my shoulder blades to touch each other. Then they had a boat come from a fourteen-gun brig commanded by a Captain Steel, by name and nature. I was ordered to get over the side of the sloop without the use of my hands, the bulwarks above the deck being all of three feet in height, and then I had to fall into the boat that was to carry us to the brig and was made to lay down under the

seats on which the rowers sat, as though we were brutes about to be slaughtered. After we were put on board the brig we were ordered to stand in one rank beside the gunwale of the vessel, and a spar was placed before us leaving about one foot space for each man to stand in, with a sentry to nearly every man, with orders to bayonet or shoot anyone that offered to move. They kept us in that situation about two hours in the rain and cold, with very thin clothing upon us, and then gave us liberty to go about the main deck, and were obliged to lie on the wet deck without anything to eat or drink for supper. We were on board the brig about four days, and then put on board a ship commanded by Captain Scott, who appeared very friendly to we prisoners. He took me on the quarter deck with him. He was apparently about sixty years of age, and I remained with him until I was exchanged. Captain Nathaniel Shaw came down to New York with the American flag [of truce] after me and four young men that were made prisoners with me that belonged to the garrison at Fort Griswold, and during the time of the battle behaved like good soldiers. General Mifflin¹ came with the British flag to meet the American flag. I sailed with him about twenty miles in the flag-boat.² He asked me some questions, but I gave him little or no information, and told him I was very sorry that they came to destroy so many good men and cause so much distress to families and desolation in the community, by burning so much valuable property; and further, that I did not believe they would gain any honor by it. He replied we might thank our own countrymen for it. I told him I should not. I then turned to the General and said: "Will you answer me a few questions?" "As many as you please, Sir," was his reply. I made many inquiries, and asked

¹ No such name appears in the British army lists.

² The mention by Avery of "sailing twenty miles in the flag-boat" probably refers to the incident noted in the *Connecticut Gazette* of September 21, 1781:

"Monday . . . a flag sailed from hence with five of Arnold's burning party that were taken prisoners here; the flag overtook the fleet at Whitestone, and returned here last Sunday with five lads that were taken at Fort Griswold."

him how many of the enemy was missing that were engaged in the attack on Groton and New London, remarking: "Sir, I expect you can tell, as you are the Commissary of the British army." He said, "I find in the returns that there were two hundred and twenty odd missing, but I don't know what became of them." Here I conclude the foregoing particular account from my own personal knowledge of the British attack and capture of Fort Griswold, and their brutal conduct at New London and Groton, and also of their barbarous treatment of the prisoners who fell into their hands.

RUFUS AVERY,

Orderly-Sergeant, under Captain William Latham, who commanded the Matross Company at Fort Griswold, Sept. 6, 1781.

KILLED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED OF GROTON

Lieut.-Col. William Ledyard	John Brown
Christopher Avery	Hubbart Burrows
Elijah Avery	Daniel Chester
Ebenezer Avery	Jeremiah Chester
Daniel Avery	Philip Covil
David Avery	Samuel Hill
Elisha Avery	Rufus Hurlbut
Jasper Avery	Moses Jones
Solomon Avery	Barney Kinne
Thomas Avery	John Lester
Nathaniel Adams	Jonas Lester
Benadam Allen	Wait Lester
Belton Allen	Joseph Lewis
Samuel Allen	Wait Ledyard
Simeon Allen	Youngs Ledyard
Ezekiel Bailey	Edward Mills
Andrew Baker	Thomas Miner
John P. Babcock	Simeon Morgan
Andrew Billings	Nathan Moor

Joseph Moxley	Nicholas Starr
David Palmer	Thomas Starr, Jr.
Asa Perkins	John Stedman
Elisha Perkins	Solomon Tift
Elnathan Perkins	Sylvester Walworth
Luke Perkins	Patrick Ward
Luke Perkins, Jr.	Josiah Wigger
Simeon Perkins	Henry Williams
David Seabury	Christopher Woodbridge
Nathan Sholes	Henry Woodbridge
Amos Stanton	

OF NEW LONDON

Samuel Billings	John Holt
William Bolton	Eliaday Jones
Jonathan Butler	Peter Richards
Richard Chapman	Daniel Williams (15 years old)
John Clark	John Whittelsey
James Comstock (75 years old)	Stephen Whittelsey
William Comstock	

OF STONINGTON

Daniel Stanton	Enoch Stanton
Thomas Williams	

OF PRESTON

John Billings

OF LONG ISLAND

— Ellis	Henry Halsey
(Probably the same man—Elias Henry Halsey.)	

NEGROES

Jordan Freeman	Lambo Latham (not "Sambo")
61 British were buried at Groton.	

NARRATIVE OF STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD

THE author of the following narrative of events entered the service of his country in 1775, and arrived in Boston on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill. He was at Dorchester Point, was on Long Island at the time of the retreat of the American army and was also a volunteer in the fire ships that were sent to destroy the *Asia*, eighty-four-gun ship, and a frigate lying above Fort Washington. In this attempt they were unsuccessful, although grappled to the enemy's vessel twenty minutes. For the bravery displayed by them they received the particular thanks of the commanding officer, in person and in general orders, and forty dollars were ordered to be paid to each person engaged. He was afterwards wounded by a grapeshot while defending the lines at Harlem Heights, which broke two of his ribs. He continued in the service, and was again wounded on the 6th of September, 1781. He is now more than seventy-six years of age. He formerly resided in New London. He enjoyed the reception of General Lafayette in that place during his last visit to this country, and has within a few years written this account in full, for publication:

On the morning of the 6th of September, 1781, twenty-four sail of the enemy's shipping appeared to the westward of New London harbor. The enemy landed in two divisions, of about eight hundred men each, commanded by that infamous traitor to his country, Benedict Arnold, who headed the division that landed on the New London side, near Brown's farms; the other division, commanded by Colonel Ayres,¹ landed on Groton Point, nearly opposite. I was first sergeant of Captain Adam Shapley's company of State troops, and was stationed with him at the time, with about twenty-three men, at Fort Trumbull, on the New London

¹ Eyre.

side. This was a mere breastwork or water battery, open from behind, and the enemy coming on us from that quarter we spiked our cannon, and commenced a retreat across the river to Fort Griswold in three boats. The enemy was so near that they over-shot us with their muskets, and succeeded in capturing one boat with six men commanded by Josiah Smith, a private. They afterwards proceeded to New London and burnt the town. We were received by the garrison with enthusiasm, being considered experienced artillerists whom they much needed; and we were immediately assigned to our stations. The fort was an oblong square, with bastions at opposite angles, its longest side fronting the river in a N. W. and S. E. direction. Its walls were of stone, and were ten or twelve feet high on the lower side and surrounded by a ditch. On the wall were pickets, projecting over twelve feet; above this was a parapet with embrasures, and within a platform for the cannon, and a step to mount upon, to shoot over the parapet with small arms. In the S. W. bastion was a flagstaff, and in the side near the opposite angle was the gate, in front of which was a triangular breastwork to protect the gate; and to the right of this was a redoubt, with a three-pounder in it, which was about one hundred and twenty yards from the gate. Between the fort and the river was another battery, with a covered way, but which could not be used in this attack, as the enemy appeared in a different quarter. The garrison, with the volunteers, consisted of about one hundred and sixty men. Soon after our arrival the enemy appeared in force in some woods about half a mile S. E. of the fort, from whence they sent a flag of truce, which was met by Captain Shapley, demanding an unconditional surrender, threatening at the same time, to storm the fort instantly, if the terms were not accepted. A council of war was held, and it was the unanimous voice that the garrison were unable to defend themselves against so superior a force. But a militia Colonel who was then in the fort and had a body of men in the immediate vicinity, said he would reinforce them with two or three hundred

men in fifteen minutes, if they would hold out; Colonel Ledyard agreed to send back a defiance, upon the most solemn assurance of immediate succour. For this purpose, Colonel — started, his men being then in sight; but he was no more seen, nor did he even attempt a diversion in our favor. When the answer to their demand had been returned by Captain Shapley, the enemy were soon in motion and marched with great rapidity, in a solid column, to within a short distance of the fort, where dividing the column, they rushed furiously and simultaneously to the assault of the S. W. bastion and the opposite sides. They were, however, repulsed with great slaughter, their commander mortally wounded, and Major Montgomery, next in rank, killed, having been thrust through the body whilst in the act of scaling the walls at the S. W. bastion, by Captain Shapley. The command then devolved on Colonel Beckwith,¹ a refugee from New Jersey, who commanded a corps of that description. The enemy rallied and returned the attack with great vigor, but were received and repulsed with equal firmness. During the attack a shot cut the halcyards of the flag and it fell to the ground, but was instantly remounted on a pike pole. This accident proved fatal to us, as the enemy supposed it had been struck by its defenders, rallied again, and rushing with redoubled impetuosity carried the S. W. bastion by storm. Until this moment, our loss was trifling in number, being six or seven killed and eighteen or twenty wounded. Never was a post more bravely defended, nor a garrison more barbarously butchered. We fought with all kinds of weapons and at all places, with a courage that deserved a better fate. Many of the enemy were killed under the walls by throwing simple shot over on them, and never would we have relinquished our arms had we had the least idea that such a catastrophe would have followed. To describe this scene I must be permitted to go back a little in my narrative. I commanded an eighteen-pounder on the south side of the gate, and while in the act of sighting my gun a ball

¹ A mistake. Beckwith was a British officer. He may have meant Van Buskirk.

passed through the embrasure, struck me a little above the right ear, grazing the skull and cutting off the veins, which bled profusely. A handkerchief was tied around it and I continued at my duty. Discovering some little time after, that a British soldier had broken a picket at the bastion on my left, and was forcing himself through the hole, whilst the men stationed there were gazing at the battle which raged opposite to them, I cried, "My brave fellows, the enemy are breaking in behind you," and raised my pike to despatch the intruder, when a ball struck my left arm at the elbow and my pike fell to the ground. Nevertheless I grasped it with my right hand, and with the men, who turned and fought manfully, cleared the breach. The enemy, however, soon after forced the S. W. bastion, where Captain Shapley, Captain Peter Richards, Lieutenant Richard Chapman and several other men of distinction, and volunteers, had fought with unconquerable courage, and were all either killed or mortally wounded, and which had sustained the brunt of every attack.

Captain P. Richards, Lieutenant Chapman and several others were killed in the bastion; Captain Shapley and others wounded. He died of his wounds in January following.

Colonel Ledyard, seeing the enemy within the fort, gave orders to cease firing, and to throw down our arms, as the fort had surrendered. We did so, but they continued firing upon us, crossed the fort and opened the gate, when they marched in, firing in platoons upon those who were retreating to the magazine and barrack rooms for safety. At this moment the renegade Colonel Bromfield¹ commanding, cried out, "Who commands this garrison?" Colonel Ledyard, who was standing near me, answered, "I did, sir, but you do now," at the same time stepping forward, handed him his sword with the point towards himself. At this instant I perceived a soldier in the act of bayoneting me from behind. I turned suddenly round and grasped his bayonet, endeav-

¹ Bloomfield or Bromfield.

oring to unship it, and knock off the thrust—but in vain. I having but one hand, he succeeded in forcing it into my right hip, above the joint and just below the abdomen, and crushed me to the ground. The first person I saw afterwards was my brave commander a corpse by my side, having been run through the body with his own sword by the savage renegade. Never was a scene of more brutal, wanton carnage witnessed, than now took place. The enemy were still firing upon us in platoons and in the barrack rooms, which were continued for some minutes, when they discovered they were in danger of being blown up, by communicating fire to the powder scattered at the mouth of the magazine, while delivering out cartridges; nor did it then cease in the rooms for some minutes longer. All this time the bayonet was “freely used,” even on those who were helplessly wounded and in the agonies of death. I recollect Captain William Seymour, a volunteer from Hartford, had thirteen bayonet wounds, although his knee had previously been shattered by a ball, so much so that it was obliged to be amputated the next day. But I need not mention particular cases. I have already said that we had six killed and eighteen wounded previous to their storming our lines; eighty-five were killed in all, thirty-five mortally and dangerously wounded, and forty taken prisoners to New York, most of them slightly hurt.

After the massacre they plundered us of everything we had, and left us literally naked. When they commenced gathering us up together with their own wounded, they put theirs under the shade of the platform and exposed us to the sun in front of the barracks, where we remained over an hour. Those that could stand were then paraded and ordered to the landing, while those that could not (of which number I was one), were put in one of our ammunition wagons, and taken to the brow of the hill (which was very steep, and at least one hundred rods in descent,) from whence it was permitted¹ to run down by itself, but was arrested in

¹ This does not agree with Avery's story.

its course, near the river, by an apple tree. The pain and anguish we all endured in this rapid descent as the wagon jumped and jostled over rocks and holes is inconceivable; and the jar in its arrest was like bursting the cords of life asunder, and caused us to shriek with almost supernatural force. Our cries were distinctly heard and noticed on the opposite side of the river (which is a mile wide), amidst all the confusion which raged in burning and sacking the town. We remained in the wagon more than an hour, before our humane conquerors hunted us up, when we were again paraded and laid on the beach, preparatory to embarkation. But by the interposition of Ebenezer Ledyard (brother to Colonel L.), who humanely represented our deplorable situation, and the impossibility of our being able to reach New York, thirty-five of us were paroled in the usual form. Being near the house of Ebenezer Avery, who was also one of our number, we were taken into it. Here we had not long remained before a marauding party set fire to every room, evidently intending to burn us up with the house. The party soon left it, when it was with difficulty extinguished and we were thus saved from the flames. Ebenezer Ledyard again interfered and obtained a sentinel to remain and guard us until the last of the enemy embarked, about eleven o'clock at night. None of our own people came to us till near daylight the next morning, not knowing previous to that time that the enemy had departed.

Such a night of distress and anguish was scarcely ever passed by mortal. Thirty-five of us were lying on the bare floor—stiff, mangled and wounded in every manner, exhausted with pain, fatigue and loss of blood, without clothes or anything to cover us, trembling with cold and spasms of extreme anguish, without fire or light, parched with excruciating thirst, not a wound dressed nor a soul to administer to one of our wants, nor an assisting hand to turn us during these long tedious hours of the night; nothing but groans and unavailing sighs were heard, and two of our num-

ber did not live to see the light of morning, which brought with it some ministering angels to our relief. The first was in the person of Miss Fanny Ledyard, of Southold, L. I., then on a visit to her uncle, our murdered commander, who held to my lips a cup of warm chocolate, and soon after returned with wine and other refreshments, which revived us a little. For these kindnesses she has never ceased to receive my most grateful thanks and fervent prayers for her felicity.

The cruelty of our enemy cannot be conceived, and our renegade countrymen surpassed in this respect, if possible, our British foes. We were at least an hour after the battle, within a few steps of a pump in the garrison, well supplied with water, and, although we were suffering with thirst they would not permit us to take one drop of it, nor give us any themselves. Some of our number, who were not disabled from going to the pump, were repulsed with the bayonet, and not one drop did I taste after the action commenced, although begging for it after I was wounded of all who came near me, until relieved by Miss Ledyard. We were a horrible sight at this time. Our own friends did not know us—even my own wife came in the room in search of me and did not recognize me, and as I did not see her, she left the room to seek for me among the slain, who had been collected under a large elm tree near the house. It was with the utmost difficulty that many of them could be identified, and we were frequently called upon to assist their friends in distinguishing them, by remembering particular wounds, &c. Being myself taken out by two men for this purpose I met my wife and brother, who after my wounds were dressed by Dr. Downer, from Preston, took me—not to my own home, for that was in ashes, as also every article of my property, furniture and clothing—but to my brother's,¹ where I lay eleven months as helpless as a child, and to this day feel the effects of it severely.

¹ The Hempstead house was one of the very few spared by the British, it is said because finding dinner on the table, they sat down to eat.

Such was the battle of Groton Heights; and such, as far as my imperfect manner and language can describe, a part of the sufferings which we endured. Never for a moment have I regretted the share I had in it; I would for an equal degree of honour, and the prosperity which has resulted to my country from the Revolution, be willing, if possible, to suffer it again.

STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD.

NAMES OF THE HEROES WHO FELL AT FORT GRISWOLD

SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1781.

Colonel William Ledyard,	Groton.
David Avery, Esq.,	do.
Captain John Williams,	do.
Captain Simeon Allyn,	do.
Captain Samuel Allyn,	do.
Captain Elisha Avery,	do.
Captain Amos Stanton,	do.
Captain Elijah Avery,	do.
Captain Hubbard Burrows,	do.
Captain Youngs Ledyard,	do.
Captain Nathan More,	do.
Captain Joseph Lewis,	do.
Lieutenant Ebenezer Avery,	do.
Lieutenant Henry Williams,	do.
Lieutenant Patrick Ward,	do.
Lieutenant John Lester,	do.
Ensign Daniel Avery,	do.
Sergeant John Stedman,	do.
Sergeant Solomon Avery,	do.
Sergeant Jasper Avery,	do.
Sergeant Ezekiel Bailey,	do.
Sergeant Rufus Hurlburt,	do.
Sergeant Christopher Avery,	do.

Sergeant Eldridge Chester, Groton.	
Sergeant Nicholas Starr,	do.
Corporal Edward Mills,	do.
Corporal Luke Perkins, Jr.,	do.
Corporal Andrew Billings,	do.
Corporal Simeon Morgan,	do.
Corporal Nathan Sholes,	do.
Daniel Chester,	do.
Thomas Avery,	do.
David Palmer,	do.
Sylvester Walworth,	do.
Philip Covel,	do.
Jedediah Chester,	do.
David Seabury,	do.
Henry Woodbridge,	do.
Christopher Woodbridge,	do.
Elnathan Perkins,	do.
Luke Perkins,	do.
Elisha Perkins,	do.
John Brown,	do.
John P. Babcock,	do.
Nathaniel Adams,	do.
Waite Lester,	do.
Samuel Hill,	do.
Joseph Moxley,	do.
Thomas Starr, Jr.,	do.
Moses Jones,	do.
Belton Allyn,	do.
Benjamin Allyn,	do.
Jonas Lester,	do.
Thomas Miner,	do.
Andrew Baker,	do.
Joseph Wiger,	do.
Samuel Billings,	do.

Eli Jones,	Groton.
Thomas Lamb,	do.
Frederick Chester,	do.
Daniel Davis,	do.
Daniel D. Lester,	do.
Captain Adam Shapley, New London.	
Captain Peter Richards,	do.
Benoni Kenson,	do.
James Comstock,	do.
Richard Chapman,	do.
John Holt,	do.
John Clarke,	do.
Jonathan Butler,	do.
John Whittelsey,	do.
Stephen Whittelsey,	do.
William Bolton,	do.
William Comstock,	do.
Elias Coit,	do.
Barney Kinney,	do.
Captain Elias Henry Halsey, Long Island.	
Lieutenant Enoch Stanton, Stonington.	
Sergeant Daniel Stanton,	do.
Thomas Williams,	do.
Lamb Latham, (Colored).	
Jordan Freeman,	do.

NAMES OF THE WOUNDED, PAROLED AND LEFT AT HOME

BY CAPTAIN BLOOMFIELD.

Captain William Latham, wounded in the thigh, Groton.	
Captain Solomon Perkins, in the face,	do.
Captain Edward Latham, in the body,	do.
Lieutenant P. Avery, lost an eye,	do.
Lieutenant Obadiah Perkins, in the breast,	do.

Lieutenant William Starr, in the breast,	Groton.
Ensign Charles Eldridge, in the knee,	do.
Ensign Joseph Woodmaney, lost an eye,	do.
Ensign Ebenezer Avery, in the head,	do.
John Morgan, shot through the knee,	do.
Sanford Williams, shot in the body,	do.
John Daboll, shot in the head,	do.
Samuel Edgecomb, Jr., in the hand,	do.
Jabish Pendleton, in the hand,	do.
Asahel Woodworth, in the neck,	do.
Thomas Woodworth, in the leg,	do.
Ebenezer Perkins, in the face,	do.
Daniel Eldridge, in the neck and face,	do.
Christopher Latham, in the body,	do.
Christopher Eldridge, in the face,	do.
Amos Avery, in the hand,	do.
T. Woodworth, in the knee,	do.
Frederick Wave, ¹ in the body,	do.
Elisha Prior, in the arm,	do.
Sergeant Daniel Stanton, in the body,	Stonington.
Corporal — Judd, shot in the knee,	Hebron.
William Seymour, lost his leg,	Hartford.

¹ This should undoubtedly be *Moore*.

APPENDIX

DESERTION OF BENEDICT ARNOLD FROM WEST POINT

BENEDICT ARNOLD, it is well known, was a native of Connecticut, and, by his knowledge of the situation of this seaport and fortress was capable of conducting the British up to its shores, which, it is probable they would not have hazarded had they not had a good pilot.

It may be instructing to those in a distant part of the country, into whose hands these pages may fall, to observe, that New London is one of the best seaports in Connecticut, with a most excellent harbor, being but about three miles up the mouth of the Thames, which falls into Long Island Sound, which has a broad communication with the ocean. The Thames is a water communication between New London and Norwich fourteen miles north. It flows in a valley between the two elevated portions of land, New London on its west side, and Groton on its east. The land on the east of this stream rises to a sublime elevation, commanding a fair view of nearly the whole sound; on this hill stood the Fort Griswold of which our narrative describes the capture; and on its site is now erected a splendid monument, inscribed with the names of the brave heroes, who gave their lives to save their country.

The following particulars of Arnold's escape from the demands of justice, and the manner in which he effected his desertion, were obtained from an eye witness, and serve still further to explain the whole transaction.

Mr. Ebenezer Chase was a private in the New Hampshire militia, which relieved the line of Pennsylvania, at West Point in 1780, when those troops were veteran and were needed elsewhere. Mr. Chase, with several others, being off duty, was on the shore

of the Hudson when Arnold deserted. When General Washington assigned the command of West Point to Arnold, he left the barge in his possession. A temporary hut was erected on the east shore, for accommodation of the four oarsmen who managed the barge. On the morning of his desertion, Arnold rode down from his headquarters, to the shore, very fast, threw the reins to his attendant, and ordered the barge to be manned. He directed his course towards the Point; but, on reaching the middle of the river, the boat was observed to take a different direction and move down the stream with great rapidity. The explanation was afterwards thus made by the barge men. "He hoisted a flag of truce, and told them to pull for the *Vulture* (British sloop of war), saying he had business with the captain. He promised them if they would row him down to the *Vulture* with speed, he would give each of them a guinea and a gallon of rum. On nearing the sloop, and being within range of her guns, he opened his plan to them, saying, "I have served the ungrateful scoundrels long enough;" and declaring if they would go with him, they should have double pay, and they should be made officers in the British service." One of them replied that "he did not understand fighting on both sides."

"Then," said Arnold, "you are prisoners!" Arnold ascended the deck and was received by the marines with presented arms; he then ordered his men to come on board, as prisoners of war. One of them said, "It was a shabby trick, as they had toiled so hard to get along, now to refuse the promised reward, and make them prisoners." The English Captain heard this, and stepping forward, observed, "General Arnold, I command this vessel, and while I walk this quarterdeck, no such mean transaction shall take place here." Then addressing the boatmen continued, "My good fellows, I respect your principles of honor, and fidelity to your country, although you are enemies to your King; you shall have the liberty to go or stay as you choose." Here (taking from his

purse the money), "are your promised guineas;—steward, put up four gallons of rum for these men." The boatmen thanked the gallant sailor, for his generosity and justice, and returned in safety to headquarters, and reported the proceedings to General Washington, who had just returned to camp. Arnold, during the conversation on board, retired to the cabin enraged and chagrined.

This statement was made by Chase about a fortnight before his death, in 1831. He also stated that he saw the unfortunate André going to execution. The cause of Arnold's desertion was that the poor deluded Major André was taken; information being sent him by the person himself. Arnold manifested an inveterate hatred of his country, as his succeeding conduct evidently exhibited, till the close of hostilities. After the war, he went to England, where he was despised, and died chagrined and wretched. It is related, that the unfeeling wretch called on the widowed mother and sister of his unfortunate victim (André) announcing his name to the servant: but they returned answer that "they had no desire to see him."

ANECDOTE OF MRS. BAILEY

IT will be interesting to the reader to hear that there still lives, on Groton banks, the zealous old lady who gave her *flannel petticoat*, in the emergency of the capture of the fort. She is a real heroine of the "old school," and at this advanced age, rehearses that event with all the enthusiasm of youth. She is much interested in all the subjects which agitate the political world, and possesses considerable correct information. She is visited by the great, and indulges their curiosity by telling the oft-repeated tale, which she does with a pathos, that excites admiration. And so novel is the fact, though recorded on historic page, that many request her to relate it that they may have to say, "I have seen Mrs. Bailey¹ who gave the petticoat." She says, "In the heat of action there came a soldier, rushing into my apartment, saying 'for God's sake give us some flannel for cartridges!'" "I will," said I. "Here is a blanket, 'tis all I have,"—but that moment recollecting her garment, she hastily unpinned the same, and handed it to the man, "who flew to his post," &c. Thus she has immortalized her name, as a zealous lover of her country.

¹ The local Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which has Fort Griswold in its care is named the ANNA WARNER BAILEY Chapter.

For a portrait of Mrs. Bailey, who died in 1851 at the age of 92, see Lossing's *Field-Book of the Revolution*.—(ED.)

EULOGY ON GENERAL WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, whose immortal name stands recorded on the historic page, first and greatest of men, and who led the American forces through the eight years' most trying struggle, now lies mouldering with the dust of Mount Vernon; and his choice spirit is with God. We think there could never be combined in one man, so many excellent and superior qualities as signalized our venerated Commander-in-Chief,—a great hero,—a most wise and judicious counsellor in war and in peace,—a pleasant friend and neighbor in his domestic retreat,—a Christian,—possessed of the finest feelings of humanity and mercy. Washington was a man of prayer. Often, during the war, and particularly when preparing for an attack, he was seen by his Aids and attendants to retire and pray; imploring the assistance and direction of the God of Justice, and His omnipotent arm of defence against oppression.

His peculiar humanity and sympathy, appeared in the case of the unfortunate André. He deeply regretted the necessity of putting to death that fine officer in the flower of his days; and, too, when he was not the malicious instigator, but only the agent for another's crime. It is related that Washington often sent him a meal from his own table while he lay in prison; and at his melancholy execution, where thousands flocked for curiosity and to gaze unfeelingly on that appalling spectacle of human woe, the benevolent, the noble-hearted Washington, and his guards would not appear. General Washington's name and virtues ought to be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, as the rolling ocean of time will soon eradicate from Mount Vernon and from earth, the last of his family; for he had no descendants. He married a Mrs. Custis, a widow, and bequeathed the most of his estate to his nephew, Colonel Bushrod Washington.

But we are led to believe that all the virtues which constituted a George Washington, died not with him. No, our country has

now on the stage of political action, the veteran heart, the judicious mind and ardent lover of freedom and independence. And in case of an invasion of a foreign foe, it would be found that the sons inherited the blood of their fathers, and that Bunker Hill, and Groton, and New London's ashes were not forgotten.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
 Our fondest boast;
 The sepulchre of mighty dead,
 The truest hearts that ever bled,
 Who sleep on glory's bed,
 A fearless host.

Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
 And on our heads their fury pour,
 And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
 And storm our land;
 They still shall find our lives are given,
 To die for Home!

Advance, now, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of freedom and independence, which we now are passing through. We bid you welcome to this pleasant, but dear-bought land of your fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and verdant fields of New England. Welcome to the benevolent and very hospitable hearts and homes, of the pleasant villages of New London and Groton. View, and read on the recently erected monuments the names of those who bled for your safety; and let the recollection of the scenes sketched in the preceding pages, aid your sympathetic reflections. The soil is respread with the pleasant verdure of many peaceful years;—the gore is absorbed in the earth, and the placid and beautiful Thames, which was disturbed with the rushing of a host of enemies and stained with the life-drops of the slain, now rolls onward in peace, to its home in the ocean. So have passed away the preceding generations, till 1841 finds but few remaining who can say, they saw the battle of '76, or of '81.

Let us cherish sentiments of humanity and universal philanthropy, and detest *war*, for the sake of extending power or of enlarging our territories beyond the limits of justice and right;—but prove our attachment to the cause of good government, and civil and religious liberty, by unwearied efforts in defence of our country and a strict adherence to our invaluable Constitution: remembering the motto of our esteemed Washington, “United we stand,—divided we fall.”

War and peace contrasted, must fix on the hearts of persons of sensibility, an abhorrence and heart-sickening dread of the former, and a love for the latter. Our hearts recoil at the recital of the foregoing slaughter, of but a few short hours; what, then must have been the sanguinary view of the numerous battles, during eight years’ hostilities, including the dreadful carnage at Lexington,—the struggle at Yorktown;—and at Bunker Hill! On that once fair rising ground, where the turf looks blackened by fire, yesterday stood a noble mansion; the owner had said in his heart, “Here will I spend the evening of my days, and enjoy the fruits of my labor: my name shall descend with my inheritance, and my children’s children shall sport under the trees that I have planted!” But alas! the devastation of an enemy has swept away in a moment, the toil of years; wasted, not enjoyed:—and if he escape with his life, the remaining years of his age are desolate; but far more severe the affliction caused by the shrieks of woe, the cries of anguish, resounding from the roadside, or some miserable shelter, of a dying wife and helpless babes imploring protection! The soothing rites of burial are denied, and human limbs are trodden into the earth by human feet! Such a scene set before our minds, is an unpleasant picture; what then, is the reality? May Heaven preserve us from knowing by experience; and long may America be in reality, the “Land of the Free”—justice be dispensed to all; law sit steady on her throne, and the sword be but her servant.

THE FEMALE WHIG OF '76

Composed by Rosanna Sizer, at the age of sixteen years; at the time Danbury was burnt, at the commencement of the Revolutionary War.

King George the Great Tyrant, as we understand,
Sends over his troops to conquer this land;
But our men are resolved to die in the cause,
Before they submit to be under his laws.

Our brave Liberty men, who stand for their right,
Most honorably they do go forth to fight;
But they are afraid when they are all gone,
There will be none left to raise them bread-corn.

Though they go to war they need not for to fear,
We'll do as much work as though they were here;
For to carry on business, I'll now tell you how,
We women must go out and follow the plough.

We'll plough up the ground and the seed we will sow,
And when it is time then the grass we will mow,
And since that the men are obliged to be gone,
The girls must go out to hoeing the corn.

We will pull all the flax as soon as 'twill do,
For there is need enough of it, there is such a crew
That they are almost naked for the want of clothes,
And there is none to be bought as we suppose.

And when at the time of our harvest comes on,
Then into the fields to reaping we'll run;
We'll reap all the grain and will pick all the corn,
And never give out till our work is all done.

When we have got in the grain then we'll thrash out
some wheat,

And then make some bread for our soldiers to eat;
And since there is not much rum in the land,
We will have some good cider all ready at hand.

Then we'll go to spinning and spin up the flax,
And make soldiers shirts for to put on their backs;
We'll spin all the wool as fast as we can,
And makes coats and blankets for every man.

Now there is a number of Tories that dwell all around,
A parcel of villains in every town,
They do not deserve to have human respect,
Because that their country's good they reject.

These Tories go creeping and skulking around,
Contriving to ruin both country and town;
Their equals on earth they are not to be found,
'Tis hoped they will soon have a berth under ground.

For we'll work the harder and raise the more flax,
To make halters enough for to stretch all their necks;
We'll spare no pains for to get them all hanged,
For surely they are a great curse on the land.

When they are all hanged then we hope to have peace,
And in a short time that these wars they may cease,
For we see that the force of Great Britain's not much,
For this they have proved by hiring the Dutch.

Now to our brave heroes that have the command,
Hold out with good courage your foes to withstand!
We hope in a short time you will conquer them all,
For the pride of Great Britain must soon have a fall.

THOMAS HERTTELL'S ACCOUNT

For the *Sun*.

NEW YORK, ———, 1832.

Colonel John Fellows:

SIR—In answer to your inquiries in regard to the conduct of the British troops which stormed Fort Griswold, at Groton in Connecticut, during the Revolutionary War, it may be proper to premise, that being at New London at the time of its capture and conflagration by the British forces under the command of that infamous traitor, General Benedict Arnold, on the 6th of September, 1781, I was an eye witness of the attack on Fort Griswold, on the east side of New London harbour. Though a minute detail of all the interesting occurrences connected with that affair may not be necessary to the object of your inquiry, I deem it proper to embrace the present occasion to note, among others, some matters which I have not seen recorded in any history of the war of the Revolution.

That portion of Arnold's forces which invested Fort Griswold was variously stated at a thousand to fifteen hundred men; (the British said eight hundred,) and were commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Eyre. Their incursion, early in the morning, was so sudden and unexpected that only 178 militia (officers included) were enabled to reach the fort, before it became necessary to close the gates. The enemy divided into two columns, made the attack simultaneously on the east and west sides of the fort. That on the east was led on by Lieutenant Colonel Eyre, who fell on the first assault. That on the west was commanded by Major Montgomery, who was killed near the close of the action. Three times did the British columns advance in close order, with trailed arms, and on a run at full speed, with their officers in their rear to oblige them to keep their position, and to goad them on; and three times did they quail before a little band of brave, but disciplined republican soldiers, who caused "death and destruction" in "a lead and iron tempest," exultingly to revel in blood and carnage, through their frittered and flying ranks. Here the conflict seemed to be drawing to a close. The fort ceased firing, and nothing was seen of the enemy but a few officers riding to and fro, endeavoring to rally the scattered fragments of their broken columns. The men, dismayed and disheartened, had taken shelter,—some behind rocks—some in holes—some behind hillocks, and others lay flat, under cover of the undulations of the ground; and none appeared standing within sight and reach from the fort. They had ceased firing, except as if in despair and despite, a single musket was occasionally discharged from the lurking place of a skulking fugitive. A random shot from one of those accidentally cut the halyards of the flagstaff, and the colors were consequently, by a brisk southwest wind, blown outside of the fort. This unfortunate occurrence scarcely gave plausibility to the falsehood immediately proclaimed by the British officers, "that the fort had struck;" or in their polished and more common phrase, "the damn'd Yankees had struck their colors." Thus deceived, and drawn from their hiding places, a fourth attack ensued, and though more irregular, protracted and bloody than either of the preceding, was finally successful. But a dear bought victory it was! The loss of the British was more than double the whole number of Americans who were in the fort!!

Considering the great disparity of the conflicting forces;—a few undisciplined citizens and farmers,—many of whom had never before been in battle, or had never seen a gun fired in anger; engaged with more than four times their own number, of veteran, regular, disciplined troops; a more obstinate, determined, resolute and gallant defence perhaps never before occurred in any nation;—a more protracted, hard fought and bloody battle probably was not fought during

our revolutionary struggle; and certainly none which reflected more honor on American bravery, or more dishonor on British troops.

On entering the works the officer, on whom had devolved the command of the remnant of the British forces, demanded, "Who commands this fort?" The gallant Colonel Ledyard, advancing, answered, "Sir, I had the honor once, but now you have!" and presented the hilt of his sword to the victor; who demanded, "Do you know the rules of war?" "Certainly," said Colonel Ledyard. "Then," replied the savage victor, "you Rebel, prepare for death;" and immediately, with Colonel Ledyard's own sword ran him through the body!! A general massacre by the British then ensued, after which seventy or more of the dead and badly wounded of the Americans were collected and laid side by side on their backs, and deliberately and brutally bayoneted again!

One young man, a nephew of Colonel Ledyard, was discovered secreted in the gun-room, covered with wounds; but who saved his life by bribery! Only one man (John Clark, of New London) was killed before the enemy had entered the fort; when the British had lost nearly half of their troops. And only one man of the Americans (and he by stratagem) escaped without a wound. To complete the work of cruelty and death, the remaining wounded Americans, some of whom might have survived, were thrown into waggons and precipitated down the hill on the summit of which the fort is situated, towards the river. Some were instantly killed,—others were badly injured, and but few, if any, survived this act of wanton brutality;—and certainly no individual American who defended the fort and escaped death, was indebted for his life to the magnanimity or humanity of British officers or men. In concurrence with the general and deep indignation excited by the above mentioned cruelties of the enemy, General Washington gave orders to General Wayne to retaliate on the British garrison at Stony Point;—disobedience of which order was overlooked and excused on account of its humanity.¹

I could add many other interesting details of occurrences which took place on the memorable occasion above noted, and which would honorably contrast the bravery and humanity of American citizen soldiers with the savage brutality of the mercenary myrmidons of the British king, George III. I presume, however, the above is sufficient for the object of your inquiry.

Very respectfully, Yours,

THOS. HERTTELL.

¹ An error—Stony Point was captured two years before.—(Ed.)



THE

DARTMOOR MASSACRE

By I. H. W.

Price 15 Cents

1815



EDITOR'S PREFACE

Now that an American memorial ¹ has been placed in the church at Prince Town, on Dartmoor, it is to be hoped that many more Americans than heretofore will visit that historic spot where so many American prisoners of war were confined during the weary years of 1812 to '15.

The records of the Dartmoor prison experiences of Americans are only nine in number, viz:

1. Andrews, Charles, "The Prisoner's Memoirs," New York, 1815. (This must have been the first published, as 1815 was the year when all the Americans were set free.)

2. Waterhouse, Benjamin, "Journal of a Young Man," &c., Boston, 1816.

3. "I. H. W.," "The Dartmoor Massacre." No place, 1815. (Probably the least known of all.)

4. Cobb, J. A., "A Younger's First Cruise," 2 vols., 1841.

5. Hawthorne, Nathaniel (editor), "The Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner," in *Democratic Review*, vols. 18-19, 1846.

6. Catel, L., "La Prison de Dartmoor," Paris, 1847. (It is remarkable that, though so many of the prisoners were French and a number of them educated men, this is the only French account of the prison.)

7. "Dartmoor Prison," *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. 48, p. 577, 1853.

8. "American Prisoners at Dartmoor," J. G. McNeil, in *Harper's Magazine*, September, 1904.

9. "The Story of Dartmoor Prison," Basil Thomson, London, 1907.

Numbers 7 and 9 are general histories, not specifically devoted to the American prisoners.

¹ See the *MAGAZINE* for July, 1910.

1

AN ECHO OF DARTMOOR PRISON

DARTMOOR PRISON AND THE CHURCH MEMORIAL

At the time we printed a short article on the famous prison (July, 1910) there was one item in our bibliography of the place which was so scarce that we had not been able to see it. Since then we have found a copy, had it transcribed, and now present it to our readers; the first time, we believe, that it has been reprinted since its original issue in 1815. No place of publication is given, but it was probably in a New England city, and very likely in Boston, since two-thirds of all the American prisoners were New Englanders, and one-third of the total number in the prison were from Massachusetts.

The identity of "I. H. W.," the author, has never been discovered.

As an appropriate preliminary to the poem, we reprint the greater part of the article referred to.

THERE are five small books in English, one in French, and three magazine articles, which form the scanty library to which we are indebted for all we know of a place which had a large space in the War of 1812. Quite unmarked by literary style, each has a story to tell of years of imprisonment and hardship now nearly a century ago.

In the heart of the Dartmoor country in Southern England is a spot which was a desolate peat bog up to 1805. Then England and France being at war, more room for French prisoners was needed, and the famous granite structure destined to unpleasant notoriety as Dartmoor Prison, was begun. As a site it had nothing to recommend it, but there were politics then as now, and they prevailed. The buildings which were to hold at one time nearly ten thousand men were begun, and first occupied in 1809.

"The position chosen is often wrapped in dense fog when the surrounding country is clear, and it is colder and more rainy than places only four miles distant; and in compelling Frenchmen to live in such a place in winter without fires, the Government was ignorantly committing an act of positive cruelty.¹ The unfortunate prisoners of war were not as well fed as are the convicts who are now the inmates, and there can be no doubt that the contractors (for provisions) cheated them when they could."

By April, 1813, there were seventeen hundred Americans within the walls, and what they suffered may be read in Mr. Thomson's interesting book, the latest and probably the last authority, the author having been recently Governor of the prison.

"The winter of 1813-14 was memorable; the running stream that sup-

¹ Thomson. He does not appear concerned about the Americans!

plied all the water froze to the bottom; the prisoners quenched their thirst with snow, and huddled together at night to prevent being frozen; their breath, condensing on the granite walls, covered these with a film of ice. Eight Americans escaped January 19th, when the weather was at its worst; seven were soon recaptured, the eighth a day after. All were put in the 'black hole' for ten days on two-thirds allowance. They were no more wretched than the rest, who passed this awful fortnight bare-legged, with salt beef for food and snow for drink, without fire or sufficient clothing, overrun with vermin and decimated by sickness."²

The best-known incident of the prison's history is that which forms the subject of the poem—the "Dartmoor Massacre," April 6, 1815.

Irritated by being kept in prison after the Treaty of Ghent was signed and proclaimed, there was a small riot, partly but not wholly among the Americans. The Governor, Captain Shortland, became "rattled," the prison guard fired on the Americans, and sixty-three men were killed or wounded (nine being killed or dying from wounds). Shortland was tried, but as the witnesses could not identify any of the soldiers who fired without orders, nothing came of it. Now, when war between England and the United States is an unthinkable thing, a beautiful and unique memorial to the American prisoners has been placed in the church at Princetown, near the prison—a large stained-glass window, suitably inscribed, given by the National Society United States Daughters of 1812. It was formally unveiled and presented by the president of the society June 4, 1910.

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9. *The Story of Dartmoor Prison*. Basil Thomson, London, 1907.

² Thomson.

THE DARTMOOR MASSACRE!

Transposed in verse from the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of the 6th June last, and the Boston papers of the same month.

Being the authentic and particular account of the tragic massacre at Dartmoor prison in England on the 6th April, last, 1815, in which sixty-seven American prisoners there fell the victims to the jailor's revenge, for obtaining their due allowance of bread which had been withheld from them by the jailor's orders.

NOW war is o'er, and peace is come to greet our happy land,
A tale, sad deed of wickedness, has lately come to hand;
A tragic story you shall hear, from Britain comes the
news

Of Yankee sailors there confin'd and how they have been us'd.
Our hardy tars and seamen bold, a shameful dire disgrace!
To British power and British rule, and Dartmoor was the place,
This tragic scene was acted o'er sad dreadful massacre
By one sad fellow, *Shortland* call'd, and all accounts agree
That he a ruthless tyrant was,—most fell and savage plan
And pre-concerted sought the lives of unoffending men.
The 6th of April now last past, the evening of that day,
When prisoners to their wards retir'd, and quiet went away—
To take their rest in calm content, well knowing of the peace,
And humble hope, and perfect trust, they soon would have release;
And to their country joyful come, to wives and children dear,
To fathers, mothers, kindred, friends, who'd shed full many a tear
For their mishap, by chance of war, from their embraces torn;
But joy, had now begun to dawn, in prospect of return,
And cheerful was each youthful heart, and more experienc'd tar,
As peace had now been quite confirm'd, and ended was the war.
In pleasing thoughts, and grateful hopes, another day had gone,
And patience now each sailor had, quite sure of his return.
But Shortland, he the jailor was, and great advantage had;
Instead of good bread, he decreed, each prisoner should have bad,
And that full short one half a pound, to ev'ry captive soul,
The wicked, vile, the cheating knave, has prov'd a murderer foul.

—This poem has not, we believe, been reprinted since its appearance in 1815.—(Ed.)

The late arrivals at New-York, the news doth full explain,
 The papers there, do full declare this bad proceeding plain,
 Transcrib'd correctly, to be found in journals of our town,
 Transpos'd from prose, now into verse, as plainly will be found.
 Now hear the story full and true, a journal fully giv'n,
 Correct reported by the press, express from Dartmoor prison.
 The gentle jailor, careful soul, one day to Plymouth went,
 But orders gave, 'ere he set out, what bread he would have sent,
 To ev'ry pris'ner in his charge, a pound, not one ounce more,
 Tho' a pound and half each man receiv'd the very day before,
 As that was due by right and rule to captive young or old,
 A pris'ner there, his just due share, 'twas cheating to withhold—
 One half a pound!—remorseless and unfeeling man this jailor sure
 must be

From ev'ry pris'ner to exact so large, so great a fee!
 Nor he nor care, nor feeling had, but feeling for himself,
 And thus he meant his purse to fill by such ill-gotten pelf.
 The pris'ners they in humble sort such treatment did refuse,
 And thought it hard by one vile man, to be so much abus'd
 And patiently 'til setting sun, was closing in the day
 They waited for their daily bread, from prison did not stray;
 But finding now their bread withheld, and was to them deny'd,
 They broke the door and ask'd their right, and to the guards they
 cry'd;

The officers in garrison, well thought their murmurs just,
 And deem'd the keeper much to blame, to abuse so great a trust;
 The conduct of the keeper too they much did reprobate,
 The day was sped, the men got bread in ev'ning though 'twas late.
 The next day, Shortland being told, what pass'd the day before,
 When he at Plymouth absent was, away then from Dartmoor,
 Resolv'd a vile and savage plan, inhuman and unjust,
 To find pretext on unarm'd men, his bayonets to thrust;
 And soon he found a wicked way to find out a pretence,
 That pris'ners they would run away, or 'scape thro' wall or fence;

A vile and weak pretence it was, the news if we have right,
Not to secure, but murder sure, the pris'ners in his sight,
In malice and revenge, for what had pass'd some days before,
When he away at Plymouth was, and absent from Dartmoor.
In story now it does appear correct and truly penn'd,
And you may judge and see it plain if you will well attend,
This artful, base designing man the pris'ners to annoy;
The alarm bell rung! the guard call'd out the pris'ners to destroy;
Forsooth, there was great fear to dread, he'd search'd and found
in wall

A hole was made for boy to creep, and get again a ball,
Which oft was thrown by boys at play, their usual daily sport,
In pastime who at prison wall, did ev'ry day resort;
And frequent would their balls bounce o'er out of the prison yard,
And frequent were the boys deny'd by surly churlish guard
To get again their balls for sport, their pastime and their play,
And so their joy was oft times spoilt and ended for the day.
The boys thus baulk'd, and being griev'd to lose their balls and play,
Contriv'd to make a hole to gain and get their balls away;
The vigilance of *Shortland* now, this creeping hole espy'd;
"Oh! Oh!" said he, "this shall not be," and to the guard he cry'd
"These Yanky rogues do now design to get away from prison,
"And me the keeper, you the guard, to hold us in derision.
"Their Yankee tricks, they now have fix'd, they broke the prison
wall.

" 'Tis now twilight, before 'tis night, they'll 'scape sure one and all,
"No time to lose, nor can we choose, who shall command the guard,
"With me I say come march away into the prison yard,
"I'll quick disperse, these rogues perverse, secure them live or dead!
"March on I say, with me away, and I will take the lead!
"Sound first the bell a dismal dell, and let them know we're coming,
"With gun and sword, upon my word we'll overmatch their
cunning."

The guard turn'd out, but still in doubt, with Shortland march'd
away,

From village, town to prison come, begin the bloody fray
Which soon was ended—dire mishap! It was a murd'ring deed
That Yanky tars secure from wars, in peace were doom'd to bleed.
The noise and ringing of the bell, the pris'ners did alarm,
Who thought and felt they were secure protected from all harm;
And void of blame, in yard they came incited by the bell,
And never thought by gun and shot they'd scattered be pell-mell.
The soldiers kind to them inclin'd, gave warning to disperse,
Reluctant were they to obey, to shoot them—sure averse.
Now Shortland he perceiving this, and disappointment fear'd,
In savage and revengeful ire, turn'd round upon the guard,
And from a soldier basely seiz'd, his gun with ruffian might,
And quickly shot a Yanky tar, a bloody deed, that night.
His vile example and command, was fatally obey'd,
And soon consign'd were seven brave tars, untimely to the grave.
Besides the wounded that did fall, that sad and fatal night,
In morning to behold their wounds, it was a woful sight;
Full sixty men in number told, most shocking to behold,
Whose limbs were maim'd, and some lop't off thro' cursed love of
gold,
For this alone had been the cause that *Shortland* stop'd their bread;
Thus, sixty men were maim'd and woun'd, and seven were shot quite
dead.

What satisfaction can be made for such a fatal deed,
To widows, parents, children dear, whose hearts must surely bleed,
When such sad tidings reach their ears, their grief must sure be
great,

To widows, parents, children dear, most shocking to relate.
If wickedness upon this earth was always here condemn'd,
Sure *Shortland* short on gibbet high, by rope should be suspen'd;
But Heav'n best knows how to dispose, the wicked and the just,
To God alone for justice now, must be the widows' trust.

The orphan and the father too, and mothers, sisters dear,
And brothers, kindred, dearest friends, in grief must shed a tear;
And if the victims that did fall upon this fatal night
Were not to blame, it will be shame, if Britain don't do right,
To succor those, the *maim'd and lame*, who're now depriv'd from
labor,

And cannot work but now must beg, or seek their bread by favor;
And recompence is justly due,—to widows, children, mothers,
And fathers agéd, helpless left by cursed SHORTLAND's orders.

I. H. W.

Finis



1970

Lond Mag March 1777.



JAMES AITKEN.
Alias John the Painter.

To accompany Extra Number 15 of the Magazine of History with Notes and Queries.

U of M

LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
ISRAEL RALPH POTTER
(1744-1826)

PROVIDENCE
Printed by J. Howard for I. R. Potter, 1824

NEW YORK
Reprinted
WILLIAM ABBATT
1911

(Being Extra No. 16 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES.)

DISTRICT OF RHODE ISLAND,

To Wit:

Be it remembered, that on the thirteenth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four and in the forty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Henry Trumbull of said district deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the following words to wit:

LIFE

AND

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES

OF

ISRAEL R. POTTER

(A Native of Cranston, Rhode Island)

WHO WAS A SOLDIER IN THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

And took a distinguished part in the Battle of Bunker Hill (in which he received three wounds), after which he was taken Prisoner by the British, conveyed to England, where for 30 years he obtained a livelihood for himself and family by crying, "Old Chairs to Mend," through the Streets of London. In May last, by the assistance of the American Consul, he succeeded (in the 79th year of his age) in obtaining a passage to his native country, after an absence of 48 years.

PROVIDENCE

Printed by J. HOWARD, for I. R. POTTER, 1824

In conformity to an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the author and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned," and also to an act entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the author and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the Art of designing, engraving, and etching, historical, and other prints."

Witness:

BENJAMIN COWELL,
Clerk of the Rhode Island District.

LIFE
AND
REMARKABLE ADVENTURES
OF
ISRAEL R. POTTER,
(A NATIVE OF CRANSTON, RHODE-ISLAND.)
WHO WAS A SOLDIER IN THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

And took a distinguished part in the Battle of Bunker Hill (in which he received three wounds,) after which he was taken Prisoner by the British, conveyed to England, where for 30 years he obtained a livelihood for himself and family, by crying "*Old Chairs to Mend,*" through the Streets of London.— In May last, by the assistance of the American Consul, he succeeded (in the 70th year of his age) in obtaining a passage to his native country, after an absence of 48 years.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

The life story of Israel Potter is one of the strangest ever made known—and its inherent interest is such that when first printed it awoke so much attention as to be hawked by peddlers throughout New England. The unfortunate author, however, did not live long enough to reap much benefit from its sale, dying within two years of his return to his native land after fifty years' exile.

His story is a valuable historical item, and the only one of the kind. Other prisoners' narratives are confined to their experiences while in captivity; his is one of life in London, after a very brief imprisonment, from which he escapes after a series of adventures worthy of Vidocq or of Sherlock Holmes.

His account of visiting the fifteen American prisoners in a London jail is peculiarly remarkable, as the only mention of any such being confined there. Portsmouth or other seaports were the usual places of imprisonment. (Dartmoor Prison was not opened until 1809.) Who and whence were these unhappy men? We have had search made of official records in London, by an expert, without obtaining the slightest clue to their identity. Sometime between 1775 and 1783, somewhere in the vast wilderness of London fifteen American prisoners lived—how long—and died—when and how, if not fortunately exchanged (as few were)?

His story of half a century's life in London helps us to see how the ranks of the British army were kept full. When the utmost efforts of industrious men were insufficient to enable them to save a penny, and many actually died of hunger, small wonder that the certainty of food, clothing, shelter, and pay, even as small as was that of the private soldier, attracted the thousands who were to

follow the drumbeat round the world. Can a terser, more emphatic picture of the poverty of the London poor be found than in Potter's brief statement that within a month after Waterloo was fought, some of the very soldiers who had helped win it, and been discharged on the return to England, were trying to live by crying "old chairs to mend" through London's streets, where he himself could barely make a shilling a day?

It is due to the memory of the brave man who perhaps might have attained prominence in his native land had he been able to return there under Franklin's plan, that the extraordinary record of his life and sufferings should be again published after an oblivion of eighty-seven years. We have endeavoured to ascertain the history of his son Thomas, who is supposed to have survived him, as he was but about ten years old in 1826; but have signally failed: a matter of real regret, for we would fain have recorded some particulars of one whose originality and courage as a child secured eventually his father's return to his birthplace, and the publication of the story of his life.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
ISRAEL R. POTTER

I WAS born of reputable parents in the town of Cranston, State of Rhode Island, August 1st, 1744.

I continued with my parents there in the full enjoyment of parental affection and indulgence until I arrived at the age of eighteen, when, having formed an acquaintance with the daughter of a Mr. Richard Gardner, a near neighbour, for whom (in the opinion of my friends) entertaining too great a degree of partiality, I was reprimanded and threatened by them with more severe punishment if my visits were not discontinued. Disappointed in my intentions of forming an union (when of suitable age) with one whom I really loved, I deemed the conduct of my parents in this respect unreasonable and oppressive, and formed the determination to leave them for the purpose of seeking another home and other friends.

It was on Sunday, while the family were at meeting, that I packed up as many articles of my clothing as could be contained in a pocket handkerchief, which, with a small quantity of provisions, I conveyed to and secreted in a piece of woods in the rear of my father's house. I then returned and continued in the house until about nine in the evening, when, with the pretence of retiring to bed, I passed into a back room and from thence out of a back door, and hastened to the spot where I had deposited my cloathes, &c. It was a warm summer's night, and that I might be enabled to travel with the more facility the succeeding day I lay down at

the foot of a tree and reposed myself until about four in the morning, when I arose and commenced my journey, travelling westward, with an intention of reaching, if possible, the new countries which I had heard highly spoken of as affording excellent prospects for industrious and enterprising young men. To evade the pursuit of my friends, by whom I knew I should be early missed and diligently sought for, I confined my travel to the woods and shunned the public roads, until I had reached the distance of about twelve miles from my father's house.

At noon the succeeding day I reached Hartford in Connecticut, and applied to a farmer in that town for work, and for whom I agreed to labour for one month for the sum of six dollars. Having completed my month's work to the satisfaction of my employer, I received my money and started from Hartford for Otter Creek;¹ but when I reached Springfield I met with a man bound to the Cahos² country, and who offered me four dollars to accompany him, of which offer I accepted, and the next morning we left Springfield and in a canoe ascended Connecticut river, and in about two weeks, after much hard labour in paddling and poling the boat against the current, we reached Lebanon, N. H., the place of our destination. It was with some difficulty and not until I had procured a writ by the assistance of a respectable innkeeper in Lebanon, by the name of Hill,³ that I obtained from my last employer the four dollars which he had agreed to pay me for my services.

From Lebanon I crossed the river to New Hartford,⁴ where I bargained with a Mr. Brink of that town for two hundred acres of new land lying in New Hampshire, and for which I was to labour for him four months. As this may appear to some a small consideration for so great a number of acres of land, it may be well here to acquaint the reader with the situation of the country in that quarter at that early period of its settlement; which was an almost

¹ Vermont.

² Coos County, N. H.

³ This was Charles Hill.

⁴ Then in New York State.

impenetrable wilderness, containing but few civilized inhabitants, far distantly situated from each other and from any considerable settlement, and whose temporary habitations with a few exceptions were constructed of logs in their natural state. The woods abounded with wild beasts of almost every description peculiar to this country, nor were the few inhabitants at that time free from serious apprehension of being at some unguarded moment suddenly attacked and destroyed, or conveyed into captivity by the savages, who from the commencement of the French war had improved every favourable opportunity to cut off the defenseless inhabitants of the frontier towns.

After the expiration of my four months' labour, the person who had promised me a deed of two hundred acres of land therefor having refused to fulfill his engagements, I was obliged to engage with a party of his Majesty's surveyors at fifteen shillings per month, as an assistant chain bearer, to survey the wild, unsettled lands bordering on the Connecticut river to its source. It was in the winter season, and the snow so deep that it was impossible to travel without snow-shoes. At the close of each day we enkindled a fire, cooked our victuals, and erected with the branches of hemlock a temporary hut which served us as a shelter for the night. The surveyors having completed their business returned to Lebanon, after an absence of about two months. Receiving my wages, I purchased a fowling-piece and ammunition therewith, and for the four succeeding months devoted my time in hunting deer, beavers, etc., in which I was very successful; as in the four months I obtained as many skins of these animals as produced me forty dollars. With my money I purchased of a Mr. John Marsh a hundred acres of new land lying on Water Queechy * river (so called), about five miles from Hartford, N. Y. On this land I went immediately to work, erected a small log hut thereon, and in two summers, without any assistance, cleared up thirty acres fit

* Now called Otter Queechy.

for sowing. In the winter seasons I employed my time in hunting and entrapping such animals whose hides and furs were esteemed of the most value. I remained in possession of my land two years, and then disposed of it to the same person of whom I purchased it, at the advanced price of two hundred dollars, and then conveyed my skins and furs which I had collected the two preceding winters to No. 4 (now Charlestown, N. H.), where I exchanged them for Indian blankets, wampeag⁵ and such other articles as I could conveniently convey on a hand-sled, and with which I started for Canada, to barter with the Indians for furs.

This proved a very profitable trip, as I very soon disposed of every article at an advance of more than two hundred per cent. and received payment in furs at a reduced price, and for which I received in No. 4 two hundred dollars cash. With this money, together with what I was before in possession of, I now set out for home, once more to visit my parents after an absence of two years and nine months, in which time my friends had not been enabled to receive any correct information of me. On my arrival, so greatly affected were my parents at the presence of a son whom they had considered dead, that it was some time before either could become sufficiently composed to listen to or to request me to furnish them with an account of my travels.

Soon after my return, as some atonement for the anxiety which I had caused my parents, I presented them with most of the money that I had earned in my absence, and formed the determination that I would remain with them contented at home, in consequence of a conclusion, from the welcome reception that I met with, that they had repented of their opposition and had become reconciled to my intended union. But in this I soon found that I was mistaken—for although overjoyed to see me alive whom they had supposed really dead, no sooner did they find that my long absence had rather increased than diminished my attachment for their

⁵ Wampum.

neighbour's daughter, than their resentment and opposition appeared to increase in proportion; in consequence of which I formed the determination again to quit them, and try my fortune at sea, as I had now arrived at an age in which I had an unquestionable right to think and act for myself.

After remaining at home one month I applied for and procured a berth at Providence, on board the sloop —, Captain Fuller, bound to Grenada. Having completed her loading (which consisted of stone lime, hoops, staves, etc.), we set sail with a favourable wind, and nothing worthy of note occurred until the fifteenth day from that on which we left Providence, when the sloop was discovered to be on fire by a smoke issuing from her hold. The hatches were immediately raised, but as it was discovered that the fire was caused by water communicating with the lime, it was deemed useless to make any attempts to extinguish it. Orders were immediately thereupon given by the captain to hoist out the long boat, which was found in such a leaky condition as to require constant bailing to keep her afloat. We had only time to put on board a small quantity of bread, a firkin of butter and a ten-gallon keg of water, when we embarked, eight in number, to trust ourselves to the mercy of the waves, in a leaky boat and many leagues from land. As our provision was but small in quantity, and it being uncertain how long we might remain in our perilous position, it was proposed by the captain soon after leaving the sloop that we should put ourselves on an allowance of one biscuit and half a pint of water per day for each man—which was readily agreed to by all on board. In ten minutes after leaving the sloop she was in a complete blaze and presented an awful spectacle. With a piece of the flying-jib, which had been fortunately thrown into the boat, we made shift to erect a sail, and proceeded in a southeast direction, in hopes to reach the Spanish Main, if not so fortunate as to fall in with some vessel in our course—which by the interposition of a kind Providence in our favour, actually took

place the second day after leaving the sloop. We were discovered and picked up by a Dutch ship bound from Eustatia to Holland, and from the captain and crew met with a humane reception and were supplied with every necessary that the ship afforded. We continued on board one week, when we fell in with an American sloop bound from Piscataqua to Antigua, which received us all on board and conveyed us in safety to the port of her destination. At Antigua I got a berth on board an American brig bound to Porto Rico and from thence to Eustatia. At Eustatia I received my discharge, and entered on board a ship belonging to Nantucket and bound on a whaling voyage, which proved an uncommonly short and successful one. We returned to Nantucket full of oil after an absence of the ship from that port of only sixteen months. After my discharge I continued about one month on the island, and then took passage for Providence, and from thence to Cranston, once more to visit my friends, with whom I continued three weeks and then returned to Nantucket. From Nantucket I made another whaling voyage to the South Seas, and after an absence of three years (in which time I experienced almost all the hardships and deprivations peculiar to Whalemen in long voyages) I succeeded by the blessing of Providence in reaching once more my native home, perfectly sick of the sea and willing to return to the bush and exchange a mariner's life for one less hazardous and fatiguing.

I remained with my friends at Cranston a few weeks, and then hired myself to a Mr. James Waterman of Coventry for twelve months, to work at farming. This was in the year 1774, and I continued with him about six months, when the difficulties which had for some time prevailed between the Americans and Britons had now arrived at that crisis as to render it certain that hostilities would soon commence in good earnest between the two nations; in consequence of which the Americans at this period began to prepare themselves for the event. Companies were formed in several

of the towns in New England, who received the appellation of "Minute Men," and who were to hold themselves in readiness to obey the first summons of their officers to march at a moment's notice. A company of this kind was formed in Coventry, into which I enlisted, and to the command of which Edmund Johnston * of Coventry was appointed.

It was on a Sabbath morning that news was received of the destruction of the provincial stores at Concord, and of the massacre of our countrymen at Lexington by a detached party of the British troops from Boston; and I immediately thereupon received a summons from the captain to be prepared to march with the company early the morning ensuing—and although I felt not less willing to obey the call of my country at a minute's notice and to face her foes than did the gallant Putnam, yet the nature of the summons did not render it necessary for me, like him, to quit my plough in the field, as having the day previous commenced the ploughing a field of ten or twelve acres, that I might not leave my work half done, I improved the Sabbath to complete it.

By the break of day Monday morning I swung my knapsack, shouldered my musket, and with the company commenced my march with a quick step for Charlestown, where we arrived before sunset and remained encamped in the vicinity until about noon of the 16th of June; when, having been previously joined by the remainder of the regiment from Rhode Island to which our company was attached, we received orders to proceed and join a detachment of about a thousand American troops which had that morning taken possession of Bunker Hill, and which we had orders immediately to fortify in the best manner that circumstances would admit of. We laboured all night without cessation and with very little refreshment, and by the dawn of day succeeded in throwing

* Edmund Johnston of Coventry was captain of the Coventry company in the Kent County regiment of militia, of which John Waterman was colonel, in August, 1774.

Potter was in Colonel Varnum's regiment, the Rhode Island.

up a redoubt of eight or nine rods square. As soon as our works were discovered by the British in the morning they commenced a heavy fire upon us, which was supported by a fort on Copp's Hill. We, however (under the command of the intrepid Putnam), continued to labour like beavers until our breastwork was completed.

About noon a number of the enemy's boats and barges, filled with troops, landed at Charlestown and commenced a deliberate march to attack us. We were now harangued by General Putnam, who reminded us that exhausted as we were by our incessant labour through the preceding night, the most important part of our duty was yet to be performed, and that much would be expected from so great a number of excellent marksmen. He charged us to be cool and to reserve our fire until the enemy approached so near as to enable us to see the whites of their eyes. When within about ten rods of our works, we gave them the contents of our muskets, and which were aimed with so good effect as soon to cause them to turn their backs and retreat with a much quicker step than with what they approached us. We were now again harangued by "old General Put," as he was termed, and requested by him to aim at the officers, should the enemy renew the attack—which they did in a few moments, with a reinforcement. Their approach was with a slow step, which gave us an excellent opportunity to obey the commands of our General in bringing down their officers. I feel but little disposed to boast of my own performance on this occasion, and will only say that after devoting so many months in hunting the wild animals of the wilderness while an inhabitant of New Hampshire, the reader will not suppose me a bad or inexperienced marksman; and that such were the fair shots which the epauletted redcoats presented in the two attacks, that every shot which they received from me I am confident on another occasion would have produced me a deerskin.

So warm was the reception which the enemy met with in their second attack that they again found it necessary to retreat; but

soon after receiving a fresh reinforcement a third assault was made, in which, in consequence of our ammunition failing, they too well succeeded. A close and bloody engagement now ensued. To fight our way through a very considerable body of the enemy, with clubbed muskets (for there were not one in twenty of us provided with bayonets), was now the only means left us to escape. The conflict, which was a sharp and severe one, is still fresh in my memory, and cannot be forgotten by me while the scars of the wounds which I then received remain to remind me of it. Fortunately for me, at this critical moment I was armed with a cutlass, which, although without an edge and much rust-eaten, I found of infinite more service to me than my musket. In one case I am certain it was the means of saving my life: a blow with a cutlass was aimed at my head by a British officer, which I parried, and received only a slight cut with the point on my right arm near the elbow, which I was then unconscious of; but this slight wound cost my antagonist at the moment a much more serious one, which effectually *dis-armed* him—for with one well-directed stroke I deprived him of the power of very soon again measuring swords with “a Yankee rebel.”

We finally, however, should have been mostly cut off and compelled to yield to a superiour and better-equipped force, had not a body of three or four hundred Connecticut men formed a temporary breastwork with rails, &c., and by which means [they] held the enemy at bay until our main body had time to ascend the heights and retreat across the Neck. In this retreat I was less fortunate than many of my comrades: I received two musket-ball wounds, one in my hip and the other near the ankle of my left leg. I succeeded, however, without any assistance, in reaching Prospect Hill, where the main body of the Americans had made a stand and commenced fortifying. From thence I was soon after conveyed to the hospital in Cambridge, where my wounds were dressed and the bullet extracted from my hip by one of the surgeons. The

house was nearly filled with the poor fellows who, like myself, had received wounds in the late engagement, and presented a melancholy spectacle.

Bunker Hill fight proved a sore thing for the British, and will, I doubt not, be long remembered by them. While in London I heard it frequently spoken of by many who had taken an active part therein, some of whom were pensioners and bore indelible proofs of American bravery. By them the Yankees by whom they were opposed were not unfrequently represented as a set of infuriated beings whom nothing could daunt or intimidate—and who, after their ammunition failed, disputed the ground inch by inch for a full hour, with clubbed muskets, rusty swords, pitchforks, and billets of wood, against the British bayonets.

I suffered much pain from the wound which I received in my ankle; the bone was badly fractured and several pieces were extracted by the surgeon, and it was six weeks before I was sufficiently recovered to be able to join my regiment quartered on Prospect Hill, where they had thrown up entrenchments within the distance of little more than a mile of the enemy's camp, which was in full view, they having entrenched themselves on Bunker Hill after the engagement.

On the 3rd of July, to the great satisfaction of the Americans, General Washington arrived from the South to take command. I was then confined in the hospital, but as far as my observation could extend, he met with a joyful reception, and his arrival was welcomed by every one throughout the camp. The troops had long been waiting with impatience for his arrival, as being nearly destitute of ammunition and the British receiving reinforcements daily, their prospects began to wear a gloomy aspect.

The British quartered in Boston began soon to suffer much from the scarcity of provisions; and General Washington took every

precaution to prevent their gaining a supply. From the country all supplies could easily be cut off, and to prevent their receiving any from Tories and other disaffected persons by water, the General found it necessary to equip two or three armed vessels to intercept them. Among these was the brigantine *Washington*, of ten guns, commanded by Captain Martindale.⁶ As seamen at this time could not easily be obtained, as most of them had enlisted in the land service, permission was given to any of the soldiers who should be pleased to accept of the offer, to man these vessels; consequently myself and several others of the same regiment went on board the *Washington*, then lying at Plymouth, for a cruise.

We set sail about the 8th of December, but had been out but three days when we were captured by the enemy's ship *Foy*, of twenty guns, who took us all out and put a prize crew on board the *Washington*. The *Foy* proceeded with us immediately to Boston bay, where we were put on board the British frigate *Tartar*, and orders given to convey us to England.

When two or three days out I projected a scheme (with the assistance of my fellow-prisoners, seventy-two in number) to take the ship; in which we should undoubtedly have succeeded, as we had a number of resolute fellows on board, had it not been for the treachery of a renegade Englishman who betrayed us. As I was pointed out by this fellow as the principal in the plot, I was ordered in irons by the officers of the *Tartar*, and in which situation I remained until the arrival of the ship at Portsmouth (England), when I was brought on deck and closely examined; but protesting my innocence, and, what was very fortunate for me, in the course of their examination, the person by whom I had been betrayed having been proved a British deserter, his story was discredited and I was relieved of my irons.

⁶ Captain Sion Martindale (see Cowell's "Spirit of '76"). Her crew was seventy-two men. She was fitted out at Plymouth. Captain M. was a captain in Col. Thomas Church's R. I. regiment.

The prisoners were now all thoroughly cleansed and conveyed to the marine hospital on shore, where many of us took the small-pox the natural way, from some whom we found in the hospital affected with that disease, and which proved fatal to nearly one-half our number. From the hospital those of us who survived were conveyed to Spithead and put on board a guardship, and where I had been confined with my fellow-prisoners about a month when I was ordered into the boat to assist the bargemen (in consequence of the absence of one of their gang) in rowing the lieutenant on shore. As soon as we reached the shore and the officer landed, it was proposed by some of the boat's crew to resort for a few moments to an ale-house in the vicinity to treat themselves to a few pots of beer; which being agreed to by all, I thought this a favourable opportunity, and the only one that might present, to escape from my floating prison, and felt determined not to let it pass unimproved. Accordingly, as the boat's crew were about to enter the house I expressed a necessity of my separating from them a few moments; to which they, not suspecting any design, readily assented. As soon as I saw them all snugly in and the door closed, I gave speed to my legs, and ran, as I then concluded, about four miles without once halting. I steered my course toward London, as when there, by mingling with the crowd, I thought it probable that I should be least suspected.

When I had reached the distance of about ten miles from where I quit the bargemen, and [was] beginning to think myself in little danger of apprehension should any of them be sent by the lieutenant in pursuit of me, as I was leisurely passing a public house I was noticed and hailed by a naval officer at the door with "Ahoy, what ship?" "No ship," was my reply, on which he ordered me to stop, but of which I took no other notice than to observe to him that if he would attend to his own business I would proceed quietly about mine. This rather increasing than diminishing his suspicions that I was a deserter, garbed as I was, he gave chase. Find-

ing myself closely pursued, and unwilling again to be made a prisoner of if it was possible to escape, I had once more to trust to my legs—and should have again succeeded had not the officer, on finding himself likely to be distanced, set up a cry of "Stop thief!" This brought numbers out of their houses and workshops who, joining in the pursuit, succeeded after a chase of nearly a mile, in overhauling me.

Finding myself once more in their power, and [being] a perfect stranger to the country, I deemed it vain to attempt to deceive them with a lie, and therefore made a voluntary confession to the officer that I was a prisoner of war, and related to him in what manner I had that morning made my escape. By the officer I was conveyed back to the inn, and left in custody of two soldiers; the former (previous to retiring) observing to the landlord that, believing me to be a true-blooded Yankee [he] requested him to supply me at his expense with as much liquor as I should call for.

The house was thronged early in the evening by many of the "good and faithful subjects of King George," who had assembled to take a peep at the "Yankee rebel," as they termed me, who had so recently taken an active part in the rebellious war then raging in His Majesty's American provinces; while others came apparently to gratify a curiosity in viewing for the first time an "American Yankee," whom they had been taught to believe a kind of non-descripts—beings of much less refinement than the ancient Britons, and possessing little more humanity than the Buccaneers.

As for myself, I thought it best not to be reserved, but to reply readily to all their inquiries; for while my mind was wholly employed in devising a plan to escape from the custody of my keepers, so far from manifesting a disposition to resent any of the insults offered me or my country, I feigned myself not a little pleased with their observations, and in no way dissatisfied with my situation. As the officer had left orders with the landlord to supply

me with as much liquor as I should be pleased to call for, I felt determined to make my keepers merry at his expense if possible, as the best means that I could adopt to effect my escape.

The loyal group having attempted in vain to irritate me by their mean and ungenerous reflections, by one who observed that he had frequently heard it mentioned that the Yankees were extraordinary dancers, it was proposed that I should entertain the company with a jig; to which I expressed a willingness to assent, with much feigned satisfaction, if a fiddler could be procured. Fortunately for them there was one residing in the neighbourhood, who was soon introduced, when I was obliged (although much against my own inclination) to take the floor—with the full determination, however, that if John Bull was to be thus diverted at the expense of an unfortunate prisoner of war, Uncle Jonathan should come in for his part of the sport before morning by showing them a few *Yankee steps* which they then little dreamed of.

By my performances they were soon satisfied that in this kind of exercise I should suffer but little in competition with the most nimble-footed Briton among them; nor would they release me until I had danced myself into a state of perfect perspiration—which, however, so far from being any disadvantage to me, I considered all in favour of my projected plan to escape, for while I was pleased to see the flowing bowl passing merrily about and not unfrequently brought in contact with the lips of my two keepers, the state of perspiration that I was in prevented its producing on me any intoxicating effects.

The evening having become now far spent and the company mostly retiring, my keepers, who (to use a sailor's phrase), I was happy to discover "half-seas over," having, much to my dissatisfaction, furnished me with a pair of handcuffs, spread a blanket by the side of their beds, on which I was to repose for the night. I feigned myself very grateful to them for having humanely fur-

nished me with so comfortable a bed, and on which I stretched myself with much apparent unconcern and remained quiet about one hour, when I was sure that the family had all retired to bed.

The important moment had now arrived in which I was resolved to carry my premeditated plan into execution or die in the attempt—for certain I was that if I let this opportunity pass unimproved I might have cause to regret it when it was too late; that I should most assuredly be conveyed early in the morning back to the floating prison from which I had so recently escaped, and where I might possibly remain confined until America should obtain her independence or the difficulties between Great Britain and her American provinces were adjusted. Yet, should I in any attempt to escape meet with more opposition from my keepers than what I had calculated from their apparent state of inebriety, the contest I well knew would be very unequal—they were two full-grown, stout men, with whom (if they were assisted by no others) I should have to contend handcuffed! But after mature deliberation I resolved that, however hazardous the attempt, it should be made, and that immediately.

After remaining quiet, as I before observed, until I thought it probable that all had retired to bed in the house, I intimated to my keepers that I was under the necessity of requesting permission to retire for a few moments to the backyard; when both instantly arose and reeling towards me seized each an arm and proceeded to conduct me through a long and narrow entry to the back door, which was no sooner unbolted and opened by one of them than I tripped up the heels of both and laid them sprawling, and in a moment was at the garden wall seeking a passage whereby I might gain the public road. A new and unexpected obstacle now presented, for I found the whole garden enclosed with a smooth bricken [*sic*] wall, of the height of twelve feet at least, and was prevented by the darkness of the night from discovering an avenue leading therefrom. In this predicament my only alterna-

tive was either to scale this wall, handcuffed as I was and without a moment's hesitation, or to suffer myself to be made a captive of again by my keepers, who had already recovered their feet and were bellowing like bullocks for assistance. Had it not been a very dark night I must certainly have been discovered and retaken by them; fortunately before they had succeeded in rallying the family, in groping about I met with a fruit tree situated within ten or twelve feet of the wall, which I ascended as expeditiously as possible, and by an extraordinary leap from the branches reached the top of the wall, and was in an instant on the opposite side. The coast being now clear I ran to the distance of two or three miles with as much speed as my situation would admit of. My next object now was to rid myself of my handcuffs, which fortunately proving none of the stoutest, I succeeded in doing after much painful labour.

It was now, as I judged, about twelve o'clock, and I had succeeded in reaching a considerable distance from the inn from which I had made my escape, without hearing or seeing anything of my keepers whom I had left staggering about in the garden in search of their Yankee captive. It was indeed to their intoxicated state and the extreme darkness of the night that I imputed my success in evading their pursuit. I saw no one until about the break of day, when I met an old man tottering beneath the weight of his pickaxe, hoe and shovel, clad in tattered garments and otherwise the picture of poverty and distress. He had just left his humble dwelling and was proceeding thus early to his daily labour, and as I was now satisfied that it would be very difficult for me to travel in the daytime, garbed as I was in a sailor's habit, without exciting the suspicion of His Royal Majesty's pimps, who I had been informed were constantly on the lookout for deserters, I applied to the old man, miserable as he appeared, for a change of cloathing, offering those which I then wore for a suit of inferior quality and less value. This I was induced to do at that moment, as I thought

that the proposal could be made with perfect safety: for whatever might have been his suspicions as to my motives in wishing to exchange my dress, I doubted not that with an object of so much apparent distress self-interest would prevent his communicating them. The old man, however, appeared a little surprised at my offer, and after a short examination of my pea-jacket, trowsers, &c., expressed a doubt whether I would be willing to exchange them for his "Church Suit," which he represented as something worse for wear and not worth half so much as those I then wore. Taking courage, however, from my assurances that a change of dress was my only object, he deposited his tools by the side of a hedge and invited me to accompany him to his house, which we soon reached and entered, when a scene of poverty and wretchedness presented which exceeded everything of the kind I had ever before witnessed. The internal appearance of the miserable hovel I am confident would suffer in a comparison with any of the meanest stables of our American farmers; there was but one room, in one corner of which was a bed of straw covered with a coarse sheet, and on which reposed his wife and five small children. I had heard much of the impoverished and distressed situation of the poor in England, but the present presented an instance of which I had formed no conception. Little indeed did I then think that it would be my lot, before I should meet with an opportunity to return to my native land, to be placed in an infinitely worse situation—but alas, such was my hard fortune!

The first garment presented by the poor old man of his best or "church suit," as he termed it, was a coat of very coarse cloth, and containing a number of patches of almost every colour but that of the cloth of which it was originally made. The next was a waistcoat and a pair of small cloathes which appeared each to have received a bountiful supply of patches to correspond with the coat. The coat I put on without much difficulty, but the two other garments proved much too small for me, and when I had suc-

ceeded with considerable difficulty in putting them on, they set so taut as to cause me some apprehension that they might even stop the circulation of blood. My next exchange was my buff cap for an old, rusty, large-brimmed hat.

The old man appeared very much pleased with his bargain, and represented to his wife that he could now accompany her to church much more decently clad. He immediately tried on the pea-jacket and trowsers, and seemed to give himself very little concern about their size, although I am confident that one leg of the trowsers was sufficiently large to admit his whole body; but however ludicrous his appearance in his new suit, I am certain that it could not have been more so than mine, garbed as I was like an old man of seventy. From my old friend I learned the course that I must steer to reach London, the towns and villages that I should have to pass through and the distance thereto, which was between seventy and eighty miles. He likewise represented to me that the country was filled with soldiers, who were on the constant lookout for deserters from the navy and army, for the apprehension of which they received a stipulated reward.

After enjoining it on the old man not to give any information of me, should he meet on the road any one who should enquire for such a person, I took my leave of him and again set out with a determination to reach London thus disguised if possible. I travelled about thirty miles that day, and at night entered a barn, in hopes to find some straw or hay on which to repose for the night, for I had not money sufficient to pay for a night's lodging at a public house, had I thought it prudent to apply for one.

In my expectation to find either hay or straw in the barn I was sadly disappointed, for I soon found that it contained not a lock of either—and after groping about in the dark in search of something that might serve for a substitute, I found nothing better than an undressed sheepskin. With no other bed on which to re-

pose my weary limbs, I spent a sleepless night; cold, hungry and weary, and impatient for the arrival of the morning's dawn, that I might be enabled to pursue my journey.

By break of day I again set out, and soon found myself within the suburbs of a considerable village, in passing which I was fearful there would be some risk of detection, but to guard myself as much as possible against suspicion, I furnished myself with a crutch, and feigning myself a cripple, hobbled through the town without meeting with any interruption. In two hours after I arrived in the vicinity of another still more considerable village, but fortunately for me, at the moment I was overtaken by an empty baggage-wagon bound to London. Again feigning myself very lame, I begged of the driver to grant a poor cripple the indulgence to ride a few miles—to which he assenting, I concealed myself by lying prostrate on the bottom of the wagon until we had passed quite through the village, when finding the waggoner disposed to drive much slower than what I wished to travel, after thanking him for the kind disposition which he had manifested to oblige me, I quit the waggon, threw away my crutch and travelled with a speed calculated to surprise the driver with so sudden a recovery of the use of my legs. The reader will perceive that I had now become almost an adept at deception, which I would not, however, have so frequently practiced had not self-preservation demanded it.

As I thought there would be in my journey to London infinitely more danger of detection in passing through large towns and villages than in confining myself to the country, I avoided them as much as possible; and as I found myself once more on the borders of one, apparently of much larger size than any I had yet passed, I thought it most expedient to take a circuitous route to avoid it; in attempting which I met with an almost insurmountable obstacle that I little dreamed of. When nearly abreast of the town I found my route obstructed by a ditch, of upwards of

twelve feet in breadth and of what depth I could not determine. As there was now no other alternative left me but to leap this ditch, or to retrace my steps and pass through the town, after a moment's reflection I determined to attempt the former, although it would be attempting a feat of activity that I supposed myself incapable of performing. Yet, however incredible it may appear, I assure my readers that I did effect it, and reached the other side with dry feet.

I had now arrived within about sixteen miles of London, when night approaching, I again sought lodgings in a barn, which containing a small quantity of hay, I succeeded in obtaining a tolerable comfortable night's rest. By the dawn of day I arose somewhat refreshed, and resumed my journey with the pleasing prospect of reaching London before night; but while encouraged and cheered by these pleasing anticipations, an unexpected occurrence blasted my fair prospects. I had succeeded in reaching in safety a distance so great from the place where I had been last held a prisoner, and within so short a distance of London, the place of my destination, that I began to think myself so far out of danger as to cause me to relax in a measure in the precautionary means which I had made use of to avoid detection. As I was passing through the town of Staines, within a few miles of London, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I was met by three or four British soldiers whose notice I attracted, and who unfortunately for me discovered by the collar (which I had not taken the precaution to conceal) that I wore a shirt which exactly corresponded with those uniformly worn by His Majesty's seamen. Not being able to give a satisfactory account of myself, I was made a prisoner of on suspicion of being a deserter from His Majesty's service, and was immediately committed to the Round House—a prison so called, appropriated to the confinement of runaways and those convicted of small offences. I was committed in the evening, and to secure me the more effectually I was handcuffed, and left supperless by my unfeeling jailor, to pass the night in wretchedness.

I had now been three days without food (with the exception of a single two penny loaf) and felt myself unable much longer to resist the cravings of nature. My spirits, which until now had armed me with fortitude, began to forsake me; indeed, I was at this moment on the eve of despair, when calling to mind that grief would only aggravate my calamity, I endeavoured to arm my soul with patience, and habituate myself as well as I could to woe. Accordingly, I roused my spirits, and banishing for a few moments these gloomy ideas, I began to reflect seriously on the methods how to extricate myself from this labyrinth of horror.

My first object was to rid myself of my handcuffs, which I succeeded in doing after two hours' hard labour, by sawing them across the grating of the window. Having my hands now at liberty, the next thing to be done was to force the door of my apartment, which was secured on the outside by a hasp and padlock. I devised many schemes, but for the want of tools to work with was unable to carry them into execution. I, however, at length succeeded, with the assistance of no other instrument than the bolt of my handcuffs, with which, thrusting my arm through a small window or aperture in the door, I forced the padlock—and as there was now no other barrier to prevent my escape, after an imprisonment of about five hours I was once more at large.

It was now, as I judged, about midnight, and although enfeebled and tormented with excessive hunger and fatigue, I set out with the determination of reaching London, if possible, early the ensuing morning. By break of day I reached and passed through Brentford, a town of considerable note and within six miles of the capital—but so great was my hunger at this moment that I was under serious apprehension of falling a victim to absolute starvation, if not so fortunate soon [as] to obtain something to appease it. I recollected of having read in my youth accounts of the dreadful effects of hunger, which had led men to the commission of the

most horrible excesses, but did not then think that fate would ever thereafter doom me to an almost similar situation.

When I made my escape from the prison ship six English pennies was all the money that I possessed. With two I had purchased a two-penny loaf the day after I had escaped from my keepers at the inn, and the other four still remained in my possession, not having met with a favourable opportunity since the purchase of the first loaf, to purchase food of any kind. When I had arrived at the distance of one and a half miles from Brentford I met with a labourer employed in building a pale fence, to whom my deplorable situation induced me to apply for work, or for information of any one in the neighbourhood that might be in want of a hand to work at farming or gardening. He informed me that he did not wish, himself, to hire, but that Sir John Millet, whose seat he represented [to be], but a short distance [away], was in the habit of employing many hands at that season of the year (which was in the spring of 1776) and he doubted not but that I might there meet with employment.

With my spirits a little revived at even a distant prospect of obtaining something to alleviate my sufferings, I started in quest of the seat of Sir John, agreeable to the directions which I had received; in attempting to reach which I mistook my way and proceeded up a gravelled and beautifully ornamented walk, which unconsciously led me directly to the garden of the Princess Amelia. I had approached within view of the royal mansion, when a glimpse of a number of "redcoats" who thronged the yard satisfied me of my mistake, and caused me to make an instantaneous and precipitate retreat; being determined not to afford any more of their mess an opportunity of boasting of the capture of a "Yankee rebel." Indeed, a wolf or bear of the American wilderness could not be more terrified or panic-struck at the sight of a firebrand than I then was at that of a British red coat!

Having succeeded in making good my retreat from the garden of Her Highness without being discovered, I took another path, which led me to where a number of labourers were employed in shovelling gravel, and to whom I repeated my enquiry if they could inform me any want of help, &c. "Why, in troth, friend," answered one in a dialect peculiar to the labouring class of people of that part of the country, "me master, Sir John, hires a goodly many, and as we've a deal of work now, maybe he'll hire you; s'pose he [*sic*] stop a little with us until work is done he [*sic*] may then gang along and we'll question Sir John whether him be wanting another like us or no."

Although I was sensible that an application of this kind might lead to a discovery of my situation, whereby I might be again deprived of my liberty and immured in a loathsome prison, yet, as there was now no other alternative left me but to seek in this way something to satisfy the cravings of hunger, or to yield a victim to starvation with all its attending horrors, of the two evils I preferred the least, and concluded as the honest labourer had proposed, to await until they had completed their work and then to accompany them home to ascertain the will of Sir John.

As I had heard much of the tyrannical and domineering disposition of the rich and purse-proud of England, and who were generally the lords of the manor and the particular favourites of the Crown, it was not without feeling a very considerable degree of diffidence that I introduced myself into the presence of one whom I strongly suspected to be of that class. But what was peculiarly fortunate for me, a short acquaintance was sufficient to satisfy me that as regarded this gentleman my apprehensions were without cause. I found him walking in his front yard in company with several gentlemen, and on being made acquainted with my business his first enquiry was, whether I had a hoe or money to purchase one; and on being answered in the negative he requested me

to call early the ensuing morning and he would endeavour to furnish me with one.

It is impossible for me to express the satisfaction that I felt at the prospect of a deliverance from my wretched situation. I was now, by so long fasting, reduced to such a state of weakness that my legs were hardly able to support me, and it was with extreme difficulty that I succeeded in reaching a baker's shop in the neighbourhood, where with my four remaining pennies, which I had reserved for a last resource, I purchased two two-penny loaves.

After four days of intolerable hunger the reader may judge how great must have been my joy to find myself in possession of even a morsel to appease it. Well might I have exclaimed at this moment with the unfortunate Trenck: "O Nature! what delight hast thou combined with the gratification of thy wants! Remember this, ye who rack invention to excite appetite, and which yet you cannot procure; remember how simple are the means that will give a crust of mouldy bread a flavour more exquisite than all the spices of the East or all the profusion of land or sea; remember this, grow hungry and indulge your sensuality." Although five times the quantity of the "staff of life" would have been insufficient to have satisfied my appetite, yet, as I thought it improbable that I should be indulged with a mouthful of anything to eat in the morning, I concluded to eat then but one loaf and to reserve the other for another meal; but having eaten one, so far from satisfying it seemed rather to increase my appetite for the other. The temptation was irresistible, the cravings of hunger predominated and would not be satisfied until I had devoured the remaining one.

The day was now far spent, and I was compelled to resort with reluctance to a carriage-house, to spend another night in misery. I found nothing therein on which to repose my wearied limbs but the bare floor, which was sufficient to deprive me of sleep, how-

ever much exhausted nature required it. My spirits were, however, buoyed up by the pleasing consolation that the succeeding day would bring relief. As soon as daylight appeared I hastened to await the commands of one whom, since my first introduction, I could not but flatter myself would prove my benefactor and afford me that relief which my pitiful situation so much required. It was an hour much earlier than that at which even the domestics were in the habit of rising, and I had been a considerable time walking back and forth in the barnyard before any made their appearance. It was now about four o'clock, and by the person of whom I made the enquiry I was informed that eight o'clock was the usual hour in which the labourers commenced their day's work. Permission was granted me by this person (who had the care of the stable) to repose myself on some straw beneath the manger until they should be in readiness to depart to commence their day's work; in the four hours I had a more comfortable nap than any that I had enjoyed the four preceding nights. At eight o'clock precisely all hands were called and preparations made for a commencement of the labour of the day. I was furnished with a large iron fork and a hoe, and ordered by my employer to accompany them; and although my strength at this moment was hardly sufficient to enable me to bear even so light a burthen, yet I was unwilling to expose my weakness so long as it could be avoided. But the time had now arrived in which it was impossible for me any longer to conceal it, and I had to confess the cause to my fellow-labourers, so far as to declare to them that such had been my state of poverty that, with the exception of the four small loaves of bread, I had not tasted food for four days! I was not, I must confess, displeased nor a little disappointed to witness the evident emotions of pity and commiseration which this woeful declaration appeared to excite in their minds; as I had supposed them too much accustomed to witness scenes of misery and distress to have their feelings much affected by a brief recital

of my sufferings and deprivations; but in justice to them I must say that although a very illiterate I found them (with a few exceptions) a humane and benevolent people.

About eleven o'clock we were visited by our employer, Sir John—who noticing me particularly, and perceiving the little progress I made in my labour observed, that although I had the appearance of being a stout, hearty man, yet I either feigned myself or really was, a very weak one; on which it was immediately observed by one of my friendly fellow-labourers that it was not surprising that I lacked strength, as I had eaten nothing of consequence for four days! Mr. Millet, who appeared at first little disposed to credit the fact, on being assured by me that it was really so, put a shilling into my hand and bid me go immediately and purchase to that amount in bread and meat—a request which the reader may suppose I did not hesitate to comply with.

Having made a tolerable meal and feeling somewhat refreshed thereby, I was on my return, when I was met by my fellow-labourers on their return home, four o'clock being the hour in [*sic*] which they usually quit work. As soon as we arrived some victuals were ordered for me by Sir John, when the maid presenting a much smaller quantity than what her benevolent master supposed sufficient to satisfy the appetite of one who had been four days fasting, she was ordered to return and bring out the platter and the whole of its contents, and of which I was requested to eat my fill—but of which I eat sparingly to prevent the dangerous consequences which might have resulted from my voracity in the debilitated state to which my stomach was reduced.

My light repast being over, one of the men were [*sic*] ordered by my hospitable friend to provide for me a comfortable bed in the barn, where I spent the night on a couch of clean straw, more sweetly than ever I had done in the days of my better fortune. I arose early, much refreshed, and was preparing after breakfast

to accompany the labourers to their work, which was no sooner discovered by Sir John than, smiling, he bid me return to my couch and there remain until I was in a better state to resume my labours; indeed the generous compassion and benevolence of this gentleman was unbounded. After having on that day partook of an excellent dinner, which had been provided expressly for me, and the domestics having been ordered to retire, I was not a little surprised to hear myself thus addressed by him: "My honest friend, I perceive that you are a seafaring man, and your history probably is a secret which you may not wish to divulge; but whatever circumstances may have attended you, you may make them known to me with the greatest safety, for I pledge my honour I will never betray you."

Having experienced so many proofs of the friendly disposition of Mr. Millet, I could not hesitate a moment to comply with his request, and without attempting to conceal a single fact made him acquainted with every circumstance that had attended me since my first enlistment as a soldier. After expressing his regret that there should be any of his countrymen found so void of the principles of humanity as to treat thus an unfortunate prisoner of war, he assured me that so long as I remained in his employ he would guarantee my safety—adding, that notwithstanding (in consequence of the unhappy differences which then prevailed between Great Britain and her American colonies) the inhabitants of the latter were denominated *Rebels*, yet they were not without their friends in England, who wished well to their cause and would cheerfully aid them whenever an opportunity should present. He represented the soldiers (whom it had been reported to me were constantly on the lookout for deserters) as a set of mean and contemptible wretches, little better than a lawless banditti, who to obtain the fee awarded by Government for the apprehension of a deserter, would betray their best friend.

Having been generously supplied with a new suit of cloathes and other necessities by Mr. M., I contracted with him for six months to superintend his strawberry garden—in the course of which, so far from being molested I was not suspected by even his own domestics of being an American. At the expiration of the six months, by the recommendation of my hospitable friend I got a berth in the garden of the Princess Amelia, where, although among my fellow-labourers the American rebellion was not unfrequently the topic of conversation and the “d—d Yankee rebels,” as they termed them, frequently the subjects of their vilest abuse, I was little suspected of being one of that class whom they were pleased thus to denominate. I must confess that it was not without some difficulty that I was enabled to suppress the indignant feelings occasioned by hearing my countrymen spoken so disrespectfully of, but as a single word in their favour might have betrayed me, I could obtain no other satisfaction than by secretly indulging the hope that I might, before the conclusion of the war, have an opportunity to repay them in their own coin with interest. I remained in the employ of the Princess about three months, and then in consequence of a misunderstanding with the overseer I hired myself to a farmer in a small village adjoining Brentford, where I had not been three weeks employed before rumour was afloat that I was a Yankee prisoner of war! From whence the report arose, or by what occasioned, I never could learn. It no sooner reached the ears of the soldiers than they were on the alert, seeking an opportunity to seize my person. Fortunately I was apprised of their intentions before they had time to carry them into effect; I was, however, hard pushed, and sought for by them with that diligence and perseverance that certainly deserved a better cause. I had many hairbreadth escapes and most assuredly should have been taken, had it not been for the friendship of those whom I suspect felt not less friendly to the cause of my country, but dare not publicly avow it. I was at

one time traced by the soldiers in pursuit of me to the house of one of this description, in whose garret I was concealed, and was at that moment in bed. They entered and enquired for me, and on being told I was not in the house they insisted on searching, and were in the act of ascending the chamber stairs for that purpose, when seizing my cloathes I passed up through the scuttle and reached the roof of the house, and from thence half-naked passed to those of the adjoining ones to the number of ten or twelve, and succeeded in making my escape without being discovered.

Being continually harassed by night and day by the soldiers, and driven from place to place without an opportunity to perform a day's work, I was advised by one whose sincerity I could not doubt, to apply for a berth as a labourer in a garden of His Royal Majesty, situated in the village of Kew, a few miles from Brentford, where under the protection of His Majesty it was represented to me that I should be perfectly safe, as the soldiers dare not approach the royal premises to molest any one there employed. He was indeed so friendly as to introduce me personally to the overseer as an acquaintance who possessed a perfect knowledge of gardening, but from whom he carefully concealed the fact of my being an American born and of the suspicion entertained by some of my being a prisoner of war who had escaped the vigilance of my keepers.

The overseer concluded to receive me on trial. It was here that I had not only frequent opportunities to see His Royal Majesty in person, in his frequent resorts to this, one of his country retreats, but once had the honour of being addressed by him. The fact was that I had not been one week employed in the garden before the suspicion of my being either a prisoner of war or a spy in the employ of the Americans rebels, was communicated not only to the overseer and other persons employed in the garden,

but even to the King himself! As I was one day busily engaged with three others in gravelling a walk, I was unexpectedly accosted by His Majesty, who, with much apparent good nature, enquired of me of what country I was. "An American born, may it please Your Majesty," was my reply (taking off my hat, which he requested me instantly to replace on my head). "Ah," continued he, with a smile, "an American, a stubborn, a very stubborn people, indeed! And what brought you to this country and how long have you been here?" "The fate of war, Your Majesty; I was brought to this country a prisoner about eleven months since"—and thinking this a favourable opportunity to acquaint him with a few of my grievances, I briefly stated to him how much I had been harassed by the soldiers. "While here employed they will not trouble you," was the only reply he made, and passed on. The familiar manner in which I had been interrogated by His Majesty had, I must confess, a tendency in some degree to prepossess me in his favour; I at least suspected him to possess a disposition less tyrannical and capable of better views than what had been imputed to him; and as I had frequently heard it represented in America that, uninfluenced by such of his Ministers as unwisely disregarded the reiterated complaints of the American people, he would have been foremost to have redressed their grievances, of which they so justly complained.

I continued in the service of His Majesty's gardener at Kew about four months, when the season having arrived when the work of the garden required less labourers, I with three others was discharged, and the day after engaged myself for a few months to a farmer in the town and neighbourhood where I had been last employed. But not one week had expired before the old story of my being an American prisoner of war, &c., was revived and industriously circulated, and the soldiers, eager to obtain the proffered bounty, like a pack of bloodhounds were again on the track, seeking an opportunity to surprise me. The house wherein I had

taken up my abode was several times thoroughly searched by them, but I was always so fortunate as to discover their approach in season to make good my escape by the assistance of a friend. To so much inconvenience, however, did this continual apprehension and fear subject me, that I was finally half resolved to surrender myself a prisoner to some of His Majesty's officers and submit to my fate, whatever it might be, when by an unexpected occurrence and the seasonable interposition of Providence in my favour, I was induced to change my resolution.

I had been strongly of the opinion, by what I had myself experienced, that America was not without her friends in England, and those who were her well-wishers in the important cause in which she was at that moment engaged; an opinion which I think no one will disagree with me in saying was somewhat confirmed by a circumstance of that importance as entitles it to a conspicuous place in my narrative. At a moment when driven almost to a state of despondency by continual alarms and fears of falling into the hands of a set of desperadoes who, for a very small reward, would willingly have undertaken the commission of almost any crime, I received a message from a gentleman of respectability of Brentford (J. Woodcock, Esq.), requesting me to repair immediately to his house. The invitation I was disposed to pay but little attention to, as I viewed it [as] nothing more than a plan of my pursuers to decoy and entrap me; but on learning from my confidential friend that the gentleman by whom the message had been sent was one whose loyalty had been doubted, I was induced to comply with the request.

I reached the house of 'Squire Woodcock * about eight o'clock in the evening, and after receiving from him at the door assurances

* Squire Woodcock was no doubt *Charles*, who died 1792, leaving one son, Charles Bridges Woodcock, who was admitted to Lincoln's Inn Oct. 31, 1789.

The father was evidently a well-to-do citizen, as he is on record as buying the property of the Brentford Market in 1768, in partnership with others, whom he subsequently bought out.

that I might enter without fear or apprehension of any design on his part against me, I suffered myself to be introduced into a private chamber, where were seated two other gentlemen, who appeared to be persons of no mean rank and [who] proved to be no other than Horne Tooke¹ and James Bridges,² Esquires. As all three of these gentlemen have long since paid the debt of nature, and are placed beyond the reach of such as might be disposed to persecute or reproach them for their disloyalty, I can now with perfect safety disclose their names—names which ought to be dear to every true American.

After having (by their particular request) furnished these gentlemen with a brief account of the most important incidents of my life, I underwent a very strict examination, as they seemed determined to satisfy themselves, before they made any important advances or disclosures, that I was a person in whom they could repose implicit confidence. Finding me firmly attached to the interests of my country, so much so as to be willing to sacrifice even my life if necessary in her behalf, they began to address me with less reserve; and after bestowing the highest encomiums on my countrymen for the bravery which they had displayed in their recent engagements with the British troops, as well as for their patriotism in publicly manifesting their abhorrence and detestation of the ministerial party in England, who to alienate their affections and enslave them had endeavoured to subvert the British Constitution, they enquired of me if (to promote the interests of my country) I should have any objection to take a trip to Paris on an important mission, if my passage and other expenses were

¹ Horne Tooke was of course John Horne Tooke, the famous philosopher and philologist.

² James Bridges I have been unable to identify, even with the aid of an expert genealogist in London—unless, as is probable, he was really John Edward Bridges. The latter was a Brentwood voter in 1802—possibly a son of James.

The fact that Charles Woodcock's only son bore the name of Charles Bridges Woodcock points to a relationship between the two families.

(As there was a *John* Bridges in Brentford in 1793, it may be that Potter was wrong in calling him *James*.)

paid and generous compensation allowed me for my trouble, and which in all probability would lead to the means whereby I might be enabled to return to my country—to which I replied that I should have none. After having enjoined upon me to keep everything which they had communicated a profound secret, they presented me with a guinea and a letter for a gentleman in White Waltham (a country town about thirty miles from Brentford), which they requested me to reach as soon as possible and there remain until they should send for me, and by no means to fail to arrive at the precise hour that they should appoint.

After partaking of a little light refreshment, I set out at twelve o'clock at night and reached White Waltham at half-past eleven the succeeding day, and immediately waited on and presented the letter to the gentleman to whom it was directed, and who gave me a very cordial reception, and whom I soon found was as real a friend to America's cause as the three gentlemen in whose company I had last been. It was from him that I received the first information of the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, and of the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE by the American Congress. He indeed appeared to possess a knowledge of almost every important transaction in America since the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, and it was to him that I was indebted for many particulars, not a little interesting to myself and which I might otherwise have remained ignorant of, as I have always found it a principle of the Britons to conceal everything calculated to diminish or tarnish their fame as a "great and powerful nation."

I remained in the family of this gentleman about a fortnight, when I received a letter from 'Squire Woodcock requesting me to be at his house without fail precisely at two o'clock the morning ensuing; in compliance of which I packed up and started immediately for Brentford, and reached the house of 'Squire Woodcock at the appointed hour. I found there in company with the

latter the two gentlemen whose names I have before mentioned, and by whom the object of my mission to Paris was now made known to me—which was, to convey in the most secret manner possible a letter to DR. FRANKLIN. Everything was in readiness, and a chaise ready harnessed which was to convey me to Charing Cross, waited at the door. I was presented with a pair of boots, made expressly for me and for the safe conveyance of the letter of which I was to be the bearer; one of them contained a false heel, in which the letter was deposited, and was to be thus conveyed to the Doctor. After again repeating my former declaration that, whatever might be my fate, they should never be exposed, I departed, and was conveyed in quick time to Charing Cross, where I took the post-coach for Dover, and from thence was immediately conveyed in a packet to Calais, and in fifteen minutes after landing started for Paris, which I reached in safety, and delivered to DR. FRANKLIN the letter of which I was the bearer.

What were the contents of this letter I was never informed and never knew, but had little doubt but that it contained important information relative to the views of the British Cabinet as regarded the affairs of America—and although I well knew that a discovery while within the British dominions would have proved equally fatal to me as to the gentlemen by whom I was employed, yet I most solemnly declare that to be serviceable to my country at that important period was much more of an object with me than the reward which I had been promised, however considerable it might be. My interview with DR. FRANKLIN was a pleasing one; for nearly an hour he conversed with me in the most agreeable and instructive manner, and listened to the tale of my sufferings with much apparent interest, and seemed disposed to encourage me with the assurance that if the Americans should succeed in their grand object and firmly establish their independence, they would not fail to remunerate their soldiers for their services.

But, alas, as regards myself these assurances have not as yet been verified! I am confident, however, that had it been a possible thing for that great and good man (whose humanity and generosity have been the theme of infinitely abler pens than mine) to have lived to this day, I should not have petitioned my country in vain for a momentary enjoyment of that provision which has been extended to so great a portion of my fellow-soldiers, whose hardships and deprivations in the cause of their country could not, I am sure, have been half so great as mine.

After remaining two days in Paris, letters were delivered to me by the Doctor, to convey to the gentlemen by whom I had been employed, and for their better security as well as my own I deposited, as the other, in the heel of my boot, and with which, to the great satisfaction of my friends, I reached Brentford in safety and without exciting the suspicion of any one as to the important (although somewhat dangerous) mission that I had been engaged in. I remained secreted in the house of 'Squire Woodcock a few days, and then by his and the two other gentlemen's request, made a second trip to Paris, and in reaching which and delivering my letters, was equally as fortunate as in my first. If I should succeed in returning in safety to Brentford, I was (agreeable to the generous proposal of DR. FRANKLIN) to return immediately to France, from whence he was to procure me a passage to America. But although in my return I met with no difficulty, yet, as if Fate had selected me as a victim to endure the miseries and privations which afterwards attended me, but three hours before I reached Dover to engage a passage for the third and last time to Calais, all intercourse between the two countries was prohibited!

My flattering expectations of being enabled soon to return to my native country, and once more to meet and enjoy the society of my friends after an absence of more than twelve months being thus by an unforeseen circumstance completely destroyed, I re-

turned immediately to the gentlemen by whom I had been last employed, to advise with them what it would be best for me to do in my then unpleasant situation; for, indeed, as all prospects were now at an end of meeting with an opportunity very soon to return to America, I could not bear the idea of remaining any longer in a neighbourhood where I was so strongly suspected of being a fugitive from justice, and under continual apprehension and immured like a felon in a dungeon.

By these gentlemen I was advised to repair immediately to London, where employed as a labourer, if I did not imprudently betray myself, they thought there was little probability of my being suspected of being an American. This advice I readily accepted, as the plan was such a one as exactly accorded with my opinion, for from the very moment that I first escaped from the clutches of my captors, I thought that in the city of London I should not be so liable to be suspected and harassed by the soldiers as I should to remain in the country. These gentlemen supplied me with money sufficient to defray my expenses, and would have willingly furnished me with recommendations had they not been fearful that if I should be so unfortunate as to be recognized by any one acquainted with the circumstance of my capture and escape, those recommendations (as their loyalty was already doubted) might operate much against them, inasmuch as they might furnish a clue to the discovery of some transactions which they then felt unwilling to have exposed. I ought here to state that before I set out for London I was entrusted by these gentlemen with five guineas, which I was requested to convey and distribute among a number of Americans there confined as prisoners of war in one of the city prisons.

I reached London late in the evening, and the next day engaged board at five shillings per week, at a public house in Lombard street, where, under a fictitious name, I passed for a farmer from Lincolnshire. My next object was to find my way to the

prison where were confined as prisoners of war a number of my countrymen, and among whom I was directed to distribute the five guineas with which I had been entrusted for that purpose by their friends at Brentford. I found the prison without much difficulty, but it was with very considerable difficulty that I gained admittance, and not until I had presented the turnkey with a considerable fee would he consent to indulge me. The reader will suppose that I must have been very much surprised when, as soon as the door of the prisoners' apartment was opened and I had passed the threshold, to hear one of them exclaim with much apparent astonishment, "Potter, is that you? How in the name of Heaven came you here!" An exclamation like this by one of a number to whom I supposed myself a perfect stranger, caused me much uneasiness for a few moments, as I expected nothing less than to recognize in this man some one of my old shipmates who had undoubtedly a knowledge of the fact of my being a prisoner of war and having been confined as such on board the guard-ship at Spithead. But in this I soon found to my satisfaction that I was mistaken, for after viewing for a moment the person by whom I had been thus addressed I discovered him to be no other than my old friend, Sergeant Singles,* with whom I had been intimately acquainted in America. As the exclamation was in presence of the turnkey, lest I should have the key turned upon *me*, and so be considered as lawful a prisoner as any of the rest, I hinted to my friend that he certainly mistook me, a Lincolnshire farmer, for another person; and by a wink which he received from me at the same moment gave him to understand that a renewal of our ac-

* A careful search of London records, including the Captain's and Master's logs of the *Tartar*, does not yield any information about the Sergeant, or of the fifteen American prisoners whom Potter saw. As the log-books examined were not dated, they are probably later than 1780, and it may be that some later and more fortunate searcher may yet find particulars of them. It is certainly strange that there should have been any such prisoners in London, as Portsmouth or Plymouth were the usual places of confinement (Dartmoor not being in existence before 1805).

quaintance or an exchange of civilities would be more agreeable to me at any other time.

I now, as I had been requested, divided the money as equally as possible among them, and to prevent the suspicions of the keeper, I represented to them in a feigned dialect peculiar to the labouring people of the shire-towns, that "me master was owing a little trifle or so to a rebel trader of one of His Majesty's American provinces, and was [re] quested by him to pay the balance and so to his brother Yankee rebels here imprisoned." I found the poor fellows (fifteen in number) confined in a dark, filthy apartment of about eighteen feet square, and which I could not perceive contained anything but a rough plank bench of about ten feet in length and a heap of straw, with one or two tattered, filthy-looking blankets spread thereon, which was probably the only bedding allowed them. Although their situation was such as could not fail to excite my pity, yet I could do no more than lament that it was not in my power to relieve them. How long they remained thus confined, or when exchanged, I could never learn, as I never to my knowledge saw one of them afterwards.

For four or five days after I reached London I did very little more than walk about the city, viewing such curiosities as met my eye; when reflecting that remaining thus idle I should not only be very soon out of funds, but should run the risk of being suspected and apprehended as one belonging to one of the numerous gangs of pickpockets, &c., which infest [ed] the streets of the city, I applied to an Intelligence Office for a coachman's berth, which I was so fortunate as to be able to procure, at fifteen shillings per week. My employer (J. Hyslop, Esq.), although rigid in his exactions was punctual in his payments, and by my strict prudence and abstinence from the numerous diversions of the city, I was enabled, in the six months which I served him, to lay up more cash than what I had earned the twelve months preceding. The next busi-

ness in which I engaged was that of brickmaking, and which, together with that of gardening, I pursued in the summer seasons almost exclusively for five years; in all which time I was not once suspected of being an American. Yet I must confess that my feelings were not unfrequently most powerfully wrought upon by hearing my countrymen dubbed with cowardice—and by those, too, who had been thrice flogged or frightened by them when attempting to ascend the heights of Bunker Hill! And to be obliged to brook these insults with impunity, as to have resented them would have caused me to have been suspected directly of being attached to the American cause, which might have been attended with serious consequences.

I should now pass over the five years that I was employed as above mentioned, as checkered by few incidents worth relating, was it not for one or two circumstances of some little importance that either attended me or came within my own personal knowledge. The reader has undoubtedly heard that the city of London and its suburbs is always more or less infested with gangs of nefarious wretches, who come under the denominations of Robbers, Pickpockets, Shoplifters, Swindlers, Beggars, &c., who are constantly prowling the streets in disguise, seeking opportunities to surprise and depredate on the weak and unguarded. Of these they form no inconsiderable portion, who contrive to elude and set at defiance the utmost vigilance of Government. They are a class who in the daytime disperse each to his avocation, as (the better to blind the scrutinizing eye of justice) they make it a principle to follow some laborious profession, and at night assemble to proceed on their nocturnal rounds in quest of those whose well-stored pockets promise them a reward equal to the risk which they run in obtaining it. As I was one evening passing through Hyde Park, with five guineas and a few pennies in my pockets, I was stopped by six of these lawless footpads, who, presenting pistols at my breast, demanded my money. Fortunately for me I had

previously deposited the guineas in a private pocket of my pantaloons for their better security. Thrusting their hands into my other pockets and finding me in possession of but a few English pennies, they took them and decamped. I hastened to Bow street and lodged information of the robbery with the officers, and who to my no little surprise informed me that mine was the fifth instance of information of similar robberies by the same gang which had been lodged with them that evening. Runners had been sent in every direction in pursuit of them, but with what success I could never learn.

Despairing of meeting with a favourable opportunity to return to America until the conclusion of peace, and the prospects of a continuation of the war being as great then (by what I could learn) as at any period from its commencement, I became more reconciled to my situation, and contracted an intimacy with a young woman whose parents were poor, but respectable, and whom I soon after married. I took a small ready-furnished chamber in Red Cross Street, where, with the fruits of my hard earnings, I was enabled to live tolerably comfortable for three or four years, when, by sickness and other unavoidable circumstances, I was doomed to endure miseries uncommon to human nature.

In the winter of 1781 news was received in London of the surrender of the army of Lord Cornwallis to the French and American forces! The receipt of news of an event so unexpected on the British ministers and members of Parliament was like a tremendous clap of thunder. Deep sorrow was evidently depicted in the countenances of those who had been the most strenuous advocates for the war. Never was there a time in which I longed more to exult, and to declare myself a true-blooded Yankee. And what was still more pleasing to me was to find myself even surpassed in expressions of joy and satisfaction by my wife, in consequence of the receipt of news which, while it went to establish the military fame of my countrymen, was so calculated to

humble the pride of her own. Greater proofs of her regard for me and my country I could not require.

The Ministerial party in Parliament, who had been the instigators of the war and who believed that even a view of the bright glittering muskets and bayonets of John Bull would frighten the leather-apron Yankees to a speedy submission, began now to harbour a more favourable opinion of the courage of the latter. His Majesty repaired immediately to the House of Peers and opened the sessions of Parliament. Warm debates took place on account of the ruinous manner in which the American war was continued; but Lord North and his party appeared yet unwilling to give up the contest. The capitulation of Cornwallis had, however, one good effect, as it produced the immediate release of Mr. Laurens* from the Tower, and although it did not put an immediate end to the war, yet all hopes of conquering America from that moment appeared to be given up by all except North and his adherents.

There was no one engaged in the cause of America that did more to establish her fame in England, and to satisfy the high-boasting Britons of the bravery and unconquerable resolutions of the Yankees than that bold adventurer, Captain Paul Jones, who for ten or eleven months kept all the western coast of the island in alarm. He boldly landed at Whitehaven, where he burnt a ship in the harbour, and even attempted to burn the town; nor was this, to my knowledge, the only instance in which the Britons were threatened with a very serious conflagration by the instigation of their enemies abroad. A daring attempt was made by one James Aitkin,** commonly known in London by the name of John the

* Henry Laurens was confined in the Tower of London on "suspicion of high treason" for nearly fifteen months, from October 6, 1780, denied medical attendance or the use of pen and ink. Soon after December, 1781, he was released without trial.

** A broadside of the day describes him as "James Hill, *alias* John the Painter," and gives his alleged confession, in which he states that Silas Deane, then at Paris, dissuaded him from killing George III, but gave him money to enable him to burn the Portsmouth dockyard, where he did set fire to one of the buildings December 7, 1776. He was hung March 10, 1777, at Portsmouth. (See frontispiece.)

Painter, to set fire to the royal dock and shipping at Portsmouth; and [he] would probably have succeeded had he not imprudently communicated his intentions to one who, for the sake of a few guineas, shamefully betrayed him. Poor Aitkin was immediately seized, tried, condemned, executed and hung in chains. Every means was used to extort from him a confession by whom he had been employed, but without any success. It was, however, strongly suspected that he had been employed by the French, as it was about the time that they openly declared themselves in favour of the Americans.

With regard to Mr. Laurens, I ought to have mentioned that as soon as I heard of his capture on his passage to Holland and of his confinement in the Tower, I applied for and obtained permission to visit him in his apartment, and (with some distant hopes that he might point out some way in which I might be enabled to return to America) I stated to him every particular as regarded my situation. He seemed not only to lament very much my hard fortune, but (to use his own words) "that America should be deprived of the services of such men, at the important period, too, when she most required them." He informed me that he was himself held a prisoner and knew not when or on what conditions he would be liberated; but should he thereafter be in a situation to assist me in obtaining a passage to America he should consider it a duty which he owed his country to do it.

Although I succeeded in obtaining by my industry a tolerable living for myself and family, yet so far from becoming reconciled to my situation I was impatient for the return of peace, when (as I then flattered myself) I should once more have an opportunity to return to my native country. I became every day less attached to a country where I could not meet with anything (with the exception of my little family) that could compensate me for the loss of the pleasing society of my kindred and friends in America.

Born among a moral and humane people, and having in my early days contracted their habits and a considerable number of their prejudices, it would be unnatural to suppose that I should not prefer their society to either that of rogues, thieves, pimps and vagabonds, or of a more honest but an exceedingly oppressed and forlorn people.

I found London as it had been represented to me, a large and magnificent city, filled with inhabitants of almost every description and occupation, and such an one, indeed, as might be pleasing to an Englishman, delighting in tumult and confusion and accustomed to witness scenes of riot and dissipation, as well as those of human infliction, and for the sake of variety would be willing to imprison himself within the walls of a Bedlam, where continual noise would deafen him, where the unwholesomeness of the air would affect his lungs, and where the closeness of the surrounding buildings would not permit him to enjoy the enlivening influence of the sun! There is not perhaps another city of its size in the whole world the streets of which display a greater contrast, in the wealth and misery, the honesty and knavery of its inhabitants, than the city of London. The eyes of the passing stranger, unaccustomed to witness such scenes, are at one moment dazzled by the appearance of pompous wealth with its splendid equipage—at the next he is solicited by one apparently of the most wretched of human beings to impart a single penny for the relief of his starving family. Among the latter class there are many, however, who so far from being the real objects of charity that they represent themselves to be, actually possess more wealth than those who sometimes benevolently bestow it. These vile impostors, by every species of deception that was ever devised or practiced by man, aim to excite the pity and compassion and to extort charity from those unacquainted with their easy circumstances. They possess the faculty of assuming any character that may best suit their purpose—sometimes hobbling with a crutch and exhibit-

ing a wooden leg, at other times "an honourable scar of a wound received in Egypt, at Waterloo or at Trafalgar, fighting for their most gracious sovereign and master, King George!"

Independent of these there is another species of beggars, the gypsies, who form a distinct clan and will associate with none but those of their own tribe. They are notorious thieves as well as beggars, and constantly infest the streets of London, to the great annoyance of strangers and those who have the appearance of being wealthy. They have no particular home or abiding place, but encamp about in open fields or under hedges as occasion requires. They are generally of a yellow complexion and converse in a dialect peculiar only to themselves. Their thieving propensities does [*sic*] not unfrequently lead them to kidnap little children whenever an opportunity presents. Having first by a dye changed their complexions to one that corresponds with their own they represent them as their own offspring, and carry them about half-naked on their backs to excite the pity and compassion of those of whom they beg charity. An instance of this species of theft by a party of these unprincipled vagabonds occurred once in my neighbourhood while an inhabitant of London. The little girl kidnapped was the daughter of a Captain Kellem of Coventry street. Being sent abroad on some business for her parents, she was met by a gang of gypsies, consisting of five men and six women, who seized her and forcibly carried her away to their camp in the country at a considerable distance, having first stripped her of her own clothes, and in exchange dressed her in some of their rags. Thus garbed, she travelled about the country with them for nearly seven months, and was treated as the most abject slave, and her life threatened if she should endeavour to escape or divulge her story. She stated that during the time she was with them they entrapped a little boy about her own age, whom they also stripped and carried with them, but took particular care he should never converse with her, treating him in the like savage

manner. She said they generally travelled by cross-roads and private ways, ever keeping a watchful eye that she might not escape, and that no opportunity offered until when, by some accident, they were obliged to send her from their camp to a neighbouring farm house in order to procure a light, which she took advantage of, and scrambling over hedges and ditches as she supposed for the distance of eight or nine miles, reached London worn out with fatigue and hunger, her support with them being always scanty and of the worst sort. It was the intention of the gypsies, she said, to have coloured her and the boy when the walnut season approached.

The streets of London and its suburbs are also infested with another and a still more dreadful species of rogues, denominated Footpads, and who often murder in the most inhuman manner, for the sake of only a few shillings, any unfortunate people who happen to fall in their way. Of this I was made acquainted with innumerable instances while an inhabitant of London. I shall, however, mention but two that I have now recollection of: A Mr. Wylde while passing through Marlborough street in a chaise, was stopped by a footpad who, on demanding his money, received a few shillings, but being dissatisfied with the little booty he obtained, still kept a pistol at Mr. Wylde's head, and on the latter's attempting gently to turn it aside the villain fired, and lodged seven slugs in his head and breast which caused instant death. Mr. W. expired in the arms of his son and grandson without a groan. A few days after, as a Mr. Greenhill was passing through York street in a single-horse chaise, he was met and stopped by three footpads armed with pistols. One of them seized and held the horse's head, while the other two most inhumanly dragged Mr. G. over the back of his chaise, and after robbing him of his notes, watch and hat, gave him two severe cuts on his head and left him in that deplorable state in the road. The above are but two instances of hundreds of a similar nature which yearly occur

in the most public streets of the city of London. The city is infested with a still higher order of rogues, denominated pickpockets or cut-purses, who to carry on their nefarious practices garb themselves like gentlemen and introduce themselves into the most fashionable circles. Many of them, indeed, are persons who once sustained respectable characters, but who by extravagance and excesses have reduced themselves to want, and find themselves obliged at last to have recourse to pilfering and thieving.

Thus have I endeavoured to furnish the reader with the particulars of a few of the vices peculiar to a large portion of the inhabitants of the city of London. To these might be added a thousand other misdemeanors of a less criminal nature, daily practiced by striplings from the age of six to the hoary-headed of ninety. This, I assure my readers, is a picture correctly delineated and not too highly wrought, of a city famous for its magnificence, and where I was doomed to spend more than forty years of my life, and in which time pen, ink and paper would fail were I to attempt to record the various instances of misery and want that attended me and my poor devoted family.

In September, 1783, the glorious news of a definite treaty of peace having been signed between the United States and Great Britain was publicly announced in London. While on the minds of those who had been made rich by the war the unwelcomed news operated apparently like a paralytic stroke, a host of those whose views had been inimical to the cause of America and had sought refuge in England, attempted to disguise their disappointment and dejection under a veil of assumed cheerfulness. As regarded myself, I can only say that had an event so long and ardently wished for by me taken place but a few months before, I should have hailed it as the epoch of my deliverance from a state of oppression and privation that I had already too long endured.

An opportunity indeed now presented for me to return once

more to my native country after so long an absence, had I possessed the means; but such was the high price demanded for a passage and such had been my low wages and the expenses attending the support of even a small family in London, that I found myself at this time in possession of funds hardly sufficient to defray the expense of my own passage, and much less that of my wife and child. Hence the only choice left me was either to desert them, and thereby subject them, far separated from me, to the frowns of an uncharitable people, or to content myself to remain with them and partake of a portion of that wretchedness which even my presence could not avert. When the affairs of the American Government had become so far regulated as to support a Consul at the British court, I might, indeed, have availed myself individually of the opportunity which presented, of procuring a passage home at the Government's expense; but as this was a privilege that could not be extended to my wife and child, my regard for them prevented my embracing the only means provided by my country for the return of her captured soldiers and seamen.¹

To make the best of my hard fortune, I became as resigned and reconciled to my situation as circumstances would admit of; flattering myself that Fortune might at some unexpected moment so far decide in my favour as to enable me to accomplish my wishes. I indeed bore my affliction with a degree of fortitude which I could hardly have believed myself possessed of. I had become an expert workman at brickmaking, at which business and at gardening I continued to work for very small wages for three or four years after the peace, but still found my prospects of a speedy return to my country by no means flattering. The peace had thrown thousands who had taken an active part in the war out of employ; London was thronged with them, who in prefer-

¹ He that hath wife or children hath given hostages to Fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, whether of virtue or of mischief.—*Bacon*.

ence to starving required no other consideration for their labour than a humble living, which had a lamentable effect in reducing the wages of the labouring class of people, who previous to this event were many of them so extremely poor as to be scarcely able to procure the necessaries of life for their impoverished families. Among this class I must rank myself, and from this period ought I to date the commencement of my greatest miseries, which never failed to attend me in a greater or less degree until that happy moment when, favoured by Providence, I was permitted once more to visit the peaceful shores of the land of my nativity.

When I first entered the city of London I was almost stunned, while my curiosity was not a little excited by what is termed the "cries of London." The streets were thronged by persons of both sexes and of every age, crying each the various articles which they were exposing for sale, or for jobs of work at their various occupations. I little then thought that this was a mode which I should be obliged myself to adopt to obtain a scanty pittance for my needy family; but such, indeed, proved to be the case. The great increase of labourers produced by the cessation of hostilities had so great an effect in the reduction of wages that the trifling consideration now allowed me by my employers for my services, in the line of business in which I had been several years engaged, was no longer an object, being insufficient to enable me to procure a humble sustenance. Having in vain sought for more profitable business, I was induced to apply to an acquaintance for instruction in the art of chair-bottoming, and which I partially obtained from him for a trifling consideration.

It was now (which was in the year 1789) that I assumed a line of business very different from that in which I had ever before been engaged. Fortunately for me I possessed strong lungs, which I found very necessary in an employment the success of which depended in a great measure in being enabled to drown the

voices of others engaged in the same occupation by my own. "Old chairs to mend" became now my constant cry through the streets of London from morning to night; and although I found my business not so profitable as I could have wished, yet it yielded a tolerable support for my family some time, and probably would have continued so to have done, had not the almost constant illness of my children rendered the expenses of my family much greater than they otherwise would have been. Thus afflicted by additional cares and expense, although I did everything in my power to avoid it, I was obliged, to alleviate the sufferings of my family, to contract some trifling debts which it was not in my power to discharge.

I now became the victim of additional miseries. I was visited by a bailiff employed by a creditor, who, seizing me with the claws of a tiger, dragged me from my poor afflicted family and inhumanly thrust me into prison. Indeed, no misery that I ever before endured equalled this—separated from those dependent on me for the necessities of life, and placed in a situation in which it was impossible for me to afford them any relief. Fortunately for me at this melancholy moment my wife enjoyed good health, and it was to her praiseworthy exertions that her poor helpless children, as well as myself, owed our preservation from a state of starvation. This good woman had become acquainted with many who had been my customers, whom she made acquainted with my situation and the sufferings of my family, and who had the humanity to furnish me with work during my confinement. The chairs were conveyed to and from the prison by my wife [and] in this way I was enabled to support myself and to contribute something to the relief of my afflicted family. I had in vain represented to my unfeeling creditor my inability to satisfy his demands, and in vain represented to him the suffering condition of those wholly dependent on me. Unfortunately for me he proved to be one of those human beasts who, having no soul, take

pleasure in tormenting that of others, who never feel but in their own misfortunes, and never rejoice but in the afflictions of others. Of such beings, so disgraceful to human nature, I assure the reader London contains not an inconsiderable number.

After having for four months languished in a horrid prison, I was liberated therefrom a mere skeleton; the mind afflicted had tortured the body, so much is the one in subjection to the other. I returned sorrowful and dejected to my afflicted family, whom I found in very little better condition. We now from necessity took up our abode in an obscure situation near Moorfields, where by my constant application to business I succeeded in earning daily a humble pittance for my family, barely sufficient, however, to satisfy the cravings of nature; and to add to my afflictions some one of my family was almost constantly indisposed.

However wretched my situation, there were many others at this period with whom I was particularly acquainted, whose sufferings were greater, if possible, than my own, and whom want and misery drove to the commission of crimes that in any other situation they would probably not have been guilty of. Such was the case of the unfortunate Bellamy,* who was capitally convicted and executed for a crime which distresses in his family, almost unexampled, had in a moment of despair compelled him to commit. He was one of those who had seen better days, was once a commissioned officer in the army, but being unfortunate, he was obliged to quit the service to avoid the horrors of a prison, and was thrown on the world without a single penny or a single friend. The distresses of his family were such that they were obliged to live for a considerable time deprived of all sustenance except what they could derive from scanty and precarious meals of potatoes and milk. In this situation his unfortunate wife was confined in

* At Dublin, Nov. 10, 1802, Thomas Edward Bellamy, an officer in the Hampshire militia, charged with forging a £30 bill on Messrs. Cox and Greenwood, army agents in London; the jury returned a verdict of guilty.—*Annual Register* 1802, v. 44, p. 463.

childbed. Lodging in an obscure garret she was destitute of every species of those conveniences almost indispensable with females in her condition, being herself without clothes, and to procure a covering for her new-born infant all their resources were exhausted. In this situation his wife and children must inevitably have starved, were it not for the loan of five shillings, which he walked from London to Blackheath to borrow. At his trial he made a solemn appeal to Heaven as to the truth of every particular as above stated, and that so far from wishing to exaggerate a single fact, he had suppressed many more instances of calamity scarcely to be paralleled; that after the disgrace brought upon himself by this single transaction life could not be a boon he would be anxious to solicit, but that nature pleaded in his breast for a deserving wife and helpless child. All, however, was ineffectual—he was condemned and executed pursuant to his sentence.

I have yet one or two more melancholy instances of the effects of famine to record, the first of which happened within a mile of my then miserable habitation. A poor widow woman, who had been left destitute with five small children and who had been driven to the most awful extremities by hunger, overpowered at length by the painful cries of her wretched offspring for a morsel of bread, in a fit of despair rushed into the shop of a baker in the neighbourhood, and seizing a loaf of bread bore it off to the relief of her starving family. While in the act of dividing it among them the baker (who had pursued her) entered and charged her with the theft. The charge she did not deny, but plead the starving condition of her wretched family in palliation of the crime. The baker, noticing a platter on the table containing a quantity of roasted meat, pointed to it as a proof that she could not have been driven to such an extremity by hunger; but his surprise may be better imagined than described, when being requested by the half-distracted mother to approach and inspect more closely the contents of the platter, to find it to consist of the remains of a

roasted *dog*—which she informed him had been her only food and that of her poor children for the three preceding days! The baker, struck with so shocking a proof of the poverty and distress of the wretched family, humanely contributed to their relief until they were admitted into the hospital.

I was not personally acquainted with the family, but I well knew one who was, and who communicated to me the following melancholy particulars of its wretched situation, and with which I now present my readers as another proof of the deplorable situation of the poor in England after the close of the American war. The minister of a parish was sent for to attend the funeral of a deceased person in his neighbourhood. Being conducted to the apartment which contained the corpse (and which was the only one improved * by the wretched family), he found it so low as to be unable to stand upright in it. In a dark corner of the room stood a three-legged stool, which supported a coffin of rough boards which contained the body of the wretched mother, who had the day previous expired in labour for the want of assistance! The father was sitting on a little stool over a few coals of fire, endeavouring to keep the infant warm in his bosom. Five of his seven children, half-naked, were asking their father for a piece of bread, while another about three years old was standing over the corpse of his mother and crying, as he was wont to do, "Take me, mammy; take me, mammy!" "Mammy is asleep," said one of his sisters, with tears in her eyes; "mammy is asleep, Johnny; don't cry, the good nurse has gone to beg you some bread, and will soon return." In a few minutes after, an old woman, crooked with age and clothed in tatters, came into the room with a two-penny loaf in her hand, and after heaving a sigh, calmly sat down and divided the loaf as far as it would go, among the poor half-famished children; and which, she observed, was the only food they had tasted for the last twenty-four hours! By the

* Occupied.

kind interposition of the worthy divine, a contribution was immediately raised for the relief of this wretched family.

I might add many more melancholy instances of the extreme poverty and distress of the wretched poor of London, and with which I was personally acquainted; but the foregoing, it is presumed, will be sufficient to satisfy the poorest class of inhabitants of America that, if deprived of the superfluities, so long as they can obtain the necessities of life they ought not to murmur, but have reason to thank the Almighty that they were born Americans. That one-half the world knows not how the other half lives, is a common and just observation. Complaints and murmurs are frequent, I find, among those of the inhabitants of this highly favoured country, who are not only blessed with the liberty and means of procuring for themselves and their families the necessities and comforts, but even many of the luxuries of life. They complain of poverty, yet never knew what it was to be really poor. Having never either experienced or witnessed such scenes of distress and woe as I have described, they even suppose their imaginary wants and privations equal to those of almost any of the human race!

Let those of my countrymen who thus imagine themselves miserable amid plenty, cross the Atlantic and visit the miserable habitations of real and unaffected woe—if their hearts are not destitute of feeling they will return satisfied to their own peaceful and happy shores and pour forth the ejaculations of gratitude to that universal parent who has given them abundance and exempted them from the thousand ills under the pressure of which a great portion of his children drag the load of life. Permit me to enquire of such unreasonable murmurers—have you compared your situation and circumstances, of which you so much complain, with that of those of your fellow-creatures who are unable to earn by their hard labour even a scanty pittance for their starving families? Have you compared your situation and circumstances with

that of those who have hardly ever seen the sun, but live confined in lead mines, stone quarries and coal-pits?

Before you call yourselves wretched, take a survey of the jails in Europe, in which wretched beings who have been driven to the commission of crimes by starvation, or unfortunate and honest debtors who have been torn from their impoverished families, are doomed to pine. So far from uttering unreasonable complaints, the hearts of my highly favoured countrymen ought rather to be filled with gratitude to that Being by whose assistance they have been enabled to avert so many of the miseries of life so peculiar to a portion of the oppressed of Europe at the present day; and who after groaning themselves for some time under the yoke of foreign tyranny, succeeded in emancipating themselves from slavery and are now blessed with the sweets of liberty and the undisturbed enjoyment of their natural rights. Britain, imperious Britain, who once boasted the freedom of her government and the invincible power of her arms, now finds herself reduced to the humiliating necessity of receiving lessons of liberty from those whom till late she despised as slaves; while our own country, on the other hand, like a phoenix from her ashes, having emerged from a long, expensive and bloody war, and established a constitution upon the broad and immovable basis of national equality, now promises to become the permanent residence of peace, liberty, science and national felicity. But to return to the tale of my own sufferings:

While hundreds were daily becoming the wretched victims of hunger and starvation, I was enabled by my industry to obtain a morsel each day for my family; although this morsel, which was to be divided among four, would many times have proved insufficient to have satisfied the hunger of one, I seldom ever failed from morning to night to cry "Old chairs to mend" through the principal streets of the city, but many times with very little success. If I obtained four chairs to re-bottom in the course of one day, I

considered myself fortunate indeed, but instances of such good luck were very rare; it was more frequent that I did not obtain a single one; after crying the whole day until I made myself hoarse, I was obliged to return to my poor family at night empty-handed.

So many at one time engaged in the same business that, had I not resorted to other means, my family must inevitably have starved. While crying "Old chairs to mend," I collected all the old rags, bits of paper, nails and broken glass which I could find in the streets, and which I deposited in a bag which I carried with me for that purpose. These produced me a trifle, and that trifle when other resources failed procured me a morsel of bread or a few pounds of potatoes for my poor wife and children. Yet I murmured not at the dispensation of the Supreme Arbiter of allotments, which had assigned to me so humble a line of duty, although I could not have believed once that I should ever have been brought to such a state of humiliating distress as would have required such means to alleviate it.

In February, 1783, war was declared by Great Britain against the republic of France, and although war is a calamity that ought always to be regretted by friends of humanity, as thousands are undoubtedly thereby involved in misery, yet no event could have happened at that time productive of so much benefit to me as this! It was the means of draining the country of those who had once been soldiers and who, thrown out of employ by the Peace, demanded a sum so trifling for their services as to cause a reduction in the wages of the poor labouring class of people to a sum insufficient to procure the necessaries of life for their families. This evil was now removed; the old soldiers preferred an employment more in character of themselves to doing the drudgery of the city; great inducements were held out to them to enlist, and the army was not long retarded in its operations for the want of recruits. My prospects in being enabled to earn something to satisfy the calls of nature became now more flattering; the great number that

had been employed during the Peace in a business similar to my own were now reduced to one-half, which enabled me to obtain such an extra number of jobs at chair-mending that I no longer found it necessary to collect the scrapings of the streets as I had been obliged to do for many months past. I was now enabled to purchase for my family two or three pounds of fresh meat each week—an article to which (with one or two exceptions) we had been strangers for more than a year—having subsisted principally on potatoes, oatmeal bread and salt fish, and sometimes, but rarely, however, were enabled to treat ourselves to a little skim milk.

Had not other afflictions attended me, I should not have had much cause to complain of very extraordinary hardships or privations from this period until the conclusion of the war in 1817.¹ My family had increased, and to increase my cares there was scarcely a week passed but some one of them was seriously indisposed. Of ten children of which I was the father, I had the misfortune to bury seven under five years of age, and two more after they had arrived to the age of twenty. My last and only child now living it pleased the Almighty to spare to me, to administer help and comfort to his poor afflicted parent, and without whose assistance I should, so far from having been enabled once more to visit the land of my nativity, ere this have paid the debt of nature in a foreign land, and that, too, by a death no less horrible than that of starvation.

As my life was unattended with any very extraordinary circumstance (except the one just mentioned) from the commencement of the war until the re-establishment of monarchy in France and the cessation of hostilities on the part of Great Britain in 1817, I shall commence on the narration of my unparalleled sufferings from the latter period until that when by the kind interposition of Providence I was enabled finally to obtain a passage

¹ It is singular that Potter makes no allusion whatever to the War of 1812, though he must have been deeply interested in his country's second war for independence.

to my native country, and to bid an adieu, and I hope and trust a final one, to that island where I had endured a complication of miseries beyond the power of description.

The peace produced similar effects to that of 1783. Thousands were thrown out of employ, and the streets of London thronged with soldiers seeking means to earn a humble subsistence. The cry of "Old chairs to mend" (and that, too, at a very reduced price) was reiterated through the streets of London by numbers who but the month before were at Waterloo fighting the battles of their country—which so seriously affected my business in this line that to obtain food (and that of the most humble kind) for my family, I was obliged once more to have recourse to the collecting of scraps of rags, paper, glass and such other articles of however trifling value that I could find in the streets.

It was at this distressing period that, in consequence of the impossibility of so great a number who had been discharged from the Service procuring a livelihood by honest means, that instances of thefts and daring robberies increased throughout Great Britain threefold. Bands of highwaymen and robbers hovered about the vicinity of London in numbers which almost defied suppression. Many were taken and executed, or transported; but this seemed to render the rest only the more desperately bold and cruel, while housebreaking and assassination were daily perpetrated with new arts and outrages in the very capital. Nor was the starving condition of the honest poor, who were to be met with at all times of day and in every street, seeking something to appease their hunger, less remarkable. Unable to procure by any means within their power sustenance sufficient to support nature, some actually became the victims of absolute starvation, as the following melancholy instance will show. A poor man exhausted by want dropped down in the street. Those who were passing, unacquainted with the frequency of such melancholy events, at first thought him in-

toxicated; but after languishing half an hour, he expired. On the following day an inquest was held on the body, and the verdict of the jury not giving satisfaction to the Coroner, they adjourned to the next day. In the interim two respectable surgeons were engaged to open the body, in which not a particle of nutriment was to be found except a little yellow substance supposed to be grass, or some crude vegetable, which the poor man had swallowed to appease the cravings of nature. This lamentable proof confirmed the opinion of the jury that he died for want of the necessaries of life, and [they] gave their verdict accordingly.

Miserable as was the fate of this man and that of many others, mine was but little better and would ultimately have been the same, had it not been for the assistance afforded me by my only remaining child, a lad but seven years of age. I had now arrived to an advanced age of life, and although possessing an extraordinary constitution for one of my years, yet by my incessant labours to obtain subsistence for my family I brought on myself a severe fit of illness, which confined me three weeks to my chamber, in which time my only sustenance was the produce of a few half-pennies which my poor wife and little son had been able to earn each day by disposing of matches of their own make, and in collecting and disposing of the articles of small value of which I have before made mention, which were to be found thinly scattered in the streets. In three weeks it was the will of Providence so far to restore to me my strength as to enable me once more to move abroad in search of something to support nature.

The tenement which I at this time rented and which was occupied by my family, was a small and wretched apartment of a garret, for which I had obligated myself to pay sixpence per day, which was to be paid at the close of every week; and in case of failure (agreeable to the laws or customs of the land) my furniture was liable to be seized. In consequence of my illness and other mis-

fortunes, I fell six weeks in arrears for rent; and having returned one evening with my wife and son from the performance of our daily task, my kind readers may judge what my feelings must have been to find our room stripped of every article, of however trifling value, that it contained.

Alas, oh heavens, to what a state of wretchedness were we now reduced! If there was anything wanting to complete our misery, this additional drop to the cup of our afflictions more than sufficed.

Although the real value of all that they had taken from me or rather, robbed me of, would not, if publicly disposed of, have produced a sum exceeding five dollars, yet it was our all, except the few tattered garments that we had on our backs, and were serviceable and all-important to us in our impoverished situation. Not an article of bedding of any kind was left us on which to repose at night, or a chair or stool on which we could rest our wearied limbs, but as destitute as we were and naked as they had left our dreary apartment, we had no other abiding place.

With a few half-pennies which were jointly our hard earnings of that day I purchased a peck of coal and a few pounds of potatoes; which, while the former furnished us with a little fire, the latter served for a moment to appease our hunger. By a poor family in an adjoining room I was obliged with the loan of a wooden bench, which served as seat and a table from which we partook of our homely fare. In this woeful situation, hovering over a few half-consumed coals, we spent a sleepless night. The day's dawn brought additional afflictions—my poor wife, who had until this period borne her troubles without a sigh or a murmur, and had passed through hardships and sorrows which nothing but the Supreme Giver of patience and fortitude and her perfect confidence in Him could have enabled her to sustain, yet so severe an unexpected stroke as the last she could not withstand. I found her in the morning gloomy and dejected, and so extremely feeble as to be hardly able to descend the stairs.

We left our miserable habitation in the morning with hopes that the wretched spectacle that we presented, weak and emaciated as we were, would move some to pity and induce them to impart that relief which our situation so much required. It would be, however, almost endless to recount the many rebuffs we met with in our attempts to crave assistance. Some few, indeed, were more merciful, and whatever their opinion might be of the cause of our misery, the distress they saw us in excited their charity, and for their own sakes were induced to contribute a trifle to our wants. We alternately happened among savages and Christians, but even the latter, too much influenced by appearances, were very sparing of their bounty.

With the small trifle that had been charitably bestowed on us, we returned at night to our wretched dwelling, which stripped as it had been could promise us but little more than a shelter, and where we spent the night very much as the preceding one. Such was the debilitated state of my poor wife the ensuing morning, produced by excessive hunger and fatigue, as to render it certain that sinking under the weight of misery, the hand of death, in mercy to her, was about to release her from her long and unparalleled sufferings. I should be afraid of exciting too painful sensations in the minds of my readers were I to attempt to describe my feelings at this moment, and to paint in all their horror the miseries which afterwards attended me; although so numerous had been my afflictions that it seemed impossible for any new calamity to be capable of augmenting them. Men accustomed to vicissitudes are not soon dejected, but there are trials which human nature alone cannot surmount—indeed, to such a state of wretchedness was I now reduced, that had it not been for my suffering family life would have been no longer desirable. The attendance that the helpless situation of my poor wife now demanded it was not within my power to afford her, as early the next day I was reluctantly driven by hunger abroad in search of something that might serve to contribute to our relief. I left my unfortunate companion attended by no other person but

our little son, destitute of food and fuel, and stretched on an armful of straw, which I had been so fortunate as to provide myself with the day preceding. The whole produce of my labours this day (which I may safely say was the most melancholy one of my life) amounted to no more than one shilling, which I laid out to the best advantage possible in the purchase of a few of the necessaries which the situation of my sick companion most required.

I ought to have mentioned that previous to this melancholy period when most severely afflicted, I had been two or three times driven to the necessity of making application to the Overseers of the Poor of the Parish in which I resided, for admittance into the almshouse; but never with any success, having always been put off by them with some evasive answer or frivolous pretence; sometimes charged by them with being an impostor and that laziness, more than real want, had induced me to make the application. At other times I was told that, being an American born, I had no lawful claim on the government of that country for support; that I ought to have made application to the American Consul for assistance, whose business it was to assist such of his countrymen whose situation required it.

But such now was my distress in consequence of the extreme illness of my wife, that I must receive that aid so indispensably necessary at this important crisis, or subject myself to witness a scene no less distressing than that of my poor, wretched wife actually perishing for the want of that care and nourishment which it was not in my power to afford her! Thus situated, I was induced to renew my application to the Overseer for assistance, representing to him the deplorable situation of my family, who were actually starving for the want of that sustenance which it was not in my power to procure for them; and what I thought would most probably affect his feelings, described to him the peculiar and distressed situation of my wife, the hour of whose dissolution was apparently fast ap-

proaching. But I soon found that I was addressing one who possessed a heart callous to the feelings of humanity—one whose feelings were not to be touched by a representation of the greatest misery with which human nature could be afflicted. The same cruel observations were made as before; that I was a vile impostor who was seeking by imposition to obtain that support in England which my own country had withheld from me: that the American Yankees had fought for and obtained their independence, and yet were not independent enough to support their own poor: that Great Britain would find enough to do, was she to afford relief to every d——d Yankee vagabond that should apply for it! Fortunately for this abusive British scoundrel, I possessed not now that bodily strength and activity which I could once boast of, or the villain (whether within His Majesty's dominions or not) should have received on the spot a proof of "Yankee independence" for his insolence.

Failing in my attempt to obtain the assistance which the lamentable situation of my wife required, I had recourse to other means. I waited on two or three gentlemen in my neighbourhood who had been represented to me as persons of humanity, and entreated them to visit my wretched dwelling and to satisfy themselves by ocular demonstration, of the state of my wretchedness, especially that of my dying companion. They complied with my request and were introduced by me to a scene which for misery and distress they declared surpassed everything that they had ever before witnessed. They accompanied me immediately to one in whom was invested the principal government of the poor of the parish, and represented to him the scene of human misery which they had been an eye witness to; whereupon an order was issued to have my wife conveyed to the hospital, which was immediately done, and where she was comfortably provided for. But, alas, the relief which her situation had so much required had been too long deferred—her deprivation and sufferings had been too great to admit of her being now restored

to her former state of health, or relieved by anything that could be administered.

After her removal to the hospital she lingered a few days in a state of perfect insensibility and then closed her eyes forever on a world where for many years she had been the unhappy subject of almost constant affliction.

I felt very sensibly the irreparable loss of one who had been my companion in adversity as well as in prosperity, and when blessed with health had afforded me by her industry that assistance without which the sufferings of our poor children would have been greater, if possible, than what they were. My situation was now truly a lonely one, bereaved of my wife and all my children except one, who, although but little more than seven years of age was a child of that sprightliness and activity as to possess himself with a perfect knowledge of the chair-bottoming business, and by which he earned not only enough (when work could be obtained) to furnish himself with food, but contributed much to the relief of his surviving parent when confined by illness and infirmity.

We continued to improve¹ the apartment from which my wife had been removed, until I was so fortunate as to be able to rent a ready-furnished apartment (as it was termed) at four shillings and sixpence a week. Apartments of this kind are not uncommon in London, and are intended to accommodate poor families, situated as we were, who had been so unfortunate as to be stripped of everything but the cloathes on their backs by their unfeeling landlords. These "ready-furnished" rooms were nothing but miserable apartments in garrets, and contain but few more conveniences than what many of our common prisons in America afford—a bunk of straw, with two or three old blankets, a couple of chairs and a rough table about three feet square, with an article or two of ironware in which to cook our victuals (if we should be

¹ Occupy or use.

so fortunate as to obtain any), were the contents of the ready-furnished apartment that we were now about to occupy; but even with these few conveniences, it was comparatively a palace to the one we had for several weeks past improved.

When my health would permit, I seldom failed to visit daily the most public streets of the city and from morning to night cry for old chairs to mend—accompanied by my son Thomas, with a bundle of flags.² If we were so fortunate as to obtain a job of work more than we could complete in the day, with the permission of the owner I would convey the chairs on my back to my humble dwelling, and with the assistance of my little son improve the evening to complete the work, which would produce us a few half-pennies to purchase something for our breakfast the next morning. But it was very seldom that instances of this kind occurred, as it was more frequently the case that after crying for old chairs to mend the whole day, we were obliged to return hungry and weary, and without a single half-penny in our pockets, to our humble dwelling, where we were obliged to fast until the succeeding day. And, indeed, there were some instances in which we were compelled to fast two or three days successively, without being able to procure a single job of work. The rent I had obligated myself to pay every night, and frequently when our hunger was such as hardly to be endured, I was obliged to reserve the few pennies that I was possessed of to apply to this purpose.

In our most starving condition, when every other plan failed, my little son would adopt the expedient of sweeping the public causeways (leading from one walk to the other), where he would labour the whole day with the expectation of receiving no other reward than what the generosity of gentlemen who had occasion to cross would induce them to bestow in charity, and which seldom amounted to more than a few pennies. Sometimes the poor boy would toil in this way the whole day without being so fortunate

² Rushes or rattans.

as to receive a single half-penny. It was then he would return home sorrowful and dejected, and while he attempted to conceal his own hunger, with tears in his eyes, would lament his hard fortune in not being able to obtain something to appease mine. While he was thus employed I remained at home, but not idle, being as busily engaged in making matches, with which, when he returned home empty-handed, we were obliged, as fatigued as we were, to visit the markets to expose for sale, and where we were obliged sometimes to tarry until eleven o'clock at night before we could meet with a single purchaser. Having one stormy night of a Saturday visited the market with my son for this purpose, and after exposing ourselves to the chilling rain until past ten o'clock without being able, either of us, to sell a single match, I advised the youth (being thinly clad) to return home—feeling disposed to tarry myself a while longer in hopes that better success might attend me; as having already fasted one day and night, it was indispensably necessary that I should obtain something to appease our hunger the succeeding day (Sunday), or, what seemed impossible, to endure longer its torments! I remained until eleven, the hour at which the market closed, and yet had met with no better success. It is impossible to describe the sensation of despondency which overwhelmed me at this moment. I now considered it as certain that I must return home with nothing wherewith to satisfy our craving appetites, and with my mind filled with the most heartrending reflections, I was about to return, when Heaven seemed pleased to interpose in my behalf, and to send relief when I little expected it. Passing a beef stall, I attracted the notice of the butcher, who, viewing me probably as I was, a miserable object of pity emaciated by long fastings and clad in tattered garments from which the water was fast dripping, and judging no doubt from my appearance that on no one could charity be more properly bestowed, he threw into my basket a beef's heart, with the request that I would depart with it imme-

diately for my home, if any I had. I will not attempt to describe the joy that I felt on this occasion in so unexpectedly meeting with that relief which my situation so much required. I hastened home with a much lighter heart than what I had anticipated, and when I arrived, the sensations of joy exhibited by my little son on viewing the prize that I bore produced effects as various as extraordinary; he wept, then laughed and danced with transport.

The reader must suppose that while I found it so extremely difficult to earn enough to preserve us from starvation, I had little to spare for cloathing and other necessities; and that this was really my situation I think no one will doubt, when I positively declare that to such extremities was I driven that, being unable to pay a barber for shaving me, I was obliged to adopt the expedient for more than two years of clipping my beard as close as possible with a pair of scissors which I kept for that purpose.¹ As strange and laughable as the circumstance may appear to some, I assure the reader that I state facts and exaggerate nothing. As regarded our clothes I can say no more than that they were the best that we could procure, and were such as persons in our situation were obliged to wear. They served to conceal our nakedness, but would have proved insufficient to have protected our bodies from the inclemency of the weather of a colder climate. Such, indeed, was sometimes our miserable appearance, clad in tattered garments, that while engaged in our employment in crying for old chairs to mend, we not only attracted the notice of many, but there were instances in which a few half-pennies unsolicited were bestowed on us in charity. An instance of this kind happened one day, as I was passing through Threadneedle street; a gentleman, perceiving by the appearance of the shoes I wore that they were about to

¹This may seem absurd to readers of the twentieth century, but at that time not a man in England wore hair on his face, and anyone appearing with such was at once known for a foreigner and became an object of popular attention of a disagreeable sort. —(Ed.)

quit me, put half a crown in my hand and bid me go and cry, "*Old shoes to mend.*"

In long and gloomy winter evenings, when unable to furnish myself with any other light than that emitted by a little fire of seacoal, I would attempt to drive away melancholy by amusing my son with an account of my native country, and of the many blessings there enjoyed by even the poorest class of people; of their fair fields producing a regular supply of bread; their convenient houses, to which they could repair after the toils of the day, to partake of the fruits of their labour, safe from the storms and the cold, and where they could lay down their heads to rest without any to molest them or to make them afraid. Nothing could have been better calculated to excite animation in the mind of the poor child than an account so flattering of a country which had given birth to his father, and to which he had received my repeated assurances he should accompany me as soon as an opportunity should present. After expressing his fears that the happy day was yet far distant, with a deep sigh he would exclaim, "Would to God it was to-morrow!"

About a year after the decease of my wife I was taken extremely ill, insomuch that at one time my life was despaired of, and had it not been for the friendless and lonely situation in which such an event would have placed my son, I should have welcomed the hour of my dissolution and viewed it as a consummation rather to be wished than dreaded; for so great had been my sufferings of mind and body, and the miseries to which I was still exposed, that life had really become a burthen to me. Indeed, I think it would have been difficult to have found on the face of the earth a being more wretched than I had been for the three years past.

During my illness my only friend on earth was my son, Thomas, who did everything to alleviate my wants within the power of his

age to do; sometimes by crying for old chairs to mend (for he had become as expert a workman at this business as his father) and sometimes by sweeping the causeways and by making and selling matches he succeeded in earning each day a trifle sufficient to procure for me and himself a humble sustenance. When I had so far recovered as to be able to creep abroad, and the youth had been so fortunate as to obtain a good job, I would accompany him, although very feeble, and assist him in conveying the chairs home. It was on such occasions that my dear child would manifest his tenderness and affection for me by insisting, if there were four chairs, that I should carry but one and he would carry the remaining three, or in proportion of a greater or less number.

From the moment that I had informed him of the many blessings enjoyed by my countrymen of every class, I was almost constantly urged by my son to apply to the American Consul for a passage. It was in vain that I represented to him that if such an application was attended with success and the opportunity should be improved by me, it must cause our separation, perhaps forever, as he would not be permitted to accompany me at the expense of Government.

"Never mind me," he would reply; "do not, father, suffer any more on my account. If you can only succeed in obtaining a passage to a country where you can enjoy the blessings that you have described to me I may be so fortunate as to meet with an opportunity to join you; and if not, it will be a consolation to me, whatever my afflictions may be, to think that yours have ceased!" My ardent wish to return to America was not less than that of my son, but I could not bear the thoughts of a separation; of leaving him behind exposed to all the miseries peculiar to the friendless poor of that country. He was a child of my old age and from whom I had received too many proofs of his love and regard for me not to feel that parental affection for him to which his amiable disposition entitled him.

I was indeed unacquainted with the place of residence of the American Consul. I had made frequent inquiries, but no one that could inform me correctly where he might be found; but so anxious was my son that I should spend the remnant of my days in that country where I should receive (if nothing more) a Christian burial at my decease, and bid farewell to a land where I had spent so great a portion of my life in sorrow, and many years had endured the lingering tortures of protracted famine, that he ceased not to enquire of everyone with whom he was acquainted, until he obtained the wished-for information. Having learned the place of residence of the American Consul, and fearful of the consequences of delay, he would give me no peace until I promised him that I would accompany him there the succeeding day, if my strength would admit of it; for although I had partially recovered from a severe fit of sickness, yet I was still so weak and feeble as to be scarcely able to walk.

My son did not fail to remind me early the next morning of my promise, and to gratify him more than with an expectation of meeting with much success, I set out with him, feeble as I was, for the Consul's.¹

The distance was about two miles, and before I had succeeded in reaching half the way I had wished myself a dozen times safe home again, and had it not been for the strong persuasion of my son to the contrary, I certainly should have returned. I was never before so sensible of the effects of my long sufferings, which had produced that degree of bodily weakness and debility as to leave me scarcely strength sufficient to move without the assistance of my son, who, when he found me reeling or halting through

¹ Thomas Aspinwall (1786-1876) was American Consul at London, 1815-53—a tenure of office only equalled by that of our Consul Horatio Sprague, at Gibraltar. He was Major and Colonel of the Ninth Infantry during the War of 1812, and lost one arm at the sortie from Fort Erie.

weakness, would support me until I had gained sufficient strength to proceed.

Although the distance was but two miles, yet such was the state of my weakness that, although we started early in the morning, it was half-past three o'clock when we reached the Consul's office; when I was so much exhausted as to be obliged to ascend the steps on my hands and knees. Fortunately, we found the Consul in, and on my addressing him and acquainting him with the object of my visit, he seemed at first unwilling to credit the fact that I was an American born; but after interrogating me some time as to the place of my nativity, the cause which first brought me to England, &c., he seemed to be more satisfied. He, however, observed, on being informed that the lad who accompanied me was my son, that he could procure a passage for me, but not for him—as being born in England the American government would consider him a British subject, and under no obligation to defray the expense of his passage; and as regarded myself, he observed that he had his doubts, so aged and infirm as I appeared to be, whether I should live to reach America if I should attempt it. I cannot say that I was much surprised at the observations of the Consul, as they exactly agreed with what I had anticipated; and as anxious as I then felt to visit once more my native country, I felt determined not to attempt it unless I could be accompanied by my son, and expressed myself to this effect to the Consul. The poor lad appeared nearly overcome with grief when he saw me preparing to return without being able to effect my object. Indeed, so greatly was he affected and such the sorrow that he exhibited, that he attracted the notice (and I believe I may add, the pity,) of the Consul, who after making some few enquiries as regarded his disposition, age, &c., observed that he could furnish the lad with a passage at his own expense, which he should have no objection to do if I would consent to his living with a connexion of his (the Consul's) on his arrival in America. "But," (continued he) "in

such a case you must be a while separated, for it would be imprudent for you to attempt the passage until you have gained more strength. I will pay your board where, by better living than you have been latterly accustomed to, you may have a chance to recruit—but your son must take passage on board the *London Packet*, which sails for Boston the day after to-morrow."

Although but a few moments previous my son would have thought no sacrifice too great that would have enabled us to effect our object in obtaining passages to America, yet when he found that instead of himself I was to be left for awhile behind, he appeared at some loss how to determine. But on being assured by the Consul that if my life was spared I should soon join him, he consented; and being furnished by the Consul with a few necessary articles of cloathing, I the next day accompanied him on board the packet which was to convey him to America—and after giving him the best advice that I was capable of as regarded his behaviour and deportment, while on his passage and on his arrival in America, I took my leave of him and saw him not again until I met him on the wharf on my arrival at Boston.

When I parted with the Consul he presented me with half a crown, and directions where to apply for board; it was at a public inn, where I found many American seamen who, like myself, were boarded there at the Consul's expense until passages could be obtained for them to America. I was treated by them with much civility, and by hearing them daily account their various and remarkable adventures, as well as by relating my own, I passed my time more agreeably than what I probably should have done in other society.

In eight weeks I was so far recruited by good living as in the opinion of the Consul to be able to endure the fatigues of a passage to my native country, and which was procured for me on board the ship *Criterion*, bound to New York. We set sail on the

fifth of April, 1823, and after a passage of forty-two days arrived safe at our port of destination. After having experienced in a foreign land so much ill-treatment from those from whom I could expect no mercy, and for no other fault than that of being an American, I could not but flatter myself that when I bid adieu to that country I should no longer be the subject of unjust persecution, or have occasion to complain of ill-treatment from those whose duty it was to afford me protection. But the sad reverse which I experienced while on board the *Criterion* convinced me of the incorrectness of my conclusions. For my country's sake I am happy to have it in my power to say that the crew of this ship was not composed altogether of Americans—there was a mixture of all nations, and among them some so vile and destitute of every humane principle as to delight in nothing so much as to sport with the infirmities of one whose grey locks ought at least to have protected him. By these unfeeling wretches, who deserve not the name of sailors, I was not only most shamefully ill-used on the passage, but was robbed of some necessary articles of clothing which had been charitably bestowed on me by the American Consul.

We arrived in the harbour of New York about midnight; and such were the pleasing sensations produced by the reflection that on the morrow I should be indulged with the privilege of walking once more on American ground after an absence of almost fifty years, and that but a short distance now separated me from my dear son, that it was in vain that I attempted to close my eyes to sleep. Never was the morning's dawn so cheerfully welcomed as by me. I solicited and obtained the permission of the captain to be early set on shore, on reaching which I did not forget to offer up my unfeigned thanks to that mighty Being who had not only sustained me during my heavy afflictions abroad, but had finally restored me to my native country. The pleasure that I enjoyed in viewing the streets thronged by those who, although I could not claim as acquaintances, I could greet as my countrymen, was un-

bounded. I felt a regard for almost every object that met my eye because it was American.

Great as was my joy on finding myself once more among my countrymen, I felt not a little impatient for the arrival of the happy moment when I should be able to meet my son. Agreeable to the orders which I [had] received from the American Consul, I applied to the Customs House in New York for a passage from thence to Boston, with which I was provided on board a regular packet which sailed the morning ensuing. In justice to the captain, I must say that I was treated by him, as well as by all on board, with much civility. We arrived at the Long Wharf in Boston after a short and pleasant passage. I had been informed by the Consul, previous to leaving London, of the name of the gentleman with whom my son probably lived, and a fellow-passenger on board the packet was so good as to call on and inform him of my arrival. In less than fifteen minutes after receiving the information my son met me on the wharf! Reader, you will not believe it possible for me to describe my feelings correctly at this joyful moment. If you are a parent you may have some conception of them, but a faint one, however, unless you and an only beloved child have been placed in a similar situation.

After acquainting myself with the state of my boy's health, &c., my next enquiry was whether he found the country as it had been described by me, and how he esteemed it. "Well, extremely well," was his reply. "Since my arrival I have fared like a prince; I have meat every day and have feasted on American puddings and pies, such as you used to tell me about, until I have become almost sick of them!" I was immediately conducted by him to the house of the gentleman with whom he lived, and by whom I was treated with much hospitality.

In the afternoon of the day succeeding, by the earnest request of my son, I visited Bunker Hill, which he had a curiosity to view,

having heard it so frequently spoken of by me while in London as the place where the memorable battle was fought in which I received my wounds.

I continued in Boston about a fortnight, and then set out on foot to visit once more my native State. My son accompanied me as far as Roxbury, when I was obliged reluctantly to part with him, and proceeded myself no further on my journey that day than Jamaica Plain, where at a public house I tarried all night. From thence I started early the next morning and reached Providence about five o'clock in the afternoon and obtained lodgings at a public inn in High street.

It may not be improper here to acquaint my readers that, as I had left my father possessed of very considerable property, of which at his decease I thought myself entitled to a portion equal to that of the other children, which (as my father was very economical in the management of his affairs) I knew could not amount to a very inconsiderable sum, it was to obtain this, if possible, that I became extremely anxious to visit immediately the place of my nativity. Accordingly, the day after I arrived in Providence, I hastened to Cranston, to seek my connexions, if any were to be found, and if not, to seek among the most aged of the inhabitants some one who had not forgotten me and who might be able to furnish me with the sought-for information. But, alas! too soon were blasted my hopeful expectations of finding something in reserve for me that might have afforded me a humble support the few remaining years of my life. It was by a distant connexion that I was informed that my brothers had many years since removed to a distant part of the country; that having credited a rumour in circulation of my death, at the decease of my father [they] had disposed of the real estate of which he died possessed and had divided the proceeds equally among themselves! This was another instance of adverse fortune that I had not antici-

pated. It was, indeed, a circumstance so foreign from my mind that I felt myself for the first time unhappy since my return to my native country, and even believed myself now doomed to endure among my own countrymen (for whose liberties I had fought and bled) miseries similar to those that had attended me for many years in Europe.

With these gloomy forebodings, I returned to Providence and contracted for board with the gentleman at whose house I had lodged the first night of my arrival in town, and to whom, for the kind treatment that I have received from him and his family, I shall feel till death under the deepest obligations that gratitude can dictate; for I can truly say of him that I was a stranger and he took me in, I was hungry and naked and he fed and clothed me.

As I had never received any remuneration for services rendered and hardships endured in the cause of my country, I was now obliged, as my last resort, to petition Congress to be included in that number of the few surviving soldiers of the Revolution, for whose services they had been pleased to grant pensions—and I would to God that I could add, for the honour of my country, that the application met with its deserving success—but, although accompanied by the deposition of a respectable gentleman (which deposition I have thought proper to annex to my narrative) satisfactorily confirming every fact as therein stated—yet on no other principle than that *I was absent from the country when the pension law passed*, my petition was REJECTED! Reader, I have been for thirty years (as you will perceive by what I have stated in the foregoing pages) subject in a foreign country to almost all the miseries with which poor human nature is capable of being afflicted, yet in no one instance did I ever feel so great a degree of depression of spirits as when the fate of my petition was announced to me! I love too well the country which gave me birth, and entertain too high a respect for those employed in its government, to reproach them with ingratitude; yet it is my sincere

prayer that this strange and unprecedented circumstance of withholding from me that reward which they have so generally bestowed on others may never be told in Europe, or published in the streets of London, lest it reach the ears of some who had the effrontery to declare to me personally that for the active part that I had taken in the "rebellious war" misery and starvation would ultimately be my reward!

To conclude—although I may be again unfortunate in a renewal of my application to Government for that reward to which my services so justly entitle me, yet I feel thankful that I am privileged, after enduring so much, to spend the remainder of my days among those who, I am confident, are possessed of too much humanity to see me suffer; which I am sensible I owe to the Divine goodness which graciously condescended to support me under my numerous afflictions and finally enabled me to return to my native country in the seventy-ninth year of my age. For this I return unfeigned thanks to the Almighty, and hope to give, during the remainder of my life, convincing testimonies of the strong impression which those afflictions made on my mind, by devoting myself sincerely to the duties of religion.

DEPOSITION OF JOHN VIAL

I, JOHN VIAL, of North Providence, in the county of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, on oath certify and say that sometime in the latter part of November or the beginning of December, A. D. 1775, I entered as Gunner's Mate on board the *Washington*, a public armed vessel in the service of the United States and under the command of S. Martindale, Esq. Said vessel was sent out by order of General Washington, from Plymouth, Mass., to cruize in Boston harbour to intercept supplies going to Boston, then in the possession of the British troops. After we had been out a short time we were captured by a British twenty-gun ship called the *Foy* and were carried to Boston, where we re-

mained about a week, and were then put on board the frigate *Tartar*, and sent to England as prisoners.

And I, the said John, further testify and say that I well remember Israel R. Potter, now residing in Cranston, who was a mariner on board the *Washington* also. Said Potter entered about the time I did, and was captured and carried to England with me. We arrived in England in January, 1776; we were then put into the hospital—the greater part of the crew being sick in consequence of the confinement during the voyage—where many died. I remained in imprisonment about sixteen months, when I made my escape. What became of said Potter afterwards I do not know, but I have not the least doubt he remained a prisoner until the peace—1783—as he stated in his application for a pension. I have no doubt he suffered a great deal during his captivity. According to my best recollection, nearly one-third of the crew died in the hospital. I do remember an affair which took place during our voyage to England which caused Potter to suffer a great deal more than perhaps he otherwise would: A number of the crew of the *Washington* formed a plan to rise and take the frigate, but were defeated in their purpose, among whom I believe Potter was one, and in consequence [was] put in irons for the remaining part of the voyage, with a number of others. And I, the said John, do further testify that I do not know of any of the said crew of the *Washington* now being alive, except said Potter and myself; and that I do not believe it to be in the power of said Potter to procure any other testimony of the above-mentioned facts except mine.

JOHN VIAL

Rhode Island District—Providence, Aug. 6, 1823.

The said John Vial, who is well-known to me and is a creditable witness, made solemn oath to the truth of the foregoing deposition by him subscribed in my presence.

DAVID HOWELL,
DISTRICT JUDGE.

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